

THE
Happy-Unfortunate;
OR, THE
Female - Page :
A
NOVEL.

In Three PARTS.

By ELIZABETH BOYD.

*How gaily is at first begun,
Our Live's uncertain Race.*

*How soft the first Ideas move,
That wander o'er the Mind.
How full the Joy, how fair the Love,
Which does that early Season move,
Like Flowers the Western Wind.*

MANLEY'S Atalantis.

L O N D O N :

Printed by THO. EDLIN, at the Prince's-
Arms over-against Exeter-Exchange in the
Strand. 1732.

THE
Happy-Unfortunate;

OR, THE
Female - Page;

NOVEL.

In Three PARTS.

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN.



How soft the first of these words,
Your remembrance of the friend,
How full the heart, how full the love,
Which does that every day renew,
Like flowers the Western Wind.

MANLY & CO. ASTORIA.

L O N D O N .

Printed by T. H. B. at the Prince's-
Press over-against Exeter-Exchange in the
 Strand, 1792.

TO HIS GRACE
John Duke of *Argyle*
AND
GREENWICH.

My LORD,



THE *Female-Page* most humbly
begs your Grace's Protection,
under whose Patronage
its Author will esteem herself
truly happy. There is a Truth, I am told
in the Story, which I hope will make
some amends for its being ill-drest, as 'tis
the first of the Kind I ever endeavour'd
to compose: I dare to flatter my self,
that your Grace's known Indulgence,
will pardon the Liberty I have taken,
and as a Proof, that I don't design to
offend beyond this; I shall wave the
a Coarse,

DEDICATION.

Coarse, tho' glaring Colourings of modern *Dedications*, which, in our refin'd Age, are so full of great, good, and such like sounding Epithets; that they put their generous Patron to the Blush, and scarcely leave him Master of half those Perfections, for which they pretend to celebrate him.

YOUR Grace, when I was very young, was so condescending, as to flatter me into a Writer's Vanity; and as Goodness too often encourages an Intruder, I in return, with all humble Submission, dedicate the first Part of this Trifle to your Grace.

LOVE, the softest of the most gentle Themes, very rarely offends the truly Great. If I can be but so happy, as to please illustrious Worth, the utmost of my Ambition will be gratify'd: I shall only beg Leave to add my most sincere Wishes, for the Continuance of your Grace's Felicity; that the Dutcheſs your excellent

DEDICATION.

cellent Consort, may ever be as dear to you, as she's deserving of your Love; and that the blooming Lady *Caroline*, and all your lovely Off-spring, may irradiate, by their Virtues, the illustrious Name of *Campbell*; I am, with the most profound Esteem,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Elizabeth Boyd.



P R E F A C E.

S I am in the first Place, oblig'd to satisfy my honourable Subscribers, why the following Trifle hath been so long delay'd; I am to acquaint them, it was caus'd by a great Indisposition, which still hangs upon me: I find my self oblig'd also, to say a Word or two in Defence of my Novel. The Taste of the Town having been call'd in Question, and the Discerning disgusted with scurrilous Lampoons under that Title: And as amongst the many Persons who have done me the Honour to subscribe, there may possibly be some, who, without giving themselves Time for Reflection may, for the first obvious Error condemn the Whole; and when the Book's half read, imagining it don't answer the Idea they entertain'd of it, and the Reputation that induc'd them to subscribe, with a careless Indignation, will throw it aside as unworthy of their Perusal: I most humbly beg those Persons to restrain their Prejudice so far, as to read the Book thro' before they accuse its Author; and upon a serious Examination of the three principal guilty Characters, (for the truly virtuous, want

P R E F A C E.

want no Vindication) the Judicious and Discerning, will, I am conscious, find more Frailties, that demand their Compassion, than Vices that deserve their Censure.

As for the Persons, who are meant by the Characters, which the Curious who have perused them in Manuscript, have already warmly enquir'd into; I shall only beg leave to add, that as I call my Book a Novel, not a History. I am not oblig'd to acquaint the Publick whither the Story's real or Fictitious, for supposing it the former, Self-interest, or what is much more prevalent with me, Generosity, would bind me in Honour never to reveal the Secret; nor would I betray any Person, if I was confided in, either to make a Friend, or ward off the Malice of an Enemy; and must beg my Subscriber's Pardon, if I leave them in the dark, or rather to their own private Judgment. For I've a natural Aversion to publishing a Book with a Key at the End on't, to tell the World, my Lord, or Mr. Such-a-one, was such a Lady's Gallant. And as I've done my best, to amuse the Just and Generous of both Sexes, with a Variety of Incidents; and some Plot; I am almost vain enough to imagine it will not displease the Deserving, who with a large Share of fine Sense, have so much Good-nature as to excuse the Errors of a Female Pen: The Book having been writ when its

Author

P R E F A C E.

Author was very young, whose ill-state of Health hath not permitted her to make it so correct by far, as otherwise it had been.

The little Splenetick Criticks, who allow nothing to be Tolerable, but their own empty, or stol'n Productions; who having nothing to do with the Book, will find something to say against it; are desir'd to solve their own dull Riddles, for I'm too careless of their good or bad Opinion to answer their Cavils; my sole Ambition being to deserve my Subscriber's Smiles, tho' in ever so little a Measure, whose Goodness has, in so genteel, and conspicuous a Manner rais'd me from almost the lowest Condition of Fortune, and a worse State of Health: for whose continu'd Happiness, with the deepest Sense of Gratitude, are my most ardent Wishes.

LOUISA.



THE



THE SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

A.

HIS Grace John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich.
Her Grace the Dutchess of Argyle.

His Grace Charles Duke of Str. Albans.

His Grace James Duke of Atholl.

The Rt. Hon. William-Anne Earl of Albemarle.

The Right Hon. Charles Earl of Arran.

The Rt. Hon. John Earl of Ashburnham.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Atkins, of Conduit Street.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Alston.

Sir John Anstruther of Clarges Street, Bart.

The Hon. Mr. Bertram Ashburnham.

The Hon. Mr. Richard Arundell, Esq;

Richard Arnold Esq;

Mark Anglesea, Esq;

Mrs. Mary Ahlström

Mr. Joseph Atwell.

Mrs. Marie Andouer.

Capt. George Atkins.

Mr. George-William Angel.

Mr. Edmund Andrews.

B.

The Rt. Hon. Marquis Boumont.

The Rt. Hon. Gustavus Lord Viscount Boyne.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Brudenel.

The Rt. Hon. Mary Lady Brudenell.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Bateman.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Amelia Butler.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Anne Bentinck.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Leonora Bertie.

The Hon. Mrs. Diana Bertie.

The Hon. Col. Francis Byng.

The Hon. Col. George Byng.

Capt. — Beauclair.

Capt. George Bellmour.

Mrs. Maria Bellmour.

William

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

- William Boyd, *Esq*;
 Capt. John Boyd.
 Luke Boyle, *Esq*;
 Francis Barnard, *Esq*;
 Jacob Banks, *Esq*;
 Charles Brander, *Esq*;
 Capt. — Backwell.
 Mr. — Brydges.
 Mrs. Lucretia Brydges.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Blacket.
 Mrs. Bridget Billingsley, of St. James's.
 Mrs. Rebecca Blackburn.
 Mrs. Sophia Dorothea Boyle.
 Mr. Peter Butcher.
 Mr. Theophilus Benson.
 Mr. James Butler.
 Mrs. Anne Sophia Butler.
 Mr. Edward Blagrave.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Butler.
 Mr. Charles Bancks.
 C.
 The Rt. Hon. Henry Marquis of Carnarvan, 4 Books.
 The Rt. Hon. John Lord Carteret.
 The Rt. Hon. William Earl Cowper.
 The Rt. Hon. William Lord Craven.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Caroline Campbell.
 The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Coningsby.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Compton.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Margaret Compton.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Sarah Cowper.
 James-Edward Colleton, *Esq*;
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Anne Colleton.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Penelope Cholmondley.
 The Rt. Hon. the Lady Mary Carmichael.
 Sir Nathaniel Curzon. Bart.
 Sir Robert Clifton. Knt. of the Bath.
 Sir James Campbell.
 The Hon. Mrs. Theadora Cowper.
 The Hon. Mr. Spencer Cowper.
 Ashley Cowper, *Esq*;
 The Hon. Mrs. Bridget Carteret.
 The Hon. Mr. John Campbell.
 The Hon. Mrs. Caroline Campbell.
 John Campbell of Suffolk Street, *Esq*;
 Daniel Campbell, *Esq*;
 Archburn Campbell, *Esq*;
 James Castle, *Esq*;
 — Street Charlton, *Esq*;
 Capt. Alexander Campbell.
 Capt. Samuel Cowper.
 Capt. Andrew Collins.
 Mrs. Mary Chambers of St. James's-Square.
 Mrs. — Chetwynd.
 Mrs. — Cox.
 Mr. John Colleton.
 Mrs. Anne Colleton.
 Mrs. Sarah Collier.
 Mrs. Euphemia Clarke.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Cannings.
 Mrs. Annabella Cantrell.
 Mr. John Cameron.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Cameron.
 Mr. James Castle.
 Mrs. Mary Cavendish.
 D.
 His Excellency Lionel Duke of Dorset,

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Dorset, and Middlesex Lord

F.

Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of The Rt. Hon. the Lady Isabella De-Lo-raine, 2 Books. Finch.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of The Hon. Mrs. Mary Fitz-Drogheda. Williams.

The Rt. Hon. Charlotte Lady Stephen Fox, Esq;
De-La-warr. George Fox, Esq;

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Anne Jonathan Foster, Esq;
Douglass. Capt. Bernard Fitz-Patrick.

The Right Hon. George Bubb Mrs. ——— Fitz-Patrick
Doddington. Capt. Joshua Fomville.

The Hon. Mrs. Dorothy Dives Mrs. Anne Floyd.

The Hon. Mrs. Arabella Dor- Dr. Jonathan Furlong 2 books.
mer. Mr. ——— Fountain.

The Hon. Col. Deane.

Mrs. Mary Foster.

Mrs. Sophia Duncomb.

Mr. John Fraafs.

Capt. John Dives.

Mr. Jeremiah Francklin.

Charles Davenport, Esq;

Mrs. Meliora Drax.

G.

Mrs. Digby of Clarges Street.

Mrs. Anne Drelincourt.

His Grace Charles Duke of Grafton, 2 Books.

Isaac Dunant Esq;

The Rt. Hon. William Lord Viscount Grimston.

Mrs. Maria-Anna Dunant.

The Rt. Hon. John Lord Gower of Pall-mall.

Dr. James Dobbins.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Eliza- beth Germain.

Capt. Matthew Douglass.

Mr. Kenneth Douglass.

The Rt. Hon. Lucia Lady Guilford.

Mr. John Dryden.

Mr. William Duce.

E.

The Rt. Hon. Francis Earl of The Rt. Hon. the Lady Glen- Effingham. norchy.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of John Glynn, Esq;
Effingham.

Mr. John Goddard, of Cam- bridge, 2 Books.

Sir Joseph Eyles, Knight.

Henry Gardie Esq;

John Elwes Esq;

Mrs. Harriet Gardie, 3 Books.

Mrs. Mary Edwards of Camp- den House.

Mrs. ——— Guidott.

Capt. Edward Everet.

Mr. Thomas Gibson.

Mr. William Edmonds.

Mrs. Mary Goodrick.

Mrs. ——— Evans.

Mr.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mr. Joseph Goodem.

H.

The Rt. Hon. William Lord Harrington, 2 Books.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Herbert

The Rt. Hon. John Lord Harvey.

The Rt. Hon. Mary Lady Harvey.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Howe.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Charles Hay.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Anne Hamilton.

The Rt. Hon. Frances Countess of Hartford.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Harold.

The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Hindford.

The Hon. Mrs. Sophia Hamilton

The Hon. Mrs. Anne How.

The Hon. Mr. — Hamilton of Sherrard Street.

Mrs. — Hamilton of Castle Street.

Capt. George Hamilton.

Capt. Peregrine Hamilton.

The Hon. Mr. Charles Howard.

The Hon. Col. Hammer.

Mrs. Strangeways Horner.

Cornet George Hunt.

Benjamin Hoare, Esq;

Mrs. — Hoare.

John Holdup, Esq;

Charles Hyde, Esq;

John Harrison, Esq;

Mr. John Harrison of Scotland Yard, White-hall,

Doctor Hollings, 2 Books.

Mr. Kelland Heath.

Mrs. Hannah Harrison.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison.

Mrs. Catherine Harpar.

Mrs. Gracia Hatton.

Mrs. Martha Harvey

Mr. William Hackwell

Mr. Jacob Hastings.

Mrs. Anne Honeywood.

Mrs. Charlot Hyde.

Mr. Edmund Harvey.

Mrs Arabella Howard.

I.

The Rt. Hon. the Lady Irby.

The Hon. Mr. William Johnson.

The Hon. Mr. Johnson.

The Hon. Mrs. Johnson.

Theodore Jacobson, Esq;

Charles Joseph, Esq;

Charles Jenner Esq;

Mr. Robert Jenner.

Mr. Richard Jenner.

Mrs. — Jenner.

Mrs. — Jephson.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson.

Capt. Joseph Jennings, 2 books

Mrs. Mary Johnston.

Mrs. Julietta Jones.

K.

The Rt. Hon. the Lord Viscount Kilmorey.

The Rt. Hon. Mary Viscountess Kilmorey, Senior.

The Rt. Hon. Mary Viscountess Kilmorey, jun.

Bullstrode Peachy Knight, Esq; George

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

George Kipling, *Esq*;
Mrs. — Kendall of Conduit
 Street.
 Mr. Joseph Kendall
Mrs. — Kendall
 Mr. John Kennedy.

The Rt. Hon. Lady Frances
Montague.
The Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Mon-
tague
The Hon. Mrs. Anna-Maria
Mordaunt.
Sir Philip Meadows, Knt. Mar-
shal.

L.

Her Grace Juliana Dutchess of
Leeds.
The Rt. Hon. Lady Lynn.
The Rt. Hon. Lady Anne
Lumley.
Elizabeth-Lucy Lady Lawfon.
Sir Edward Lawrence, Bart.
Mrs. — Lawrence.
 George Laurence *Esq*;
 Henry Lake, *Esq*;
 John Lyon, *Esq*;
 Mr. John Lockman.
Mrs. — Ladyman.
Mrs. Rebecca Le-Bas of Bed-
ford Row.
 Capt. Nathaniel Lee.
 Mrs. Jane Lugg.
 Mrs. Christiana Lemster.

The Hon. Mrs. — Meadows,
The Hon. Col. Moreton.
The Hon. Col. John Mordaunt of
St. James's.
The Hon. Col. Charles Mordaunt
of Gerrard Street
The Hon. Mrs. Anne Mordaunt.
The Hon. Mr. John Mordaunt,
of Hanover Square.
Mrs. Sophia Mordaunt.
Mrs. Margaret Mordaunt.
Mrs. Catherine Mordaunt.
Mrs. Anne Millar of Grosve-
nor Street.

M.

Her Grace Isabella Dutchess of
Manchester.
The Rt. Hon. Alexander Earl of
Marchmount.
The Rt. Hon. George Lord Vis-
count Malpas.
The Rt. Hon. Lord John Murray.
The Rt. Hon. Countess of Moun-
trath.
The Rt. Hon. Mary Viscountess
Middleton.

Mrs. Mary Sophia Montigni
Mrs. — Maddan.
Mrs. Anne Miller.
 Evelyn Mowbray, *Esq*;
 Charles Murray *Esq*;
 Charles Mead *Esq*;
 Capt. — Mead.
 Mr. — Mead.
Mrs. — Mead.
Mrs. Elizabeth Mead.
Mrs. Lucia Montague.
Mrs. Anne Montague.
Mr. Ephraim Merriot.
Mrs. Margaret Moleworth.
Mrs. Elizabeth Martin.
Mrs. Maria Morris.

N.

The Rt. Hon. Lady Monfon. *His Grace Thomas Duke of*
Newcastle. *Rt.*

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>The Rt. Hon. James Earl of The Rt. Hon. Lady Catherine</i>
 <i>Northampton. Pelham.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. the Countess of The Rt. Hon. Lady Frances</i>
 <i>Northampton. Pierpoint.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. Lady Frances The Rt. Hon. Lady Caroline</i>
 <i>Nassau. Pierpoint.</i></p> <p><i>Sir Michael Newton. Knt. of The Hon. Mrs. — Pulteney.</i>
 <i>the Bath. of Arlington Street.</i></p> <p><i>Augustus - Frederick Nassau, Thomas Page, Esq;</i>
 <i>Esq;</i> <i>The Hon. Mrs. Page.</i></p> <p><i>Capt. William Newton. Christopher Pocklington, Esq;</i></p> <p><i>Mrs. Charlot Newton. J — Peacock Esq ;</i></p> <p><i>Mrs. Amelia Newton. Charles Picket, Esq;</i></p> <p><i>Capt. William Norton. John Purcell, Esq; 6 Books.</i></p> <p><i>Capt. Henry Noel. Jonathan Pulteney, Esq;</i></p> <p><i>Mrs. Alice Noel. John Portieus, Esq ;</i></p> <p><i>Mrs. Betty Nicholls. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt of Somer-</i>
 <i>Mr. George Noble. set House.</i></p> <p><i>Mr. Charles Norris, Mrs. Anna-Maria Penrice.</i></p> | <p><i>William Prince, Esq ;</i></p> <p><i>Mr. William Pope.</i></p> <p><i>Mr. Thomas Pope.</i></p> <p><i>Mrs. Elizabeth Pope.</i></p> <p><i>Mr. William Parry,</i></p> <p><i>Mr. William Prior.</i></p> <p><i>Mr. Nicholas Prevost,</i></p> <p><i>Mr. John Pager,</i></p> <p><i>Mr. Peter Pravoe.</i></p> |
| O. | |
| <p><i>The Rt. Hon. John Earl of Orrery.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. Harriet Countess of Orrery.</i></p> <p><i>Lady Oxenden.</i></p> <p><i>William Ockendon, Esq;</i></p> <p><i>The Hon. Mrs. Onslow of Leicester-street, Leicester Fields.</i></p> <p><i>Capt. O Neile, 2 Books,</i></p> <p><i>Samuel Obsburne, Esq;</i></p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Q.</p> <p><i>His Grace Charles Duke of Queensberry and Dover.</i></p> <p><i>Her Grace Catherine Dutches of Queensberry.</i></p> <p><i>Capt. William Quin.</i></p> <p><i>Mr. Robert Quarme.</i></p> |
| P. | |
| <p><i>Her Grace Elizabeth Dutches of Portland.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Pembroke.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. John Lord Viscount Percival.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. Lord Polwarth.</i></p> <p><i>The Rt. Hon. Lady Polwarth.</i></p> | <p style="text-align: center;">R.</p> <p><i>His Grace John Duke of Rutland.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Her</i></p> |

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

- Her Grace Sarah Dutcheſs of The Hon. Mr. William Stuart.*
 Richmond and Lenox, two 6 Books.
Books. *The Hon. Mrs. Caroline Schutz.*
Her Grace Catherine Dutches The Hon. Mr. John Schutz.
 of Rutland, Senior Dowager *The Hon. Col. Schutz,*
The Rt. Hon. Earl of Rothes. Samuel Shephard of George
The Rt. Hon. Lord John Ruſſell. Street, Eſq;
The Rt. Hon. Diana Lady James Moore Smith, Eſq;
 Ruſſell. Thomas Stoner, Eſq;
The Rt. Hon. Lady Ranelagh, Charles-John Sherrard, Eſq;
 2 Books. *Doct^r Alexander Stuart.*
The Rt. Hon. Lady Charlot Capt. Charles Stuart.
 Rich. Mrs. Mary Stuart.
The Rt. Hon. Lady Rumney. Mr. John Stuart.
Sir Robert Rich, Bart. Mr. Ambroſe Sanderſon.
The Hon. Lady Rich. Mr. Ezra Slaughter.
Capt. Charles Rich. Mr. James Scot.
Mrs. Frances Ruſſell. Mrs. Judith Sackville.
Mr. — Rainsford. T.
Mrs. — Ransford.
Mr. Benjamin Richards. The Rt. Hon. Earl of Thomond.
Mrs. Elizabeth Richards. The Rt. Hon. Counteſs of Tho-
Mr. — Robinſon. mond.
Mr. Peter Rogers. The Hon. Col. Townſhend.
Mr. Charles Rogers. The Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Tich-
 borne.
 S. *Mrs. Magdalen Trumball, 2*
The Rt. Hon. William Marquis Books.
 of Seaſort. *Mrs. Walker Tiſſer.*
The Rt. Hon. Jane Counteſs of Mrs. Ellinor Thomas.
 Shaftſbury. *Mrs. Hannah Thomas.*
The Rt. Hon. Counteſs of Sunder- Mrs. Michel Taverner.
 land of Groſvenor-Square. *Mrs. Theodoſia Tancred.*
The Rt. Hon. the Counteſs of Mrs. Arabella Trevors.
 Strafford, of St. James's-Square. *Mrs. Martha Turner.*
Lady Sanderſon of Leiceſter V.
 Street, Leiceſter Fields. *The Rt. Hon. William Lord Viſ-*
Lady — Shelley. count Vane.
Sir. Brownlow Sherrard Bart. The Hon. Henry Vane, Eſq;
The Hon. Mr. John Spencer of The Hon. Mrs. Anne Vane.
 Marlbro' Houſe. *Capt. John Vane.*
The Hon. Mrs. Scawen of St. Mrs. Annabella Vernon.
 James's Square. *Capt. Miles Vincent. Mr.*

S U B S C R I B E R S N A M E S

Mr. John Vignon, W. Edward Walpole, <i>Esq</i>; Charles Wyndham, <i>Esq</i>; Percci Wyndham, <i>Esq</i>; Mark Wyndham, <i>Esq</i>; Thomas Wilson <i>Esq</i>; Capt. Thomas Wilson of De-la- Hay Street, Westminster. Capt. George Walth. Capt. Robert Williamson. Capt Mark Wood. Mrs. Susanna Warbutton. Mrs. Anna-Maria Wenbourn of Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.	Mrs. Catherine Wooddson. Mrs. — Wilkinson. Mrs. Anne West, Mrs. Mary West. Mrs. Marcy Wylder. Mrs. Mary Wylder. Mr. Richard Wylder. Mr. William Williams. Mrs. Charlot Wills.
---	--

Y

N. B. There are upwards of Fifty Names more which I have not Leave to insert, and must beg my Subscriber's Pardon, being very ill-vers'd in Heraldry; if I have committed some Errors in placing Names, I having put those that subscrib'd first, first in the List, not knowing better how to regulate them; if there are any Names put down false, they shall be upon Information, amended in a *Second Edition*.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AS I was never ambitious of the Name of an Author, nor ever design'd to indulge my Inclinations in writing any Thing of this Nature, more then for my own private Amusement. I have printed this Manuscript, (which otherwise I never had done) with a View of settling my self in a Way of Trade; that may enable me to master those Exigencies of Fortune, which my long Illness hath for some Time past reduc'd me to suffer: That I may be capable of providing for my now ancient, indulgent Mother; whom Age, and the Charge of many Children hath render'd incapable of providing for herself: And as I shall directly sell Paper, Pens, Ink, Wax, Wafers, Black Lead Pencils, Pocket Books, Almanacks, Plays, Pamphlets, and all Manner of Stationary Goods. I most humbly beg the Favour of my honourable Subscribers, (who are not already engag'd) to be so very good as to be my Customers.

March 2, 1732.

E. Boyd.

N. B. Be pleas'd to send to me, in *George-Court*, in *Prince's-Street*, near *Leicester-Fields*, the first House on the Right Hand, On



On Louisa's NOVEL, call'd, *The Happy-
Unfortunate.*

Yeild Heywood yeild, yeild all whose tender Strains,
Inspire the Dreams of Maids and lovesick Swains;
Who taint th'unripen'd Girl with amorous Fire,
And hint the first faint Drawings of Desire:
Wing each Love-Atom, that in Embryo lies,
And teach young Parthenissa's Breasts to rise.
A new Eliza writes—by her the Young
Instructed, shall avoid the busy Throng;
Retire to Groves, by murmuring Fountains sigh,
Expire in Vision, and in Emblem die.
The Statesman shall his darling Schemes forsake,
Nor heed tho' France, out-wit; the Em'peror break.—
If fairest Clelia's lovely, cruel Smile,
Rough Country 'Squires, the Glory of our Isle;
Soft Billet-doux, shall in kind Accents write,
And wasted Vows from Cornwall wing their Flight.
No more on Dunkirk, or the Nations Debt,
Old hackney'd Themes, our Senators shall meet,
But o'er a gilt Romance enamour'd hang,
Sit on a Leer, or on a Sigh Harangue:
And Love's own Monosyllables apply
To their due Province restor'd, No, and Ay.
Ye happy Years, advance, Saturnian Age!
Hail Truth reviv'd by fair Louisa's Page:
By her in Courts, Sincerity shall reign,
And Faith unspotted at St. James's shine,
Corruption banish'd, Honesty restor'd,
Statesmen shall wonder how they keep their Word.
Methinks I see the crowded Mall in Pairs,
Breathing soft Vows, and hymning am'rous Airs;
Whigs, Tories, Cits, and Courtiers, swell the Train,
And good Sir Gill becomes a very Swain.
Each Tree distinguish'd some fair Emblem bears,
This a true Love knot, that a Garland wears,
While azure Ribbons in the Zephirs dance,
Inscrib'd with—Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Love, my Dear Sol Darts-Flames salute my Ears,
And all Arcadia, in Whitehall appears.

King's College, Cambridge,

November 30, 1751.

c

To



To the ingenious Author of the Happy-Unfortunate, or, the Female-Page; when labouring under a tedious Fit of Sicknefs.

WHen some fair Nymph, whose Breast *Apollo* fires,
To Arts, secluded from her Sex, aspires :
When She, the Needle's vulgar Task resigns ;
And writing,—charms with her melodious Lines :
To praise a Theme so great, so rarely found,
All should unite, and every Lyre resound.

Admir'd † *Louisa*, you this Tribute claim,
So sweet your Muse,—so justly spread your Fame.

O ! had Disease not hurl'd its venom'd Dart,
Whose Stroke so long eluded Physick's Art ;
Lovely as Light, you'd drawn the *Female Page* :
(The first fair Off-spring of your tender Age.)
Her moving Tale had then delighted more,
Array'd in Beauties from your boundless Store.

Transported, we have heard your warbling Lays,
Exulting rise, and charm with *Dorset's* Praise ;
When a short Pause from Sicknefs, left your Mind
Vacant as Air, as Planets unconfin'd ;
Or else, when soaring with a bolder Wing,
With *Homer's* Flame, to Majesty you sing.

O ! may you 'scape pale Feavers direful Rage,
Then, finish'd Beauties will adorn your Page ;
Countless as Stars, which paint the milky Way,
Or the bright Beams which dart the dazling Day ;
The Graces, then, in all your Verse will shine,
And prove the Daughter of the tuneful Nine.

Gray's-Inn,
Feb. the 26th 1732.

Musidorus.

† The Name under which the Author publish'd several poetical Pieces.

THE



THE
Happy-Unfortunate;

OR, THE

Female-Page, &c.



Shipwreck'd Mariner who was cast on Shore upon the fertile Isle of *Cyprus*, Friendless and Alone, lost himself in the agreeable Gardens of Duke *Bellfond*, a Ruling Statesman in that Province; where giving a melancholly Relation of his Fate, he was almost instantly entertain'd by the Master Gardiner. *Francisco*, for so we shall call the Mariner, tho' he understood very little of ordering Trees and Flowers; yet, knowing perfectly well the *Greek* Language, by the Variety of his Adventures abroad, made himself by his Diligence and fa-

A

cetious

2 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

cetious Humour, not only serviceable to the Good-natur'd Gardiner, but was entrusted and employ'd by the Household Servants.

Francisco wanted not a voluble Tongue, and ready Repartee, whether true or false, to whatever was demanded. It was impossible that so useful and obliging a Slave, should long be undistinguish'd, in a Court like that of *Cyprus*, for one of *Cupid's* Emissaries. As being an Island entirely appropriated to *Venus* and her Son, where all the Counter Turns of State and Business, make but so many curious Webs for Love.

Here 'tis indeed the Goddess keeps her Court, and wantons with Delight in every Eye; nor was the Duke's Family more exempt, but rather more intangled by her Statutes, which it was the severest Torture to infringe: And Duke *Bellfond*, altho' a deep Politician, and undoubtedly a good and able Statesman; had a Soul which paid too true an Adoration to the softer Deities, to neglect the Rites of *Venus*.

The Duke was of the ancient and illustrious House of the *Beauville's*, a Native of the *Gallic* Court; Domestic Riots, and Party Differences of his Predecessors; having vastly exhausted a large Revenue, the discerning *Bellfond* soon found him a Man of Quality with a ruin'd Fortune, and had scarce left the Schools, where
he

he had made an unmatch'd Progress : But being of an active daring Spirit, he enter'd Voluntier under the intrepid *Orleans*.

In a Word, the great *Bellfond* had what he wanted, Honour and Preferment, and having, on many Occasions made himself fear'd abroad, and lov'd at home; grew like all Closet Favourites, too great to be unsuspected, and got Leave on the Re-union of the distant Courts, to make *Cyprus* his Residence, (not that he really lov'd the Place,) for the Statesman seldom consults Inclination.

But here, whilst busied in the *Cyprian* Court, 'tis thought his Study is the *Gallic* Interest, and secret Rumour adds, 'tis not without a Hope of being Prince; most certain, 'tis Ambition, is visibly the Ascendant of his Soul. But the wise Peer is too subtle, and too knowing, to let his dearest Friend guess at his Thoughts.

Thus circumstanc'd in Favour with two blinded Monarchs. This dangerous, cunning Man, makes Overtures of Marriage, with the chief Attendant on her *Cyprian* Highness; a Lady that wanted neither Beauty, nor Spirit, which, with the Addition of a large Fortune, and good Descent, made the Duke a Complaisant, tho' a careless Husband, whilst the polite Bride train'd to all the Gallantries of *Cupid's* Court, seem'd to

4 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

hug the dear Indifference, the Duke's Unenquiry giving room to indulge herself in modish Liberties.

But when *Bellfond*, the happy *Bellfond* loves, for Marriage is no Tye on *Cyprian* Freedoms, when he but singles the admir'd she, for whom he deigns, to unbend his busy Hours; such tender Accents tremble on his Tongue, there is something so irresistable in his Manner, such a bewitching Softness in his Eyes, and so much Beauty in his whole Composure, 'tis as undescribable as 'tis enchanting. The Duke not young, had yet all the *Adonis* in his Person, and in his Conversation all that charm'd, obliging Wit, and Loveliness unequal'd; and then his Air, his Mien, was yet unmatch'd.

Join to this a native Complaisance, and Pride to please, and 'twill be no Wonder to find he was belov'd, almost by all. The Young, the Witty, and the Amorous wish'd, and daily form'd new Plots to reach a Heart, that when once caught, disdain'd to be confin'd, whilst the more Prudent blush'd, and conceal'd their Thoughts, as tho' they fear'd the Force of a Rencontre.

The happy Duke, still conscious of a Victory, had long wish'd an Amour, might give him Pain enough in the Pursuit, to make him fancy a real Pleasure in the Purchase; and never being
of

of a Humour to Despair, car'd not how obstinate his fair Antagonist appear'd.

An Opportunity soon offer'd fairer, but more difficult than he had foreseen. *Amira*, a young Lady, and distant Relation of the Duke's, and to whom he had been for sometime Guardian, seem'd a proper Mark; he had observ'd in that Lady a melancholly Reserve and unaffected Negligence, which she seem'd in the most particular Manner to entertain him with, possibly to dash those Fires; the Consciousness of his amorous Temper made her fear this cool Indifference inflam'd *Bellfond*; who resolv'd, the first Opportunity to throw off the Masque and declare himself, without consulting the fatal Consequences, Honour, Fame, and the World's Regard, being of no Account in that luxurious Court.

This Lady was young, agreeable, and without being what we call a Beauty, taking enough to be desir'd, had a solid Wit, that made her Conversation pleasing; and a becoming Pride, that at once commanded Love and Respect. *Amira* no sooner saw the Duke's Intent, but she shun'd his Presence, at least as much as possible, without being observ'd, and express'd in every Action so resolute and inborn an Aversion, the Duke judg'd it impossible to be real; never once reflecting his fair Charge might be pre-ingag'd,

and the Mind once truly fix'd, the most charming Tempter makes no kind Impression; she lov'd, but 'twas not him; he still pursu'd, more eager to engross, and thinking this the fair One he had fought, grew the most dangerous and most hated Lover, that ever tortur'd a desponding innocent Maid.

Amira, had languish'd of an unknown Distemper some Months, Physicians agreed, the Occasion Melancholly, she grew worse, the Doctors spoke but faintly of her Life; The Duke in a real Concern, for he had almost fool'd himself into downright Love, propos'd the Country as a Place more quiet, at least more suitable to his Intent; she was with Care conducted to his Seat, where neither Skill nor Expence was wanting to oblige those employ'd to endeavour her Amendment, which a still Heart-piercing Grief, permitted very slow.

Bellfond was none of those ungenerous Lovers, who place their Heaven in Force, he knew Art and Respect must make her his, and had resolv'd to act by such a Rule, and pay so many Symptoms of Esteem, she shou'd want Gratitude did she refuse him; his Plot was design'd, he now forbore mentioning his Passion, declin'd all Visits more than publick Ceremony allow'd, and shew'd so friendly a Concern for her Recovery, as wou'd indeed have deceiv'd a Person less

less discerning than *Amira*. She saw thro' all his Cunning, and carefully avoided all Opportunities of being alone, either in the Apartment or Gardens.

Nor was the Guardian more watchful than his Charge, to keep his Amour a Secret from the Dutcheſs. But alas! Poor Lady, ſhe had too many Affairs of her own to be inquisitive, and *Amira* well knew, a Tale like that unboſom'd to a Wife, ſerv'd but to make the Teller more ſuſpected, and by a Point of Prudence, ſtrove to hide what ſhe ſo often profeſs'd to reveal when the aſſuming Duke aſk'd any thing to bold.

In this Retirement from Court and Town, where the Duke had brought his lov'd *Amira*; and ſome ſmall Part of his Retinue, and at this time the lucky *Franciſco* got Admittance, the late Mariner found what he call'd Happineſs, in the Family wherein Fortune had plac'd him,

It was an eaſy Calm of Life, free from the Storms and Casualties of Weather, and he who had never known what Quiet was, began to indulge the Indolence that charm'd him.

Franciſco had obſerv'd a waiting Woman of *Amira*'s, call'd *Lucinda*, paid him a particular Regard, and forgetting all Diſparity, without con-

sulting Causes or Circumstances, fancy'd this young Girl, the Mimic of an accomplish'd Coquet, was in Love with him, altho' he was perfectly the Reverse of Desire, being in the Decline of Life, worn by continu'd Hazards and complicated Riots, to a very shrivell'd meagre Shadow. But *Francisco*, like most of his Rank, wanted neither Vanity nor Assurance, and busied himself with many Improbabilities; in the Height of which, *Lucinda* coming down a Walk that fac'd the Arbor he was under-propping, took Occasion to laugh at the Aukwardness of his Work, and instantly rejoin'd in a low Voice, meet me here betwixt the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night. The Sea-Fop now believ'd his Conceit infallible, and was just on the Point of paying a Compliment wide of her Meaning, when the Chamber-maid swiftly cross'd the Walk, and met her Lady, to whom the Duke's Page had but just deliver'd a Letter, and given her that Opportunity.

This Page, was a Youth very much esteem'd by the whole House, and let into almost all the Secrets of it, he then seem'd to be about Sixteen, was very Genteel and Courteous.

But so deep a Melancholly had so shaded the Beauties of his Eye, and discolour'd his Face, 'twas but to look to pity the still Woe; yet something so undescribably soft and innocent intermingled,
hung

hung on his Bloom, and brighten'd o'er his Sadness, the Child of Love had less engaging Sweetness.

Young *Florio*, was the Darling of the Duke, in so extraordinary a Manner, he would often permit him to ride with him in his Chariot; make him the Confidant of his Amours, and Partner of his Diversions, viz. Hunting, Fowling, Bowls, &c. when his Health would allow of such Entertainments: For the favourite Page was often troubled with an Indisposition, that more inclin'd him to Amusements of a softer Kind; such as Reading, Painting, Music, Poetry, and would to chuse, leave the Exercise of the Horse and Gun, for the more noble Improvement of the Faculties. His Lord with Pride and Pleasure, notic'd the Bent of his Genius, and finding Nature had done her Part, took special Care, Education should not be wanting.

The Duke now observ'd the Camp for which he had ever design'd the Youth, was too robust for so unhealthy a Constitution; and resolv'd since Inclination favour'd, to breed his beloved Page to the Closet. Nay, was so far obliging, that seeing he aspir'd beyond his Years, to in-dear the faithfully assiduous Boy, would impart to him Affairs of Secrecy and Moment; and almost on all Accounts descend to ask his Opinion, at once making Trial of his Depth and Fidelity,

Fidelity, on all which nice Occasions, *Florio* shew'd a flowing Wit, and Aptitude to learn; still behaving as a modest Friend, and just Domestic. Having by an assiduous Watchfulness to please, visible in every Motion, made it his constant Practice to oblige, from the first Moment he had serv'd the Duke, who was not without Wonder at his Facility to obey; for 'twas observ'd *Florio* was rarely dull in the Duke's Presence, how ill soever he had been, all then was gay, new Bloom, new Vigour, gave Vivacity, that vanish'd when the Duke had no Commands.

Every Body observ'd the Stripling's uncommon Diligence, and all ascrib'd it to different Causes; many affirm'd 'twas nought but young Ambition, the Boy aspir'd to Dignity and Place, and had more Politicks in his Behaviour, than Privy Counsellors in their Protests; others aver'd there was a Tye of Blood, an Instinct that by Nature taught Obedience, and the lov'd Page was undoubtedly one of the Duke's natural Sons. The Duke himself was lost in the Enquiry, but all allow'd the lovely Youth had Merit, since all the Favours each new Day conferr'd, made him neither more proud, nor less affable.

But not to forget *Amira*, who no sooner open'd the Letter the Page deliver'd, but a mortal Paleness and sudden Trembling seiz'd her; and in a

Mo-

Moment, a doubtful Mixture of Joy and Sorrow diffus'd it self through her whole Air; she seem'd to read the Letter several times, and pause at every Period, as tho' her Thought held a deep Consultation, when of a sudden, as endeavouring to recollect her Disorder, she started, blush'd, and putting up the Letter with a Sigh, retir'd to her Apartment; where, after dismissing *Lucinda*, with Orders to find *Florio*, who had absconded, she once more read the Letter, and kissing the Name, with an Ardour, known only to Lovers, read these Words.

A *H* lovely, tho' cruel Amira, in whose Protection have you sought a Guardian? I tremble when I think 'tis Duke Bellfond, the gay, the amorous, handsome, witty Courtier, form'd to undo, and almost sure to please; not that I doubt my fond Amira's Truth, that were unpardonable, But oh! You're in his Care, his Charge, he may command. Oh, my Amira what does La-Motte endure? kept from thy Arms such a long Tide of Time, to meet Thee thus (forgive the Incoherence of my Stile) thou charming Cause of all my wild Disorders, since even in this dangerous Guardian's Hands, I challenge all his Powers to out dare me, if Love, if Faith unequal'd, can deserve Thee, in Honour I at least out start my Rival, and in Amira's Thoughts,

Thoughts, or Love deceives me, am more of blest. Thine eternally.

Marcus La-Motte.

P. S. *Conscious I could ill disguise me from the politick Duke, I beg I may first see you in the Wilderness-Alcove, whither I am got unseen but by the Page that brings you this, a pretty Boy, and smiles methinks Obedience. Oh, don't delay, Adieu, till I can see my dear Amira.*

Gods! Can it be rejoin'd *Amira*, in a Tone of Admiration and Transport, *La-Motte* so near; and shall I,— Can I stay thus unconcern'd? But adding the sighing, I must, not durst not meet him! Well, be it so, resum'd she, after a Pause, with a more assured Accent, I'll still act bolder, still Out-brave thee Duke. Oh! My *La Motte*, did'st thou in earnest know *Bellfond*, a Rival? Here *Lucinda* and the Page coming in, silenc'd her; and assuming a more compos'd Countenance, *Florio*, said she, with an Air of good Humour, natural to her self, I have a little Employment for you; Will you oblige me so far as to write me this Superscription? *Giving a blank Paper folded Letter-wise.* 'Tis for *Lady Annabella*, at the Princess's. The Page bow'd, with an Air of Assent, and taking the Paper retir'd as to obey, whilst *Amira* continu'd, for you *Lucinda*, I've Business of greater Import: My dear Friend *Amelia* has just bury'd
the

the Mareſchal her Father, and is this Morning come to her Seat; take my Chariot inſtantly, and pay her my Compliments of Condolance; you know what to ſay of my Illneſs, be ſpeedy as poſſible, the Chariot is ready, the Dutcheſs having juſt us'd it, an Accident having diſorder'd hers, and by the Way tell *Margarita*, I ſleep, and would not be diſturb'd.

Lucinda, immediately prepar'd for the Journey, when the officious *Florio*, who had watch'd her out, being return'd, *Amira* in ſome Confuſion, reſum'd her Diſcourſe in this Manner: *Florio*, I'm very intruding, but you have Goodneſs enough to forgive: Should I write a Line, you'll convey it to the Stranger in the Wilderneſs, and thereby oblige me. Madam, return'd *Florio*; what's in me to ſerve you, ſhall never be wanting. You are always good-natur'd, ſaid *Amira*, writing whiſt ſhe ſpoke. Oh, Madam, cry'd *Florio*, you make me bluſh! But there may be a time to ſhow, how much I eſteem *Amira*. Your Eſteem, answer'd the Lady pleaſantly, will be preſently try'd in your Obedience; but you ſpeak methinks feelingly, more like a Lover than a Friend; I ſhould be ſorry *Florio* ſhould Sigh where there is no Return. At theſe Words, ſpoke with a Symptom of Love, *Amira* having long fear'd a ſecret Paſſion, thence jealous of the Youth's Fidelity, the Page bluſh'd extremely, (which *Amira* was too buſy in folding her Letter to

to perceive;) and with a deep fetch'd Sigh, return'd, Love's an Evil, thank Heaven, Madam, I'm as yet too young for. It shou'd not seem so by your Concern, said *Amira* more gravely, I know not what it seems, cry'd the Page, somewhat confus'd, I have Compassion for those who are so unhappy. But Madam, your Commands, your Friend's impatient; and I'm undone, said *Amira*, interrupting, and fixing a wistful Look on *Florio*, unless you're secret. Undone by me, resum'd the blushing Page, taking her Hand, and kissing it with a respectful Boldness; believe me Madam, I wou'd sooner die. *Amira* doubtful of the Page's Behaviour, dreaded the worst, assur'd almost it meant a stifled Passion. But there was no Way to avoid trusting him, nor Time to hesitate on the Effects; then haste said she, with a perceivable Alteration in her Voice, deliver this, giving a Letter, and bring the Person, if you can, unseen, to my Apartment, but stop, said she, where's the Duke? That Question cry'd *Florio* is not improper at this Time, he's in the Garden if I judge right, looking for his belov'd *Amira*. Oh Heavens! resum'd she hastily, What have I done? No Prejudice, return'd *Florio* smiling; I'll tell him you're indispos'd, and gone to Rest; you know he never intrudes without Leave, and hath too much good Manners to disturb you; then for the Wilderiness, he never visits the Alcove, but with Company; the Gentleman's

tleman's safe, and I'll find a Way ne'er Doubt,
of bringing him to your Satisfaction.

Florio was no sooner gone, and *Amira* alone, than the Page's Conduct gave her an Uneasiness till now unknown; one while she thought *Bell-fond* had set the Stripling to betray her when an Occasion should offer, which might call the Sensibility of her Heart in Question, judging the Duke from her indifferent Regards, assur'd himself he had a Rival; tho' yet unknown, a Truth his jealous Cunning she was not to learn, would unavoidably distinguish, and then she was infallibly ruin'd and expos'd. But then again, when she more calmly reflected on the Youth, she fear'd his Manner, Address, and Readiness to oblige (all speaking Love) and more than fancy'd him agitated by a real Passion for her self, having on several Accounts remark'd, he, next the Duke, paid her the most particular Regard; in either of these Thoughts, she found but little Ease, for continu'd Agonizings and Inquietudes, that gave her all the Feelings of Despair. And she that had ever been prudent enough to hide her Thoughts from a Domestic, having for that Reason sent away *Lucinda*, who she found had too much Levity in her Temper, to engross the retentive Faculty; was now, as she too faithfully fancy'd, laugh'd at, and outwitted by a Boy.

Then

Then her *La-Motte*, that Favourite of her Soul, on all the Racks of Expectation, the Disappointment would distract his Sense; What would he, could he judge from this cool Conduct? And should he by a manly Boldness venture, she dreaded the meant Visit might be fatal. Distrest by a confused Medley of thinking, she threw herself carelessly on a Couch, where amid a Chaos of Reflection, she slept, if we can properly be said to sleep, (when the Mind fir'd by warring Passions, dreams 'em o'er again) the Chamber Door had but negligently fell too, for the unthinking *Amira*, unmindful of all things but the dear lov'd Man, had forgot to lock it; when an Accident we shall leave as yet surpriz'd her.

This tiresome Waste of Time to waiting Love, the constant fond *La-motte* travers'd the Wilderness, full of as many unfettled Ideas, as his *Amira*. He knew not what to think, he thought her good, he thought her true, but then he thought her young, a Woman, and what Temptations, such as *Bellfond* had Power to give, and his long Absence might produce he knew not. He was conscious, *Amira* had lov'd him, or Subtilly deceiv'd him, he was not to learn, her Parents ever design'd her the Duke's Charge, provided they dy'd in her minor Years; but then he knew she was of Age to chuse a Guardian, and by turns fancy'd she might have avoided *Bellfond*.

fond. *Amira* being now turn'd of Eighteen, and neither poor in good Conduct, nor good Sense.

As to *La-Motte's* Person, he was never handsome, but that's of small Account with the Discerning, a Man's Person being his least valuable Perfection: He had to ballance that, so large a Share of the Agreeable, it even out rival'd Beauty; and so much of the fine Gentleman, and Man of Wit in his Conversation, 'twas but to hear him speak, to make him be lov'd; than he had so generous a Soul, so sincere a Manner, and so polite a Taste, that allowing he was a Man of few Words, the more you was acquainted the better you esteem'd him. His Love to his Friends was real, that to *Amira* constant, fix'd on a just Knowledge of her Desert; and his Respect to the Fair-Sex in general so obliging, it oftener gain'd him a secret Mistress, than he perhaps desir'd; not that he wanted Fire enough to be amorous, or Words to charm: But there is something so enchanting in a modest Attack, it gains, before we hear, or are appris'd of the Danger. Pardon me this Digression.

In a Word, he travers'd the Wilderness dejected with Love, Despair, Expectance, jealous Doubts, till wearied with the Journey of his Mind, more than the Travel of his Body; he rested him in the Alcove, if possible to compose his Humour, which began to be somewhat

B

impatient

impatient at the Neglect he conceiv'd *Amira* guilty of; and as 'twere by Sympathy, slumbred too.

'Twas in this Moment of Ease and Indolence, he was found by *Florio*, who with Difficulty, got an Opportunity to give *Amira's* Letter, and on his Word assur'd him when the Duke was safe, he would return to him instantly; wak'd by so kind a Message, the raptur'd *La-Motte* without staying to thank the *Cupid* that attended, tore the fast Seal, and kissing the wish'd for Billet, read thus.

DEserving, tho' unjust *La-Motte*, I should resent your injurious Notion of my Honour, but that I know not how to blame your Love; the Duke is indeed a fine deserving Man, but for *Amira* none hath Charms but Thee? How I have suffer'd my chang'd Person tell! I'm watch'd, nor dare write more, haste to my Arms, the Boy that brings thee this, swears to be secret, I trust no Servant else, and long to see *Amira's* dear *La-Motte*. Thine, never to be chang'd, faithful *Amira*.

P. S. I beg you would not venture a Visit without the Page, it may be dangerous. Adieu:

This

This Letter made *La-Motte* as easie as his Eagerness to be with *Amira* would permit; he was a Man in the Perfection of his Age, when every Sense prides in its noble Crisis; and 'tis most certain, when we come to a true Notion of Life, we have a more refin'd Taste of Love. *La-Motte* felt every Word like a new Being, and found so much Meaning and Ingenuity in those few hasty writ Lines, as clear'd his Doubts and scourg'd him for his Rashness.

But *Florio*, as tho' it had been a Thing design'd, was more in waiting that Day than usual; for the amorous Duke, whose Impatience to speak with *Amira*, was almost equal to that of *La-Motte's*, although on a different Account, would not part with his faithful Boy; and having never had a private Conference since that Lady's Illness, from a nice Punctilio of good Breeding; which would not suffer him to proceed too hastily, had resolv'd that Day, observing she was able to walk and see Company, to renew his Pretensions in such a Manner, as should leave her no room to doubt; he would positively gain her by some Method, unless she could make him a Prosylite to the Doctrine of Transmigration; and by being, or appearing to be of a different Species, baffle or elude his Purpose.

But the Page who alone knew his Intention having told him *Amira* was relaps'd, and de-

clin'd Conversation; he grew out of Humour with every Thing, and almost angry with *Florio*, but that he diverted him, spite of himself, with so many well invented Tales and witty Amusements; the Duke was afresh charm'd and surpriz'd at the Boy's continu'd Obligingness, and ask'd him somewhat warmly: How he possess'd so happy a Serenity and Evenness of Temper, my Lord, said *Florio*, urg'd by the Duke's still pursuing Demands; my Passions are Innocent, my Meanings Sincere; I have as yet no heavy Cares to clog me, engross Philosophy enough never to be mov'd at a Trifle, and possess all I can ever wish in your Eminencies Favour: I know nothing would shock me to a Feeling, but parting with Duke *Bellfond*; how interpos'd the Duke still more astonished, not Love, my generous Boy, 'tis not impossible but you may love, and *Cupid* you are learned enough to know, hath Pangs; what says my Boy, thou blushest like a Girl? I fear thou art in Love already *Florio*; *Florio*, who was sensibly touch'd with this Talk, redned indeed, and seem'd in some Disorder; but re-assuming a feign'd Courage with a swift Reflection; how Circumstances appear'd, rejoyn'd with a forced Briskness but too visible. My Lord, you are merry with me, I am too young to love. You are too old to own it resum'd the Duke, in a more positive Manner, judging he had found *Florio's* Illness; but added he in a softer Voice, I, only ask'd whether Love would

would not influence you more powerfully than Friendship? Love and Friendship in some Hearts return'd *Florio*, are so nearly allied they know but small Distinction; you talk Logick now my Boy, cry'd the Duke interrupting, the Love of Sexes must be different, you are not to be taught that, I ask'd you after Nature, you answer me by a direct Rule of Contrariety, with a Flight of the Soul, the Soul hath but little to do with the Body in some Cases, or our Moderns mistake; the Logick is on your Side now said *Florio*, deeply blushing, for I my Lord want Depth to comprehend you; I own I should think those Joys of Nature very insipid, where the Soul was no ways concern'd in a Participation; for if there is an Extasie it must be in the Mind, or I am wrong in thinking. The Page deliver'd these Words with such a confus'd Accent and trembling Disorder, which by his endeavouring to conceal, grew more discernable; it rais'd a Curiosity in the observing *Bellfond*, he had till then been a Stranger too, ungenerous *Florio*, resum'd the Duke tenderly caressing him, you are unkind, to hide your Thoughts from the only Man would give you Satisfaction; would to Heaven I dar'd to own 'em! interrupted the Page with a Soul-felt Sigh, casting his Eyes to the Ground, and letting fall some Tears: But Fate hath destin'd me to be unhappy? How, rejoin'd the surpriz'd Duke embracing him, can *Florio* be unhappy! Never whilst I'm *Bellfond*, tell me

thy Tale, oh! urge me not my Lord, cry'd *Florio*, if possible more disorder'd; I must not tell, but Time, (or Death) added he I hope will be so just, and you will pity your poor *Florio's* Woes: Here the Page silenc'd by Tears made a full Stop, and the Duke's Reply was barr'd by the sudden Approach of his Brother: Count *Beauville*, a young noble Man, with an advantageous Post, of a reserv'd, and positive Humour; who, on the firming a Peace with two neighbouring Nations, found a Vacancy of Employ, and was come to his Brothers to waste some lazy Hours in Country Amusements: Never was two Brothers more unlike than the Duke and Count.

Bellfond was ever generous, free and open, *Beauville* designing, close and mercenary, and as the Duke's greatest Fault was Ambition, the most commendable Vice, (if it be one) that ever had a Being. So the Count's reigning Passion was Avarice, the most sordid, mean-soul'd Littleness in Nature; but more so in the Great, where it unnerves the Man, and makes him Despicable to his Vassals, this unbounded Love of Money made the Count a deep Gamester; and when he lost, betray'd him to such unbecoming Outrages, that even himself would blush at when more calm.

The

The Duke was too entire an Humble Servant of the Ladies, to lavish those Hours at Hazard, lost him a more pleasurable Certainty.

Nor was their Face and Make more agreeable than their Inclinations, that Gayety, and perpetual good Humour, that made the Duke the charming'st of his Sex, hung like a fullen Sun-shine on his Brother, and all that forc'd Happiness that sat on *Beauville's* Brow, look'd like a watry Cloud that mimick'd Brightness. In a Word, his whole Air was a Gloom of Discontent and Pride, his Passions irregular, and inconstant, and his most negligent Sallies of good Appearance, the flashy Sparkles of a wanton Moment: Then for his Amours they were of no Duration, he lik'd and gain'd, remember'd and forgot, just as the Conquest was facile or difficult; being of that Party who never consult Love, or hate past the Success of a present Resolve.

Beauville, with all these unlovely Qualities, was become a Lover of *Amira's*, (that is as far as he was capable of loving,) his Passion even for her, being a direct Playing opposite to his Brother, for no other End than what he call'd the Diversion of Contradiction, for having but a bare Surmise of his Brother's Intent, which a Temper ever on the Watch quickly penetrated. His first Resolve was to undermine him, nay

the Certainty in his own partial Consultations was indisputable; those Advantages of Cunning he judg'd himself old in, must undoubtedly foil the Duke's fine Person and Address. Nor car'd he much which way he gain'd the Lady, for being single and unengag'd, and *Amira* a considerable Fortune, he was bent if no way else could gain her, to offer Marriage, making his late Advancement, for 'tis not always on the Deserving, (Honours are conferr'd,) a Title to his intended Claim, and his Interest at Court (which was not small) a certain Assurance of his Success.

The Count had justly conceiv'd the Duke kept at home on *Amira's* Account, though he had made Affairs of State the Reason, and under that Colour declin'd a Match of Stag-g-hunting, (a Diversion not uncommon with the Gentlemen of *Cyprus*) and from which *Beauville* was but just return'd, when he caught the Duke in the Height of that friendly Interview with his Page. *Florio* retir'd almost as soon as the Brothers met, as well to mask his Disorder, as attend *La-Motte*, (Lovers being seldom negligent of love Matters,) when the Count addressing *Bellfond*, with an Air of affected Raillery, told him with a Smile of Meaning, he had little thought a Conference with his Boy, was the weighty Affair that detain'd him; but added he ironically, had any but my self seen Duke *Bellfond* care

a Page in so uncommon a Manner : (It would have lost you with the Ladies) for my own Part I judge more charitably, and think young *Florio* so Lovely, I am more apt to believe you entertain a real Mistress in that Disguise, than an imaginary One. The Duke not a little startl'd at this so unexpected Repartee, with Difficulty conceal'd his Disorder; and in a Moment composing himself assur'd the Count with a Look of Gravity, it was a Thought of Baseness that wanted as much Reason as Truth; that he was shock'd at his out-o'-the-way Reflections, adding with a fix'd Sternness, if he took those unbecoming Privileges of scandalizing his Conduct, he should know a Way to avoid his Conversation : The World indeed had long talk'd him Cenforious, and he was sorry thus to find it Truth; at this Reply, *Beauville* laugh'd aloud, and resum'd the Discourse in this Manner : My Lord, your pleasant in characterizing, but this will not deceive experienc'd *Beauville*, I have not travell'd to be taught a Sex, nor know so little the warm Talk of Eyes; did I not see thy bashful Mistress blush, tremble, and fly the Place at Sight of *Beauville*, nay loose her Hold, was she not fast embrac'd: Duke *Bellfond's* Company we know his Choice, (when I offend, I know a Time to leave,) but 'tis Count *Beauville's*, be assur'd to know make Proof of this Boy, *Florio*, if he is one, and Duke *Bellfond* may assure himself I shall not be slow to make
the

the Experiment, with these Words, waiting no Reply : He made to the House, and left the Duke to his Thoughts, who more confus'd than ever, reflected deep on his Brother's Remark ; and swift recalling *Florio's* late Behaviour, the half form'd Words that trembl'd on his Tongue, the untaught Blush, and modest stiff'd Sigh, that told an artless Woe and still Distress ; the silent Tear that stopt its Stream, forc'd back by inburn'd Thought, and Bitterness of Feeling. A thousand nameless Tenders, daily Softs, heighten'd the Count's Suppose, and made it Truth ; *Bellfond* remembred now the Youth's Confusions, his Silence, downcast Eye, and passion'd Startings, with a Concern of Pity and Desire, and truly conscious of those Languishments the Page could not conceal ; his Obligingness was no more a Wonder. In a Word, the Scene of Thought was entirely chang'd, and the Duke impatient to be convinc'd, blam'd his own Dullness more than the Count's Indiscretion ; all his new Cares for the mask'd lovely Cause, conscious a Man of *Beauville's* Dare, would not be answer'd, but by real Proof ; nor could the Fir'd, as curious *Bellfond* bear, one that lov'd him so far, (for that was plain) should be expos'd to any but himself, his own Gratification was instantly projected, and he resolv'd to fend the Unknown from *Beauville*.

These

These new uncommon Conflicts, made the timorous distressed *Amira* forgot, possibly for the present busied Hour, when of a sudden, walking unknown to himself under a Window, joining her Apartment, he distinctly heard her Voice louder than usual, (and rous'd from his fast Muse) observing a Light in her Chamber, made swiftly up a Pair of back Stairs, that led a By-way to her Lodgings, where to his great Surprize, he found the Count on his Knees, holding *Amira's* Robe, and paying her all the Submission of a Lover who had offended. The Count no sooner saw the Duke, but he left *Amira*, and assum'd another Posture, whilst a continu'd Silence, and the Lady's real Surprize, gave wondring *Bellfond* Leave to ask the Cause; my Lord return'd the Fair, in an unaffected Fright, I'm so amaz'd I cannot answer justly, but if you'll be so good to guard your Brother, and leave me till to morrow, I'll think myself oblig'd: Madam, rejoin'd the Duke, with an Air that spoke Respect and Complaisance, I'm sorry the Count hath been guilty of what hath displeas'd; for my own Part, 'tis my Pride to be commanded, and I shall never cease to obey: I shall wait the Morrow with Impatience, when if you'll give me Leave, added he, looking on her tenderly, I hope said *Amira* hastily, I shall be more able to talk; you'll pardon me to Night, Madam, rejoin'd the Count, may I hope you'll forgive? bowing very low, I am not of a very unforgiving Nature,

ture, resum'd she, more compos'd, on Condition Faults are not repeated.

The Count, who had form'd a Reply, was on the Point of speaking, when suddenly they distinguish'd two soft Voices, in the Gallery adjoin'd the Apartment, and the discerning Duke of quick Attention, judg'd *Florio* to be one, whom calling (for it prov'd so) the Page answer'd; *Bellfond* ask'd who he secreted, thus slyly, for he was well assur'd he'd a Companion? A Relation of mine, cry'd the ready witted Page, that's new left *Paris*, and brings us a Journal of that Court. I was bringing him to my Study, added *Florio*, and being told Madam *Amira* was repos'd, was unwilling to disturb her; that's my considerate Boy, resum'd the Duke, I'll thank thee for *Amira*; but may we see the Gentleman, you know he's welcome, and *Paris* is a Part of the World I'm never cloy'd with knowing. Madam, added he, turning to *Amira*, shall we beg the Favour of your Apartment a Moment, you may command it, my Lord, rejoin'd the Lady, with a visible Alteration in her Voice; I'm going to my Dressing Room, with these Words and a Smile of Force, she retir'd, in so much Disorder, it was well the Stranger entring, employ'd the Duke and Count. It was indeed *La-Motte*, as *Amira* conceiv'd, from whom unable to hide her Soul, she dreaded seeing in the Duke's Presence, tho' had she
known

known the Thoughts of her chang'd Guardian, she had from thence no room for Fear. Being now so indifferent to *Bellfond*, he'd been less'd concern'd to have known *La-Motte* for what he really was, than what he judg'd him, viz. (*Florio's Lover*.) The Duke, and Count, treated *La-Motte* like what he appear'd, an accomplish'd Cavalier, for *La-Motte* was of Descent truly Great, and had something in him that spoke it so nobly, *Bellfond* was not altogether ill pleas'd at his new Guest. Ceremonies, Compliments, and Questions ended, *Bellfond* told the Page, when his Cousin, for so he had call'd *La-Motte*, was engag'd in the Study, he would speak with him, telling the Stranger he should not detain his Kinsman longer, than was of absolute Necessity for his own Interest, for whom he assur'd him, he had a great Regard; and making *La-Motte* the Offer of his House and Attendance, as long as his Affairs allow'd of Continuance, all departed, seemingly well pleas'd, tho' none but *La-Motte* in reality was so.

The Duke now took a Privilege to reprehend the Count, for his Breach of good Manners, in surprizing a Lady, who bating her being retir'd, and unsuspecting an Intrusion, had not yet thrown off a dangerous Illness, and how far, added he, your Rudeness may be prejudicial, is yet unknown; you're not be taught, her being my Charge, makes any Affront under my Roof unpardon-

unpardonable. I had no Design at all in the Adventure, resum'd the Count, but if Fortune will be so ill-natur'd to throw Opportunity in my Way, am I blame Worthy for improving the Advantage. Here the Dutches, who'd been in Search for her Lord, or rather his Page, for whom she'd entertain'd a Friendship, not unlike that of Desire, coming up to *Bellfond*, broke further Talk.

The Count was returning to the Gardens after a fruitless Search for *Florio*, whom he was positive to know when passing *Amira's* Closet, he perceiv'd her carelessly reclin'd in a fast Slumber, on the Couch. The unresisting Posture fired *Beauville*, who never having known the Lover's Awe, bold and regardless of the Consequence, enter'd the Chamber, and close embracing the yet sleeping Fair, gather'd rude Kisses, and was proceeding to unlicenc'd Freedoms, when the affrighted Lady wak'd, and fearing 'twas *La-Motte*, was going severely to resent his Conduct, when her Astonishment to see the Count, who never till that Hour seem'd to notice her, caus'd her to shriek and brought *Bellfond's* Assistance, (never more welcome) the Servant that commonly attended, being by her own Orders, at too great a Distance, to be easily alarm'd, and her Lodgings remote from the rest of the House, a Contrivance of the Duke's, not without Meaning.

The

The Duke, and his Brother, had no sooner left *La-Motte* alone with the friendly Page, but *Florio*, urg'd by an Excess of Goodness, that ever took a Pride in Power to please, bid him make the best of his Minutes, whilst he play'd Centinel, e'er he waited on his Lord, for whom, added he, I must instantly leave you, to bar a Suspicion of what I've asserted concerning you.

La-Motte thank'd his kind Conductor, and was on the Point of making him a handsome Gratitude, when the Page observing his Intent, swiftly left him, with these Words, it is Reward enough to serve a Lover; Heaven knows rejoin'd he, with a Sigh that faltred on his Tongue, I'm too much one myself to take a Bribe! *La-Motte* wondred at so uncommon a Generosity, and vow'd to signalize the lovely Boy, but had a Soul too perceptible of higher Joys, to continue the Reflection. Those tender melting Feelings of a Soul, the constant dear Deserver only knows, are better thought than spoke, happy Connubials, where concurring Thought, and a Cement of Hearts make a blest Pair.

The fond *La-Motte*, impatient for a Meeting, hastned to bless him with *Amira's* Eyes, who haviug caught up a Book, judging it might be some Covert for her Confusion, should the Gentlemen intrude on her Privacy, seem'd reading when he enter'd, whom she no sooner notic'd,
but

but letting fall the Book with a visible Trembling, she rise to meet him. The darling Man close folding her to his Joy panting Bosom, in still unworded Raptures, met her Love lengthening extatick Soul, collecting Kisses, which the fond, tender, undisguis'd *Amira* receiv'd, and gave, unknowing to herself, with almost equal Force; but when she gather'd Breath enough to speak, and caught the Respite of a faltring Word, *La-Motte* she cry'd, with a Delight that sparkled in her Eye, and spoke in every Vein: Is it indeed *La-Motte*! Indeed *La-Motte*! rejoin'd he, in a Voice elevated by Love and Gratitude. The happy blest *La-Motte*! The charming kind *Amira*'s true *La-Motte*! Then I am blest indeed! resum'd *Amira*. I've much to say, but there is Time, be cautious. How have I bled for my *La-Motte*, how suffer'd! But I have seen Thee now added she, somewhat confus'd, and now can die. Then blushing at the Extasie she'd utter'd, she sunk into her grateful Lover's Arms; unable to express another Word: Then let us die embrac'd, cry'd the embolden'd Lover. Thus my *Amira* we'll meet living Death! At these Words he graspt *Amira* with a tender Force, prest her soft giving Lips with true Affection, and gave her back a Soul devoid of Art; Words were beside the Feelings of *La-Motte*, to find the languishing *Amira* his, so fond, so true, so unreservedly generous, spite of a tedious, cruel three Years Absence; a Heaven almost beyond his boldest

boldest Hope, he thought of nothing but the present Moment, and made Caresses pardon lost Expression ; nor could the yielding Fair feign a Resentment, each sunk supine on eithers glowing Breast, and hug'd the silent Charm that drank their Sense.

'Twas in this Kind, this motionless Engagement, the faithful Page alarm'd the lost blest Pair; and e'er they well cou'd re-assume a distant less fond Posture, enter'd the Room. Madam, *Lucinda's* here, cry'd watchful *Florio*; let Monsieur go in earnest to my Study, I'll to the Duke, and instantly return. Powers! resum'd *Amira* surpriz'd, *Lucinda* here! be quick *La-Motte*, the Pratler will betray; so soon disturb'd return'd hope-fir'd *La-Motte*, well there is time, interrupted the Page, you'll find there is Monsieur, but let's be gone, I hear the pert Intruder, the Lovers wanted time for a Farewel, each exchange'd Looks, (Love never wants an Index) and vanish'd o'the Moment.

They were scarce parted, but *Lucinda* enter'd, who full of her Allignation with *Francisco*, had hurry'd back much sooner then expected, Lady *Amelia's* Seat being three long Leagues from the Duke's, and Day on the Decline, when she set out.

But *Lucinda*, who had other Affairs in her Head, had excus'd herself to that Lady, who had else detain'd her till Morning, not thinking *Amira* look'd for her before; with a made Tale of her Lady's being worse in Health, her Indisposition growing so dangerous, she cou'd scarce be wanted long enough to wait on her Ladyship, but her Lady having a very particular Esteem, for her Ladyship would not be easie till she came; so that asking a thousand Pardons for not being able to oblige her Ladyship so far; she took her Leave with all the aukward Ceremony of a Coquet Chamber-maid, having deliver'd as she imagin'd a Message would not be displeasing to either; she return'd better satisfy'd with her Embassy, than her Lady at her Dispatch; Lady *Amelia* sent *Amira* a suitably obliging Compliment, and *Lucinda* found her just in the Humour she wish'd, for *Amira* having recompos'd her Air, artfully dissembled, and after flattering *Lucinda's* Conduct and quick Return, told her she was more indispos'd than common, and was immediately for Bed, adding with a faint Smile, she would have her take Care of her Health after her Fatigue; for her Part, she had no manner of Commands that Night, having no ways chang'd her Morning-dress, by reason of her Illness; and not expecting her Home, had order'd another Servant's Attendance, who would take her Bed for that Night, which was in an inner Closet, within her Lady's Call. This Contrivance favour'd

your'd *Lucinda's* Project, who readily obey'd, and left her Lady.

Florio had no sooner dispos'd of *La-Motte*, and seen *Lucinda* enter, then he prepar'd to wait on his Lord as order'd, he found the Duke at *Ombre*, with the Dutchess and the Count, but no sooner did the Favourite Page make a fourth Person, then they had each of 'em a different Card to Play. The Dutchess chang'd Colour and grew so ill, she instantly threw up the Cards, and would have broke up Company, but that the Count would not permit her, telling her he was there but a short Time, and would not lose the Pleasure of her Conversation; the Duke, a complaisant Husband, seem'd concern'd at her Disorder, and begg'd the Cause; for some Time past, having surmiz'd her good Nature for his Page, but that Thought now wanted of its Sting. The Dutchess oblig'd to mask her Sentiments, return'd it was the Surprize of an Illness, of late troublesome but not of Continuance, and still begg'd she might leave the Room, which *Beauville* would by no Means grant, telling her with a serious Air, she was melancholly and indulg'd it; volatile Spirits and gay Company, was the best Remedy in the Universe; he had prov'd the Medecine and found it infallible: *Belfond*, who had a juster Thought was silent, and turning in a careless

36 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

Manner to his Page, on whom he fix'd a Look of Penetration.

Florio, says he hastily, peruse those Papers that lie on my Desk in the green Closet, peruse them carefully, added he, giving a Key, for I shall try your Judgment, the Accompts relate to the Prince, and in a few Days you must go: Go whither, interrupted the Count, not unpossibly seeing all *Bellfond*, to travel rejoin'd the Duke; Prince *Beauclerk* goes for *Italy* in a few Weeks; he's a deserving Prince, and Heir, at least in Election of the Empire; my *Florio* and that Prince are much of an Age, he hath seen him, and likes him, it will doubtless prefer him, and may be the making of the Boy.

The Page at this Discourse grew pale, and of a sudden, as he made toward the Closet, fainted, unable to hide the Sorrow these Words gave him; the Count bow'd with an Air of Unbelief, and gave his Brother Leave to construe Looks. The Dutchess kept a profound Silence, and spoke her Wonder in a Death-like Change; when the politick Duke, who had urg'd the Tale with two Meanings, viz. to bar his Brother's Intent, and get some insight of *Florio*, was mov'd with something so new and uncommon, at the soft Accident, that starting from his Place, swift as quick winded Thought, he caught the Page, half dying
in

in his Arms, and calling an Attendant then in waiting, kept *Florio* fast embrac'd, not without Meaning, till a reviving Cordial brought new Life, which when the Youth receiv'd, something recover'd, *Bellfond* charg'd him to Repose, and gave him in the Servant's Care that waited. The Duke's Esteem, was too nimble for the Count to make his Advantage at that time, altho' *Beauville* was up, and half way to the Youth's Assistance when he fell, a Principle of Curiosity having agitated him to a more than common Concern, which he artfully cloak'd under a Pretext of good Will. The Dutcheſs more perplex'd than ever, after a various Chain of Reflection had poſed her, began in earneſt to conceive what ſhe wiſh'd, viz. that it was the Page's real Paſſion for herſelf, that aw'd, and ſmothering in his Breſt, occasion'd the uncommon Diſorder, ſince it was viſible a Dread of parting with the Duke's Family, gave the Emotion.

The Count was now confirm'd in his Opinion, which receiv'd no ſmall Addition from the Duke's Tenderneſs, which 'twas impoſſible at ſuch a Juncture to conceal; and 'tis an undoubted Truth, thoſe Incidents that ſurprize, betray more of our real Sentiments, than a whole Life's regular Converſation with a ſuppos'd Friend, lets us into. There is ſomething ſo ſincere and artleſs in an undeſign'd Expreſſion, the ſhort unſtudy'd Truth tells the whole Soul.

The Duke's Respect made him as impatient, as the Count's Curiosity yet to dress his Mind in the best Mask 'twould bear; he assumed a Serenity of Face, which he flatter'd himself so well mock'd Truth, it could not be known from it by the Count, but he forgot *Beauville* was all Design, and see thro' every Cunning of the Soul, he had observ'd the Duke regarded his Page, with more than common Thought, and was pretty well conscious, he'd let him into a Secret, or betray'd one, which he by Stratagem resolv'd to know (if possible that Night.) Never was three Persons Thoughts busied about one, with more different Meanings.

The Dutches, to describe her justly, was witty and handsome, and of no disagreeable Age, being then in her Twenty-seventh Year, and to engage the much admir'd, tho' but suppos'd Youth, had put on all those Freedoms that encourage: She was naturally obliging and amorous, but spirited and revengeful, bred up in the Maxims of a dangerous Court, where she fatally lov'd, was quickly ruin'd and forgot; the ungrateful Undoer fled, Honour and Fame given up, a Fit of Melancholly follow'd the Court still admir'd and caress'd the spoil'd Beauty; and as she grew more gay, she more was ruin'd, and for Revenge, rov'd thro' the flattering Sex; a wrong Way of regaining lost Reputation. Supper being over,
to

to which *Bellfond* had welcom'd the Stranger, tho' purely with a Design of afterwards engaging him at Chefs with the Count, which done, the Duke pretending hasty Business, left 'em, and made to the yet unknown Page.

It was now the Hour of the Mariner's Affignation with the Chamber-maid, who by this was preparing to meet him. *Francisco*, dress'd and powder'd, to all the Advantage of a Sea Beau, strutted in the Arbor, like the Daw in the Peacock's Plume, big with Expectance of a Love Declaration; and considering Mrs. *Lucinda*, as one of the Principals of the House, and by the Perquisites of her Place, doubtless, well fleec'd, had resolv'd not to be cruel, and was just in a deep Study, how most agreeably to return the Compliment he fancy'd she design'd him. When *Lucinda* coming from behind a Covert of Trees joining the Arbor, gave him a pretty smart Blow with her Fan, and without giving him Leave to speak, told him with an Air of Diffidence, she had not engag'd his Service at such an Hour, but for some Reasons of secret Import, and must be assur'd faithfully of his Trust before she dar'd to give him her Message.

Madam, return'd *Francisco*, bowing formally, you may command me any Thing, I'll serve you by Day or by Night, and in Truth I have serv'd

a pretty Lady e'er now, tho' I am a rude Fellow; but you'll pardon me added he, taking one of her Hands, which he kneeling made an Offer to kiss. If I guess, and spare you the Trouble, Hey-Day! Mr. *Goodfellow*, resum'd *Lucinda*, catching back her Hand; for Heaven's Sake *Francisco* what d'ye mean! who taught you so much Familiarity I wonder? don't fancy because I beneath me make you my Letter Carrier, I design you my Companion; but continu'd she laughing, methinks you're dress'd to Night, I suppose you're a courting! and 'twas only an amorous Mistake, you took me for one of the Kitchen Girls,

Francisco found he had gone too far, but not a Wit dismay'd; says he to himself, this Wench hath some Modesty as well as Pride, I must not be too forward, well, well, I warrant I'll please her: Madam, said he to her, I'm so intoxicated — intending a long Preamble of Fustian — Pshaw! interrupted *Lucinda*, let's have none of your Impertinence, Time is short, 'tis now past Twelve, and I have more to consult than keeping you Company; here I was just going to make you my Confidant, when your Impudence must pretend — Nay now Madam, rejoin'd the Fop, by the Mefs I said nothing, nor meant you no more Harm than walking fore and aft, tho' I'm very sorry; Silence you Oaf, cry'd *Lucinda*, will you hear me? may I be bound to pump in

a split Ship, return'd *Francisco*, if I interrupt you, why then resum'd she, you know the Duke's Page, what that chitty-fac'd Thing? ay, ay, I know him; why then rejoin'd *Lucinda*, the Dutcheſs is ſo uneaſie about him; I vow it makes me uneaſie to ſee her; how uneaſie, cry'd *Francisco*, what's the Matter? I heard indeed he had the Doctors with him but now, 'tis a poor pulling, humour'd Fop; the Doctors with him, resum'd *Lucinda* haſtily, Heaven forbid! why you don't ſay ſo? 'twas talk'd they was to be fetch'd, added he, that's all I know; why it ſeems he was took with a Fit of Vapours as you call'n, and muſt fall like a ſhotten Cuckoo before all the Folks; well, commend me to Sea Education, why a tarr'd-tann'd Cabbin-Boy is worth fifty of your Lord's Pages, that can't ſtand a Capful of Weather, without being Sea-fick aſhore; he muſt be nurs'd and furs'd, and be humour'd with a Murrain, the Dutcheſs's Silvander hath ſtrict Charge to attend him, he ſhall be ſerv'd a Pleague on him, a ſqueamiſh Puppy.

You ſurprize me *Francisco*, return'd *Lucinda*! good, dear *Francisco* go ſee, enquire his Health, and haſte, fly with the News, I wait for you here, but be ſure you don't ſay who ſent you, don't name me for your Life; if you're ask'd, you have not ſeen me; Heaven! ſend him out of Danger, added ſhe ſighing: Why the Devil's in all the Women? cry'd *Francisco*, muttering as he

he pac'd the Gardens, they're all mad, by the Mefs, she's in Love with this Page too, a pretty Gristle to be fond of. If the Dutcheſs is ſuch a Simpleton, ſhe deſerves to be whipt at Maſt-Head fo ſhe does, an I were her Husband ſhe ſhould, I can tell her but that, ſo I can, that this ſame Girl, lookt *Florio*, ſhould make ſuch a Work here; curſe on his Smock-Face I ſay, for hindring one a money'd Miſtreſs; now durſt not I ſay any Thing but what muſt favour this young Dog; and there's the Duke's Miſtreſs *Amira* too, ſhe's as ſilly; I warrant they're ſo waundy great.

Lucinda had long fathom'd the Dutcheſſe's Paſſion for *Florio*, and was as much in Love with him herſelf, as 'twas poſſible for one half a Fool, and half a Coquette to be, for as acquir'd Folly is more ridiculous, and leſs pitiable than what's natural, ſo is a Coquette's Impertinence, more troubleſome to the Perſons they affect to be fond of, than dangerous to themſelves.

Lucinda was one of thoſe thoughtleſs half-ſoul'd Wretches, who having never been truly ſuſceptible of Joy or Sorrow; was come to the Age of Nineteen without one ſolid Conſideration, ſhe had never felt any Thing like Love, nor had a Soul for the capacious Paſſion.

She talk'd of it indeed as Children of new Guggaws, and fancy'd it muſt be a pretty Amuſement;
and

and after giving herself all the forward silly Airs of one that affected to be thought witty and engaging, imagin'd she had no more to do than design her Conquest; for most of those mungril-bred Things, now advanc'd to be Waiting-women, engross a most egregious Stock of Vanity, of which *Lucinda* had her Share, she had a World of diverting Emptinesses in her Head; and having pitch'd on *Florio* for her intended Dupe was upon the Nettle, till she'd induc'd him to believe she was dying for him; making no doubt but the young unexperienc'd Stripling would, out of Generosity, fall down-right in Love with her; and she should have the unparallell'd Satisfaction as she call'd it, of laughing at the Folly; in which she propos'd a World of Agreeableness and pleasant Jest.

It was her over earnest Eagerness to put this Design in Practise, together with a Letter she'd observ'd *Francisco* slide in *Florio's* Hand the preceding Morn, which she made no dispute was from the Dutches; the Disappointment of whom was the top Joy of her Design, and the real Cause of her Assignment.

For if any Thing can be said to give those Sort of Animals true Transport, it is a Power to torment: 'Twas the Impatience of a Delay in her Adventure, (for she was fix'd to second the Dutches's Letter,) gave her that particular Regard

gard for the Page's Health, for she had been infallibly undone, had her Project stay'd a Day beyond its Time, about which she took so much Thought, it barr'd her minding any Thing intensely, as effectually as tho' she had been Cupid's real Votary, in lieu of craftily dissembling it; so true it is, eager Pursuits of Folly, distract Sense.

Francisco's gone, Lucinda read the Letter, she had penn'd *Florio* which she conceiv'd, contain'd a Sea of Sense, when not a little startl'd, she observ'd the favourite Page in the Garden, making towards the Arbor, where she was seated, she instantly rise, and turning another Walk as tho' she had not perceiv'd him, dropt the Letter as by Chance, and was minutely with her usual Swiftnefs out of Sight: The Letter lay open, and was read thus.

To the charming Florio.

UNKIND and insensible, can you observe my Sighs without Regard cold Undiscerner, well, I know thou'rt courted, courted by the loose Dutchess to thy Ruin; for what can'st thou propose but her Lord's Vengeance, who, tho' he brook the Croud, will scourge a Slave; Revenge pursues thy black Ingratitude, and certain Misery follows: That will distract the lost, undone *Lucinda*, a Maid that neither

ther brings you *Wealth* nor *Title*, but a true *Virgin Heart*, and *lawful Wishes*; you may be mine without a *Blush* to own it, if you can *Love*, (which *Heaven* be so propitious) if not, send me my *Death* in your *Resolve*, for I shall ne'er outlive the fatal *Flame*, that forces me beyond my *Sexes Limits*, to blushing send you this,

Yours to Death, Lucinda.

P. S. Dear Florio burn this Paper, for I shall blush to *Death* at such a *Witness*, and do not, if you love your self, visit the *Dutchess*, for I can't answer for my self and Sex; if you should slight what *Rage* may prompt me to. Once more adieu.

The Page who after his Disorder in the Apartment, had but newly receiv'd a real Letter from the *Dutchess*, that given by *Francisco*, being a Letter from *La-Motte*, who learning the OEconomy of the Family, had taken that Method to get Admission; 'tis a known Maxim, (make Court to a Favourite and succeed.)

The *Dutchess's* Letter, was special Orders to take a Regard to his Health, and keep his Chamber the ensuing Day, when she would take a Time, when her Lord who was to hunt, was absent, to prescribe a Remedy, (that should, if she had any Judgment) keep him still in the Duke's Family,

Family, and obstruct his Travels with the Prince, since she observ'd it was not with his Will.

The Page would have welcom'd this, from another Hand, but from her 'twas cruel, a double pointed Sword without a Hilt, that kill'd at either End; he saw her Drift, and dreaded the Encounter. Rouz'd from his Faintness by new Thoughts of Woe, he told the careful Servant who attended, he would repose, and he a while might leave him; so stole that lonely Minute to the Garden, whose solitary Gloom sooth'd still Despair, and was walking in a pensive Muse; at those Intricacies Fortune still wove him, when he perceiv'd *Lucinda's* Letter; it being a bright Moon-light, he instantly took it up, and folding it carelessly, with a Design to follow her and return it.

Being too deep in Thought for Curiosity, *Lucinda's* Cloaths being a discarded Taffeta of her Ladies; the Wear of that Country that inclines to Heat, made too great a Ruffling for her to be unobserv'd, when he perceiv'd it was directed to himself, he instantly cast a Look of Pity and Disdain upon the Lines, and seeing partly into the Humour of the Sender, read it, and pocketing it with a deep-fetch'd Sigh, vex'd the pert Slave should see the Dutchess foible after a Pause, thus spoke th' involv'd Unknown,

How

How wretched are those unhappy Beings who shame their Specie, resum'd the long mask'd *Florio*? How despicable do some Women make us? Now here's a Banter from a Butterfly, one that can adjust a Head-dress, cry for a new Fashion, fancy itself a Beauty, and affect a Dialect Heaven never bestow'd; Intolerable! This airy Vanity, hath pen'd a Thing that mimicks Sincerity so well were my mistaken Self the Boy, she thinks me, the Lure might take, and the unthinking Thing become her Victim. Oh Woman! Woman! How I blush for Woman! and hug the dear Disguise that hides my Sex!

For thee *Lucinda* I've an Answer, but for the Dutchess, Gods! How I'm involv'd! Will no Dress keep me from Embarrassment? She's cunning, amorous, secret, and revengeful: I dread what may come from thence: But oh my Lord! My Love! My dear *Bellfond*! to part with him gives me a thousand Deaths! And I could wish myself the Thing she'd make me! To stay with him, oh *Bellfond*! All the Conflicts of my Honour, all I can suffer by Distress of Fame is light to this! How little dost thou know me for *Amanda*? The once gay Maid, that laugh'd at Love and Thee.

Here the self discover'd *Female-Page* made a full Stop, and stood as one dead, in a Maze of Thought, whilst streaming Tears clouded a lovely

lovely Face, and rising Sighs and Tears by Force suppress'd, spoke a deep sorrow'd Heart; when scarce the round of a quick Minute run, e'er the Duke, who had long conceal'd himself in a Grove of Trees adjoining that Walk, started from the still Ambush, and clasping the fair Page next his warm Heart, that beat with almost the same nimble Movement, embrac'd him eagerly, and snatch'd some Kisses, with such a Tenderneſs of real Paſſion, they gave a Soul, and forc'd her by a charming Violence, feel, and return them with as warm a Fire. Let thoſe who know a fierce unbounded Paſſion, ſmother'd by Awe, Reſpect and Modeſty, a long, long Term, and but imagin'd found, judge of her Thoughts.

Now, the Duke had reſolv'd by no Indearment to betray Suspicion till a convenient Hour he had fix'd, allow'd him full Conviction; but urg'd by ſuch a Tenderneſs of Love, a Soft ſo moving, and a Truth ſo wiſh'd, forgot himſelf too far to keep his Conduct, and for ſome Minutes, felt ſo true a Rapture, he almoſt loſt all Courage to recede, and where's the ſtupid, half enliven'd Man, would have been cool and calm at ſuch a Juncture? where's all our boaſted Strength of Reſolution, when ſome enchanting Minute ſtrikes the Senſe? Let thoſe who tell us we ought to rule our Paſſions, give me a Proof they always maſter'd theirs.

This

This while, the Page almost reduc'd to the same weak Condition she had so lately recover'd, getting slowly from the Duke, and redning to a conscious Glow of Guilt, resum'd; my Lord, you have indeed surpriz'd me! The long suppos'd *Florio* could force no more Expression, and thinking it a Folly to dissemble, kept Silence, when *Bellfond*, by a Conduct almost matchless, chang'd the Scene, and putting on an Air of affected Gravity, as if displeas'd with himself at what had pass'd; I hope said he, my Boy'll forgive me this; I meant thee nought, but hurry'd by my Passion for *Amira*, and wak'd as I imagin'd, by that Lady's Voice, I did, I know not what; nay, never blush for't, added he, in a pleasanter Manner, I was, now I remember, to thank thee for *Amira*, when you and your Cousin was so careful of her Repose. But *Florio* had been better pleas'd I presume, to have been thus kindly thank'd by herself, at these Words the Page blush'd and bow'd, but made no Reply, being greatly confus'd at *Bellfond's* Behaviour.

The Duke continu'd his Reserve, telling *Florio* in a careless Manner, he must peruse those Writings he had spoke on, before he slept, for which Reason, he added, I'll order a Servant to see your Cousin to his Appartment; do you keep out of the Count's Walk, hold no manner of Correspondence with him to Night, I charge

D

you ;

50 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

you; you have the Key of the Closet, I see him coming, vanish, when you have my Orders about the Papers, I presume your Cousin expects you. Away went the Page, full of a Variety of Reflections; she knew the Duke was politick and cautious, and could not be deceiv'd in his Caresses; yet she so earnestly wish'd his Love, she fear'd it, and he dissembled with such artful Cunning, she was sometimes apt to think he had in reality no Suspicion of her; it was possible he might not heed her betraying Starts of Thought, and tho' he press'd her to him, with that Heat, might not in the Disguise notice her Sex, wild with a thousand unagreeing Ideas, we now must leave the Fair, for pert *Lucinda*.

The Chamber-maid having this while taken a large Circuit round the Gardens, with Design to meet this *Florio*, and see the wondrous Effects of her Letter, fancying the Adventure would seem as unmeant, and had just struck into the Walk, and caught the Love-guis'd Maid in the Duke's Arms; but that *Francisco*, too officiously hastened back an Agent unwish'd, and whom she vex'd at his Diligence at that Time, with a ready Lye dispatch'd, but not so swift but he had a Glance of *Bellfond* and his Page, in that close Posture who were too much lost in Thought to be observing: Look yonder Madam, says *Francisco*! why my Lord Duke himself court's your Lover,
you

you may e'en let him go, I thought there was something the Matter; indeed they could never be parted, why by the Mefs he's a what d'ye call it — an Eunuch : Prithee be gone Fool, resum'd *Lucinda*, seeming angred, he's not well, and my Lord's holding him, that's all, you may say what you will cry'd the Mariner; but that same Page is my Lord's Man-Mistress; why the Devil d'ye see he's a killing him! Well, I shall never love my Lord again, that's certain added he, shrugging his Shoulders, and making to the House burden'd with the suppos'd Secret.

Lucinda, somewhat alarm'd at this Talk, softly pac'd a back Walk, and with jealous Eye watch'd the fond, deep mask'd Pair, just as they unembrac'd and grew compos'd, and judging thence *Francisco's* Daring nothing but meer Spleen, resolv'd still to wait a lucky Minute, and find if it might be the Youth alone.

In this fauntering Disorder, she was met by the Count, with whom a while we'll leave her to tell you *La-Motte*, feigning himself very much fatigu'd with Travel, broke up Play early, and retir'd as for Bed; and had no sooner got his Liberty, but all his Soul full of the soft *Amira*; By Virtue of a Key, our *Happy-Unfortunate*, the *Female-Page* had given, he got Admission to that Lady's Chamber, who, upon hearing *La-Motte* was engag'd for the Night, was gone to Bed, and

52 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

by that Time, for it was late with her, fast a sleep, but Love hath much to say when long 'tis absent, and will excuse a thousand Indiscretions.

Our Lover having introduc'd him, paus'd, fearing to affright a Lady he esteem'd, and after having gently wak'd her, with all the modest Regards of a Lover, who propos'd chaste Hymeneals, and *Amira* had recover'd the first Blush of so unexpected a Surprize; somewhat displeas'd at a Visit, that call'd her Character in Question, altho' she assur'd herself from a true Knowledge of *La-Motte*, he was too generous a Lover to advance any Thing but what was Honourable; Madam, resum'd he, pardon this Offence, I find you're guarded, and the Day is dangerous; I have much for my *Amira's* Ear of Moment, your Goodness won't deny *La-Motte* a Hearing, kissing her Hand, which, yet he grasp'd with Transport, fixing a Look of eager Penetration, for Love is ever cautious of displeasing; *La-Motte*, return'd she, well can sooth *Amira*, but to be serious, 'tis an odd look'd Visit, methinks I wish it at another Hour, but for the present, leave me for a Moment, I'll rise, *La-Motte* with a Bow of Obedience, left the Apartment whilst the Lady who was soon habited in a becoming Dress, gave him Leave to renew the Discourse; which, with Eyes that spoke a never ceasing Love, he pursu'd in this Manner: What can *Amira* fear, urg'd the fond Lover? What suffer

fer from *La-Motte's* sincere Affection? You Madam, know I have a Sense of Honour, nor can your fair Repute by me be injur'd, we are alone, unseen, and unsuspected: The House now sleeps, and every Bar remov'd; trust me, my Fair, I will deserve the Trust, nor take Advantage of the lonely Minutes; oh, cease this Trembling! this disorder'd Look, it speaks me base! oh, think me what I am, my lovely Fair! *Amira's* destin'd Husband! no rude Violater of her Honour: By Heaven, I would not sully so much Goodness! for any Power or Interest Earth can give me, no my *Amira*! when the Priest shall join us, you then are mine! till when I dare but this; forgive me a Request so innocent, kissing her warmly, with a Love unfeign'd, oh, my *La-Motte*, return'd she, sighing deeply! I've Reasons for a Dread, tho' not from you! *Bellfond* strong Courts, *Beauville* hath much surpriz'd me; I even fear the Boy I'm forc'd to entrust, would we were wed, and I was once *La-Motte's*, forgive my Diffidence, I own it causeless, and ever found your Love as yet had Honour, so far I dare declare my self I'm yours. But yet I fear, I know not what I fear for you, and for my self, I have a Dread; *Bellfond* is watchful, we must act with Caution; he's subtle, and may possibly undo us, little knew the thrill'd Fair that he was chang'd, that all his Cares was for the late unknown *Florio*, and that *Amira* was no more of Import: In a Word, *La-Motte* return'd a most endearing

Answer, nor wanted Love, or soft Insinuation, often and private met the real Lovers, but how to wed unknown was difficult : The Duke's Villa far from any peopl'd Town, and *Amira* as yet much too weak for Travel ; did she elope from thence as was projected, and the Duke's favourite Priest dangerous to trust, the treacherous Spies, that guard the Fair excepted, whom it was next impossible to blind ; such was the constant Couple's Difficulties, when generous *Bellfond* to their great Surprize see them fast wed, as we shall soon relate, but shall leave them at present for the Chamber-Maid, whom we're not to forget we left with Count *Beauville*, who warm with amorous Fires that wanted Breath, was on his Search for *Florio* in the Gardens, when on Sight of the Chamber-Maid, he forgot the Page, resolv'd never to baffle Opportunity with one he had long had a Design to engage, and promising large, which he back'd with some Money, and more deep damning Oaths, for little he regarded Love protests, imagin'd he had bought a Conquest cheap, but *Beauville* err'd, (*Lucinda* had her Ends) which he must flatter warmer e'er she's his, for all Coquette, all willing as she was, she was not won by a frothed first Declare, altho' she consider'd the Honour of a Lord's Address, as a very agreeable Excuse for yielding, and prompt'd by a Vanity common with those of her Society ; fancy'd from the very first Salute, she was nothing less then the Lady of a Count, toward which

which the leading Step must be Non-resistance, viz. A free Condescension to his Request, she in a Moment resolv'd not to be cruel, but thinking it unprudent to be cheap, play'd fast and loose, till the resolute Count weary of being fool'd proceeded to Liberties she was at that Time not pleas'd to allow him; to bar which, assuming a graver Manner, she told him in a positive Air his Brother was in the Garden, nigher than he believ'd, and she'd absolutely expose him, did he not instantly desist and leave her; the Count at first thinking it only feint to get rid of him, (and finding she betray'd no direct Aversion to his Person or Pretence) laugh'd at the Contrivance, telling her aloud he was past Boy's Play, and Put-offs would be of small Help; she was entirely his, far from the House or any Hope of Rescue, and he was positive she did not hate him, and would perforce be Master; but when *Lucinda* nam'd the Duke the Arbour, and *Florio* present, *Beauville* recollected the Tale might possibly be true.

This Reflection made him heartily angry with himself, for suffering that pert Thing to detain his Satisfaction, but hiding his Spleen with Art, he told her with a cool Respect, she must then give him Leave to wait on her at her Chamber the coming Night; in Hope of being thus blest, and kissing her Hand with a forc'd Warmth, with a seeming wondrous Care of

her Reputation, fearing the Duke's Discernment, was preparing to get rid of her, and make a more pleasing Discovery, when *Bellfond* got sight of 'em so quick, they'd scarce time to unjoin Hands, e'er they observ'd he perceiv'd 'em.

Now, the Page being in the Shade, and the Trees pretty thick, being slender and nimble, and the Garden full of many Paths and intricate Windings, got away unseen.

The Duke on leaving the Gentlemen, missing the Page in the Chamber, judging the Fair unknown, must make Reflections from the confus'd Disorder of her Mind, then visible in every changing Look, asking none of him, pac'd the remotest Alleys in the Garden, till happy in the Search, he watch'd unseen, when the self Traytrefs rous'd him to Desire, and the dear Minute robb'd unguarded Sense.

The Duke and Count had no sooner join'd 'em, (*Lucinda* having vanish'd) then *Bellfond* told *Baauville*, he design'd for *France*, very shortly, and shou'd take what Compliments he had with him, had he a Friend or Interest worthy Memory: At this the Count smil'd, I hope my Lord, your Page goes too rejoyn'd he, on that Condition you shall have my Company instead of my Compliments, on my Word; to be serious,

rious, he's a pretty Conveniency. My Lord, resum'd the Duke, I wonder at your Notion, the Boy hath liv'd with me this fifteen Moons, and not a Person but your self, ever nam'd such a Thought; because the World's negligent, must I be blind, return'd *Beauville*? Well, my Lord, rejoyn'd the Duke, as a publick Certainty, you see I'm going to send him abroad; Yes, and follow him yourself, interrupted the Count: Not I, on Honour, resum'd the Duke; he goes with the Prince, you shall go with me if that will convince you: I've thought of what will sooner end the Dispute, return'd the Count; let your Boy, if he is one, be my Bedfellow to Night; with all my Soul, rejoin'd the Duke, but his Cousin expects him, when his Cousin goes, be it so; content, added the Count, his Cousin departs in three Days; a made Tale of *La-Motte's*, who fear'd did he continue, a Discovery. *Bellfond*, to change Talk, rally'd his Brother's Affair with the Chamber-maid, and after a Chat of indifferent Subjects, the Brothers parted, in seeming good Agreement.

The Duke went directly to his Page in the Closet, but the Count, who was firm to watch, and be assur'd if he was *La-Motte's* Bed-mate, encourag'd no Dreams, but fell to writing, and made up a Packet for *Paris*. *Bellfond* had left Writings on the Desk, with which the Page seem'd busie when he enter'd. So my Boy,
cry'd

cry'd the Duke, unwilling to give a Perspective to his Thoughts, you are at Work ; but 'tis late, I had forgot you were ill, put up those Papers, and let me talk with you : What think you of being the Prince's Companion, for I assure you you are design'd the Honour? I think my Lord, resum'd the Page, I am more happy as I am, blushing as he spoke ; that's strange, added *Bellfond* gravely, I'm sorry you think so. Why so my Lord, interrupted the Page, with an affected Briskness ; you've been so good to me, I can never leave you : Your're an obliging little Rogue, rejoin'd *Bellfond* ; but I can't make you as great a Man as the Prince can, but you can make me what the Prince never can, resum'd the Page, and I am very sure I love you better than any Prince. And wouldn't you leave me to be great as I am, cry'd the Duke, looking on her tenderly ; no my good Lord, return'd she, nor to be greater yet, to wear a Crown : No Prince I'm certain, loves me like Duke *Bellfond*, nor could I serve 'em with that Satisfaction. How can that be, return'd *Bellfond*, thou young Fool? But since you are so generous, resum'd he pleasantly, come hither my little Heroe, you shan't leave me? Come, put me to Bed, my Rascals are all Gamesters to Night ; and since you're so officious, none but you shall wait, will that please you? What you command, my Lord, will always please, return'd *Florio*, keep me but still
your

your Page. That's my good kind Boy, resum'd the Duke, kissing him somewhat coolly, your Cousin sleeps by this, you shan't disturb him, his Journey wants good Rest, to your own Bed.

Now, *Florio* lay on a Pallet in the Duke's Closet, next his Chamber, those Nights he kept his own Appartment, which was more frequent than those he visited his Dutcheffs. As the Page was preparing for Bed, who now thought herself perfectly well assur'd the Duke was unacquainted with her Sex: Harkee, resum'd the subtle Duke hastily, you seem disorder'd still my Boy: What think you of my Bed, 'tis warmest, for once I give you Leave to share it with me, the Night wears cool, I would regard your Health; nay, but don't hesitate Boy, take your own Choice, added he, observing the Page was silent. You do me too much Honour return'd *Florio*, blushing extremely, and speaking confused: You know I hate Ceremony, rejoin'd the Duke, come unbrace.

The Page's Thoughts now begun to play counter, but there was no Way but a plain Declaration to avoid the Offer, to deny was a direct Affront; what could the Fair? To give a true Reason was too great a Breach of Modesty. The *Female-Page* chose rather to trust the Event, and stripping with Caution, got into Bed,

Bed, as distant from the Duke as possible. The Duke, who acted instantly a fast Sleep, feigning himself tir'd with the Days Amusement, fell to snoring, which he did so artfully, he well deceiv'd the silent trembling Fair, whose Fears gave Agonizings, yet unknown; she found herself in Bed, naked, and guardless, with the first, last, the only Man she lov'd, one she had languish'd for five slow told Years, a Man her very inmost Soul call'd dear, yet thought her there unknown and undistinguish'd, and shock'd by Maiden Dread, fear'd even to move.

Whilst thus her Sex warr'd with her fonder Soul, the Duke who felt the Burnings of a Flame, warm, and unbounded, as it was sincere, threw off the forc'd Restraint, and getting the fair Page, close in his Arms, quickly discover'd *Beauvill's* Doubts were Truth. Now, Madam, cry'd the Duke, I'll know you all, you shall be mine, and we will never part; but let me see, let me gaze on thee well, do I not know this Charmer, that hath charm'd me.

The conscious Maid surpriz'd, and all confus'd, silent with Wonder, heard the dear lov'd Man, and Soul-divided, how to speak, or act, in untaught Blushes spoke the artless Tender, that spite of modest Awe, was visible, her Silence gave the Duke Leave to proceed, who after he had lookt on her some time, with a delightful
Curiosity.

Curiosity. Gods! He resum'd, *Amanda*! Is't *Amanda*! The Alteration of thy Dress, and Person, confounds my Sense: But 'tis *Amanda*, when I view thee all; Great Gods! Where was my Wits, my Penetration, to make this Sea of Beauties thus my Vassal? What hast thou given to an Undeserver, an undiscerning, blinded, stupid Thing, that could'nt see *Amanda* through thy Dress! But Gods! How should I? The Count says thou'rt wed: But be that as it may, *Amanda's* mine; but yet resolve me; wert thou ever marry'd? Never my Lord, return'd the blushing Fair; tho' I myself have said it to prevent it: For oh! Believe me, I am yet a Maid, untouch'd, unviolated, nor ever knew a Love but for *Bell-fond*, a Love without a flatter'd Hope to feed it: For you my Lord, I have been married in the World's Esteem, I have a long — long Story. — But 'tis done, and I am, oh! My Lord, release me, leave me, let me be still unblemish'd, still your Page, I'll love you still and serve you, as obedient. And would you, could you my *Amanda*, ask it, return'd the Duke, looking on her tenderly; and do you think me so much of a Stoick? No! By the Gods! I should deserve thy Hate: What! when I have thee thus, — thus kind, — thus fond, thus naked, and unguarded. But yet consider, cry'd the trembling Fair; I do consider eccho'd back the Duke, consider you are mine, and must be more so (embracing her too close for Interruption) and when he found an Interval for
Talk

Talk, for Heavens sake cry'd the transported Lover: What could induce thee to make *Bellfond* blest, that wanted Eyes to think thee a Respect; I never singled thee as I've done others; I never saw thee, sure enough to see thee. True, long I trifled with thy greener Age, nor meant thee ought but Ruin; and neglect, too generous Maid, to love this black Ingrate, even whilst unlov'd, uncourted, and forgot, what hast thou suffer'd, thou unrivall'd Thing! Nothing, my Lord, to what I now must suffer, return'd the Page, with a Look of Extasie, mingl'd with Sadness: How! rejoin'd the Duke hastily, what means *Amanda*? know *Bellfond* esteems thee, loves thee beyond a florid Pomp of Words, and dares return thee back a real Passion unmix'd with other Loves unstain'd with Fraud; I can be just, and will my fair be grateful, dread nothing from the Croud, we'll silence Fame, the talking, busy World shall miss *Amanda*: I love thee more, in one short, single Word, than the uncounted Throng, I've importun'd, thy Fortune marr'd, know *Bellfond's* is *Amanda's*, in me my Fair, know an unchanging Friend; I'll love thee to that vast Extent of Fondness, thy constant self shal't wonder at *Bellfond*.

But you are married, cry'd the *Female-Page*, with a confusion'd Blush that spoke her Conflict, throw that aside too, cry'd the amorous *Bellfond*, the Tyes of Love, are seldom known in Marriage
—yets,

—yess, I am married, curse upon my Folly ; but we more solemnly are join'd, I'll swear it, by all the Tyes of Honour, and of Hearts : Gods ! were it in my Power, to make the happy, for if I love thee not, — my dearest Lord, no Vows, cry'd lost *Amanda*, if you would have me trust Love, that's true Love, gives Freedom not Confinement, your Heart is yours, unless you gift it free, ask'd Love is poor, and forc'd, returns ungenerous, when I deserve, transfer me half the Debt, and the mask'd *Florio*, is enough of Happy.

But oh ! be generous now my Lord, and free me ; not for a Diamond World return'd the Duke, (kissing her warmly) but well you tax me of Times waste ; thy, fair One, I have a Sea of Love to lavish on thee ! but I must look, there's so much in thee to be wonder'd at, how very much thou'rt chang'd ; oh, my *Amanda* ! thy Face is pale, thy Eyes have lost their Lustre, and yet thou'rt charming all ! To me thou'rt charming ! But I'm distracted to find Time to talk ! Forgive me, I'm so pleas'd, and so surpriz'd ! I'm not my self ! Oh, guard thee from my Brother ! he suspects thee, I'll place thee from him, with the early Sun ; the Count is subtle, and hath Danger in him, but now *Amanda* ! *Bellfond's* dear *Amanda* !

Here

Here soft Endearments, and repeated Tenders, Assurances of never-dying Faith, and the fond Claspings of sincere Affection, charm'd every Fear, and made Reluctance calm; say ye strict virtuous bred, what could *Amanda*, Honour had warr'd, the Duke was married, but she knew his Dutcheſs, a Lady that almost excus'd the Page, say when we're woo'd by him so dear we love, by every Art can tempt, where's Resolution.

Let the Mistaking, the censorious Croud, condemn *Amanda's* easie Givingness; the juster Few, nor Judge, nor Censure ought, whilst they're advis'd of every Minute Meaning, and till they know a Tale, reserve a Spleen: *Amanda's* Life a Woe to come be theirs. Conscious the Duke, see all her thin-guis'd Soul, *Amanda's* Want of Art, made *Bellfond* happy.

*Nor could Amanda shun her hapless Fate,
She lov'd too soon, and thought upon't too late.*

Gave Way to an insinuating Tender, or e'er she knew *Bellfond* for what he was, viz. for the married Duke, and by unknowing she was guilty, grew so, incuriosity of fatal Import, the frequent Fault of untaught Innocence, a Passion so unhappy may be blam'd; but when we think a Right commands our Pity; for oh! how deep the Man of Merit charms, and where's the she
that

that loves to Love's Excess, and always acts with Conduct, tho' resolv'd, our *Female-Page* found it impossible, who, in Duke *Bellfond's* Friendship knew true Bliss.

For the Duke was a Man of true Honour and Principles unstain'd, well priz'd the Lover, the uncommon Blessing that taught him to be constant and sincere; and prided in a generous Return, for there are Feelings Words cannot express; the Thinkings of a Soul that makes us happy, wanting the vain Protest, the study'd Lye, that when Time offers, tell us by great Acts we have been thought on, more then a rash Minute, the Heaven of fixing Love on the Deserving.

This made our long *Unfortunate One*, *Happy*, after a countless Multitude of Woes; but to return, long the blest Pair had not indulg'd Endearments, e'er watchful *Beauville* started and surpriz'd them, having by Stealth enter'd Duke *Bellfond's* Chamber; and this while shaded by some loose hung Arras, been conscious to the Guilty, happy Scene, the half-dead Fair cover'd, conceal'd her Blush, and kept her from the curious Count's Regard, who struck by Love, so generous, and so lasting; impos'd no Laws, but smiling hail'd the Duke asking a frank Forgiveness for the Dare, declaring him to honour a vow'd Convert, adding he would not wrong Sotis

66 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

so sincere, nor ever yet unveil'd a Lover's Secret, with these Words and a low Bow, he left the Apartment.

The Duke silent with Wonder, (throwing a Morning-Gown careless around him) follow'd the subtle Count, who much he fear'd retir'd to betray; what Dangers now he counts for the fair Page, Dreads that gave Wings and made him feel the Lover: Our *Happy-Unfortunate*, late known, charm'd deep the Duke's whole Soul, the Servant of her Wishes, so much Insinuating, Love unartful, and of so strong a Force the generous Mind. *Amanda* now alone, recall'd her Spirits, that almost left her on *Beauville's* Surprise, and with a ready Presence of Mind, chaos'd by strong Reflection, rise o'the Moment, and dress'd as *Florio*, swiftly left the Chamber, witness of her Ruin, and got without Noise down a Pair of seldom us'd Stairs, a secret Way to the Duke's Closet, and from the further Recess of the Garden made to a distant Wood; where for some Hours she waited the blue Morn, (under the Shade of a wide branching Oak) when taking the first Path that offer'd, (her Fears and Doubts, a melancholy Guide) crossing many plough'd Lands and untravell'd Parts of the Country, for she shun'd being known, and peop'd Villa's, possibly fearing a too fatal Search and losing Days Meridian, was led half spent to a poor Cottage, where liv'd

a labouring Peasant and his Son, a Boy call'd *Clodio*, near twelve Years old (the Good-wife some time heard.) These liv'd e'en as Fortune let 'em, on Nature's Gifts and honest Industry. Here our *Amanda* found but a mean Rest and worse Repast, after so uncommon a Fatigue, but Necessity makes little Compliment, and the *Female-Page* preferr'd being safe, to every Good, Fortune had a Command of.

Many Resolves rejected as dangerous, weighing the present Temper of the Duke's Heart by her own, and considering the Family in all Lights, the lost *Amanda*, concludes to direct a Note for *Amira*, in one to *La-Motte*, for now *Amanda's* Flight made Friendship useful, and she resolv'd, once to trust *Amira's* Truth. For the Cottager's Boy instructed well, and fee'd deep, was by robbing the Gardens, (a Pretence to cheat Enquiry) to introduce the Billet, and by interesting the Master Gardiner, ever friendly (to the suppos'd *Florio*) to gain time for an Answer, where we shall leave the Page waiting a Boy's Embassy, and tell you somewhat of astonished *Bellfond*, who watching his Brother to his Chamber, where too much awaken'd by the Lovers for Repose, he on a Couch reclin'd him, somewhat careless, when the Duke agitated by a real Passion, not without some Words of Meaning, answer'd by *Beauville*, with a smile-gave Spleen, and the complaisant Coolness of a Heart indif-

68 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

ferent, left the Count now well assur'd of *Florio*, whom the Duke missing, wild, search'd the Apartment, where vainly looking the fled valued Maid, and finding the Wainscot that open'd to the private Stairs had been attempted, there being no Door, and the pannelling of the Closet, (then somewhat unclos'd) so curious the Contrivance, wanted a searchful Eye to discern it. He judg'd from thence the lov'd Page got her Escape, nor could the Duke with Reason blame her Flight, but thinking her doubtless yet in the Gardens, closing the dangerous opening of the Closet, which he fast lockt, he left the Chamber instant, and strict examin'd every Grove and Hedge, each untrod Path and every wilder'd Alley, (cursing the Count and fearing for the Fair.)

Three slow told Hours now past, fond waste of Time, Day smil'd, and every servile Hind grew busie, when the Duke unwilling to be observ'd, left the Gardens, and recollecting calmer his Distractions finding her gone, and resolute to follow, he met his Brother, (who watch'd his Return) with a Look of more Satisfaction, altho' forc'd, and barely blam'd his Curiosity, that could be guilty of such Indiscretion, declaring he had sent *Amanda* thence to *Felix* home, (a Brother of that fair One's) to think and be forgot, resolv'd never to court an Amour, must give him a Pang in the Possession; the
careless

careless Accent of these Words spoke Peace, but he dissembled never past *Beauville*, who taught in Cunning, bottom'd all Intents, and credited no Syllable of this; but earnest watch'd th' Effect of the made Tale, observing meaning Phrenzy in the Duke.

Bellfond, immediately to bar all Suspicion, publick gave out, *Florio* by his Orders that Morning made one at hunting Match some Leagues distant, where himself was by Honour engag'd and must swiftly follow, telling his Brother for his seeing Madam, he might assure himself he had left all Thought, and scarce shou'd fond a Maid so free of Favours; he now should mount to see a favourite Statesman, his Errand a Court Secret, so mask the absent Page, suppos'd a Sportsman, and by a made Disaster on Return silence Enquiry, and ought of Surmise, did any watchful Slave fathom the Truth.

The Count bow'd low, and unreplying left him, smiling at the made Subtilty he see through; whilst the Duke too much distracted for Conjecture, having order'd an able Horse, and good Groom, rid swift from home, nor knew what Road intended: *Beauville* inform'd by a trusty Spy of *Bellfond's* Proceedings, backs a Gennet, and unobserv'd follows the amorous Duke, some Paces distant with a searchful Eye,

leaving Word, for he took no Servant, he was Hunting with the Duke, who travers'd every wild and untrackt Path, judging the Page affrighted, aw'd and modest; doubtless left Towns and tempted Desert Dangers. This Thought, that seeming had a Shade of Reason, and gave him Dreads that made Inquietude, bar'd him the peopl'd Road and travel'd Plain; the attending Groom somewhat pos'd at his Lord's Proceedings, whose Search led to no Seat or joining Villa, fearing some dangerous Delirium the Cause, honestly minded the maz'd Duke of Peril, with a Respect that spoke his Meaning just.

The good *Bellfond*, ever the kindest Master, pitying his Servant's Toil, now well nigh spent, for he regarded nought of Food or Ease, bid him be secret, and undaunted serve him, he would reward him well: He had a solemn Cause for the wild Search and would entrust him, could he think him faithful; for oh, his very Soul bled the Mishap! Accenting this with Sighs, and sadder Looks, he steady paus'd, and some few Moments stopt him, possibly fearing to trust the subtle Hind, (for 'tis but rare a servile Friend is just,) tho' there are honest Clowns and Slaves sincere, Prize worth a Legion of false fawning Lords, who bred to Courts, lodge Fraud in every Meaning; nor know a Closet Thought, wanting Design.

Forgive

Forgive a Woman this, ye great Soul'd Dons!
For where the Great are Friends, they're greatly
such, (as none but Souls capacious know a
Soft,) but these are Men unprejudic'd by Crowns,
unbought by Favour, who know to serve a
Monarch when of Use, without ambitious
Views or private Whispers, unbiass'd, faithful,
void of Interests, just, that pleas'd, decline the
Gallantries of Courts, yet first bestir them
when a State's involv'd; nor buy nor sell their
Country for Applause, the arial Breath of chang-
ing Popularity; nor Peace nor War, the Voice
of their Advantage: But Oh! How few are
they that thus deserve! Yet such there are,
Time may be mine to tell.

But to return: Pardon I thus digress, (I could
not help a Word on the large Theme.) The
Count observing *Belfond's* wildred Soul, soon
learn'd he was in earnest, uninform'd of where,
and how the fair Page was elop'd; and judging
the still wherefore, quick divin'd, (possibly less
intangled than the Duke) she would invent; (as
Love ne'er wants for Cunning) to let her *Bell-
fond* know her cloister'd Home; and touch'd
with Pity for a Brother's Tortures, whom now
he seeming well assur'd him deeply lov'd,
maugre the Sights of artful Speech, leaving all
Fraud of Thought and late loose Burnings, now
once sincere, (for Hypocrites can change) and
some Emotions soften the most vile; spurring

his Horse, he instantly fac'd the Duke, just as the setting Sun bid Day decline, asking a generous Pardon for the past, to which rejoyning, future vow'd Amends; he added Reasons that might satisfy the mazed fond *Bellfond* to return, declaring the lost Maid would seek his Home, nor once conceive him thus emfacinated.

The Duke, rous'd from a Lethargy of Thought, mad with his Sorrows, fir'd with *Beauville's* Prefence, drew hasty, and resolv'd on the chang'd Count, and darted the sharped Sword with that vast Force, it slightly wounded *Beauville*, who swift evaded, and stabb'd the faithful Groom who interposed: Mov'd by this new unhappy Accident, the rival Brothers lost their own rash Heats, to bind the Servant's Wound, and get him Help, who dy'd e'er they could reach a Village, when bearing home the Coarse with Tears of Pity, the solemn Rites of Funeral was perform'd.

This usher'd a sad Tale of *Florio's* Fate, whom it was told they left at a far Villa, wounded, and too much weak to be remov'd, they having been beset by Highway-villains, and the two Servants saving them destroy'd, for much they fear'd *Florio* no more would rise. The Tragic Scene, and *Florio's* Death suppos'd, griev'd deeply

deeply every Slave that serv'd *Bellfond*, for much the Groom was lov'd, and more the Page.

One ask'd to see *Florio*, others secret wish'd it, but all was answer'd, he was delirious, and would not know 'em, nor was it proper he should be disturb'd. The Dutchess even grew ill at the Disaster and urg'd her Lord, could it be, move him home, adding (a Stranger's Care was meer outside; the Youth would be neglected and so kill'd: To this the Duke return'd, did he survive, he'd see him safe the following Day lodg'd near him, but thought it incredible he should, Surgeons of Skill agreeing in their Judgment, he could not breath the Space of three short Hours, Faintness, and Loss of Blood hastning his Death, thanking his Lady with a serious Air; *Florio*, a Boy, he'd ever much esteem'd, and should be really griev'd, so young to lose, kill'd for being a too faithful Servant; the Dutchess paid him an obliging Smile and seem'd content, when wishing either well, each coolly parted; the Duke to his Apartment there to think, the Dutchess to her Bed to search Repose, that now seem'd fled on *Florio's* fatal End; for such all the Duke's Family imagin'd it, but the observing *Amira*, who much confus'd, shew'd a deep Concern, having some Reasons as she thought, to Credit there was a Casualty, (tho' not the nam'd one;) and pitying *Florio* from a native Goodness, leaving the Loss of one she could

could entrust, regretted much the fancy'd private Mischief.

Now *Amanda's* Letter Bearer *Clodio*, having light of *Francisco*, who nam'd himself Gardiner in the Master's Absence: The busy Mariner hoping a certain Gain from the veil'd Secret; presum'd to keep *La-Motte's* Letter, (under a Covert of Fidelity;) base, common View, of the low Mercenary; but making Mrs. *Lucinda* his Confident, his Conceit of her admiring his Person, a Vanity he had not yet left; the Chamber-Maid more knowing assur'd him, a Servant of the Duke's had no Right to keep a Stranger's Letter, it was of Prejudice, and might bring Danger, was there any Thing guilty, they should learn it soon, he might try the Boy, who look'd but silly by Threats or Promises; but as to *La-Motte's* Letter she'd by no Means advise him to detain it; and would herself, to prevent Mistakes, deliver the Gentleman's Letter to his own Hand, adding were it a Letter to *Amira*; indeed to have secur'd it had been possibly grateful, she being the Duke's Charge, and not a little suspected of Gallantry; the Duke's continu'd Watchfulness making the Surmise: Here *Lucinda* broke Talk, and taking the Letter which she carefully convey'd to *La-Motte*; retir'd, not a little Spleen-sick about *Florio*, his careless Reception of her Letter yet unnotic'd his hasty Absence, and believ'd Misfortune; for

without

without being really in Love, she made herself wretchedly uneasy (to speak in her own Terms) at so unlook'd-for a Disappointment.

But to return to *Francisco* and the Boy, the busy Mariner takes upon him to examine and threaten the Youth, swearing by Masts and Main-Mast there was Treason in the Letter he'd brought, he see it thro' the Case: Whereas the Ignorant, Impertinent was too illiterate to read or write, nor knew the Meaning of a Character: The harmless Boy who had feign'd himself a lost Stray, half famish'd, and but gathering some wild Fruit that hung over the Wall of the Duke's Garden meerly to save a Life; being then almost faint with Hunger, when a Gentleman well-mounted drew him back, and putting the Letter in one Hand, and a small Gratuity of Money in the other; bid him in a hasty Manner give the Letter to the Master Gardiner, and rid off swiftly adding he knew no Hurt there was in the Letter, for he could not read, this was exactly the Tale the Page had taught him, (who yet appear'd as such;) but the young *Clodio* thus confus'd, was on the Point of betraying all he knew concerning *Florio* to *Francisco*, when some of the old Servants finding by the Boy's Simplicity, who sometimes answer'd them at Odds, there was a Secret in the Pretence, look'd for their Lord knowing his amorous Humours, Privacies, and judging the Boy's Business wanted him, but
hear-

hearing *Bellfond* was busy in his Closet, (for he had order'd none should interrupt him,) meeting *Beauville* by Accident. Yet musing in the Walks, the Servants wanting Thought of the Effect, told him their Tale, and brought him for their Lord; to him they told the Boy he must tell his Errand, assuring him that was the true Duke *Bellfond*, the Count affirming at the same Time he was so. *Clodio*, with fast sprung Tears, kneeling to *Beauville*, begg'd he would think him honest, and believe him, he would speak Truth, and nothing more then Truth; the Count smil'd at the innocent Confusion, bidding the Youth be just, none there should hurt him.

Now the Boy had Orders, did he see the Duke, whom *Amanda* had so punctually describ'd, (*Clodio* much fear'd the Count, a meer Mistake) to tell his Errand whence, and whither bound, and give up a Direction, she had penn'd a certain Road that could not miss the Cottage; this *Beauville* got, first ordering all Retire and questioning the Boy, whom he brib'd deep, bid him regard no saucy Slave he'd, guard him.

The Boy still wept, and fear'd, he knew not why, when *Bellfond* slight advis'd of some Adventure that seem'd to want him, by a Servant of the Dutchess's call'd *Sylvander*, enter'd the Room as by meer Accident; and seeing *Beauville* started back, and paus'd, not without glow-

ing

ing Fires of deep Resentments, possibly, dreading somewhat of *Amanda*; nor yet right friendly with his convert Brother; when more to maze the soul-divided Duke, perplex'd with Thoughts too numberless to name; the Count with humble Shew gave the Direction penn'd by the soft Maid, and seriously ask'd if *Bellfond* knew the Hand, the Duke with a stern Look, rejoin'd him eager, was that the Boy who brought a Message thus? Yes interpos'd the Count, blame me, not him; The Youth was doubtless well advis'd of you, for when I nam'd me Duke he scarce would give it.

Clodio now plainly convinc'd he was in fault, that *Bellfond*, not *Beauville*, was him describ'd, stood pain'd, and trembling heard the Controversy, when thus *Bellfond*; ingrate, ungenerous *Beauville*, thus to impose upon a simple Boy, to force a Secret I would blush to ask; Shame on't my Lord, I grieve to call you Brother: Did e'er Duke *Bellfond* thus by Count *Beauville*? Unhappy lost *Amanda*, thrice undone! Gods! Honour, Love, where am I? Resume your self my Lord, cry'd calmer *Beauville*, nor yet unman you, e'er you know a wherefore: I do assure you I'm a generous Foe, if so you'll have me and but examin'd; the slav'd Boy, to free him, your Mariner *Francisco*, scourge him well: To this he added all *Francisco's* Arts to fright the untaught Youth to a Confession; and
now

now rejoyn'd the Count, Duke *Bellfond* thank me: Where was your Page had he learn'd this, but think? How, cry'd the astonish'd Duke! Thus bold *Francisco*? I'll teach the Villain *Mungril* thus to dare. Zares no Treason; Zur cries *Clodio*, kneeling, for Ise hugely vrighted: Treason resum'd *Bellfond*; Gods What a Tale! Rise Boy, come do not weep, Here's Money for Thee, giving him Gold, which more confus'd the Youth, who took it wondring, fearing some Trapan; which *Beauville* observing, bid him pocket the Money and be silent, they would see him safe home, but he must sup and sleep there for that Night, and ordering him good Usage and Repose releas'd him, whilst more able for a Guide, giving *Francisco* to the Lash and Gallies, a fit Reward for Insolence unlicens'd.

The Duke impatient to peruse the Letter, *Amanda*, as *Florio*, convey'd him by the Cottager's Boy, *La-Motte*, as she had judg'd, a Person out of fear of being ask'd Wherefore's, without Ceremony left the Count, and had not waited long in his Apartment, before *Amira* by *La-Motte* introduc'd the Billet; no common Hand engag'd in the Affair, for *Amira* was a Lady, that when repos'd in, knew to merit Trust, they judge of *Bellfond*'s Transport who have felt it, that knew to love, despair, lose and regain the Thing esteem'd in thirty swift-foot Hours; for

scarce

scare so many roll'd since Florio's Flight. Whose Letter enclos'd in *La-Motte's*, was worded thus:

To my honoured Lord, Duke Bellfond.

My Lord,

I Beg the Favour (being stay'd by ill Health from waiting on you in Person) to let the Bearer of this, tell you by Word of Mouth, what I want Strength to write; from my Lord,

Your Lordship's
Obedient Servant,
Florio.

A Politick Letter, which even read by a Foe promis'd no Danger, for the suppos'd Page ever cautious, thought good to fear the Fair she seem'd confide in, and by a smaller Trust judge of a Soul, she might in Time perhaps repose a Faith in: Thrice just Gradation, would we thus weigh Friendship.

But to our Topic, the enamour'd Duke with Ardour kiss'd the cunning long wish'd Lines; commending now her Wit, and then her Judgment, the Letter seen seeming of no Import, and thus directed fearing no Enquiry (say what engages Passion more than Conduct;) the happy *Bellfond* now lov'd more than ever, and to himself vow'd her eternal Truth, now even applauding the late blam'd *Amanda*, for what the
Hour

Hour before he call'd rash acting, her hasty unconsider'd minute Flight, that gave him all the Tortures of Distraction, when some restraining Geni^u forc'd know Home. Now blessing every God, he raves of Charms, Love, and *Amanda*, filling all his Soul, when suddenly collecting all himself, he calm'd the hurrying Inquietude; and asking for *La-Motte*, grew gay and courteous, as well he knew to charm and be polite; and after sharing a Flask of Champagne with the engaging Cavalier, demanded of *La-Motte*, if *Amira* was alone and unengag'd, he had a Question she'd oblige him in resolving, the other answering in the Affirmative, they together visit that Lady; for the Duke could not rest unsatisfy'd of *Florio*, for so he ever nam'd the long-guis'd Maid, that Epithet being the surest Blind; for had he us'd to call the fair *Amanda*, 'tis possible he had unknown to himself betray'd, and Inadvertence is a dangerous Traytor.

But to return, the Letter that cas'd *Florio's*, the Duke's Boon, with a slight Question of the Messenger; for who would mask Love's Rapture must seem'd careless, *Amira* who was possibly as far from sleeping as the Duke was serious, musing on the strange look'd Secret; consulting why the Page should send a Letter in that private Manner to her as a trusted Friend, after various Conjectures leaving the Letter, which seem'd much of

Mean-

Meaning, judg'd some new Mistress made the Privacy, (the Page had out of Passion, or Compassion for her introduc'd,) knowing the Duke entrusted none but Florio, who had of late much chang'd, been cool and courteous, a Complaisance much wish'd but fear'd Design, delay'd no Minutes to oblige her Guardian, in a Request so just and reasonable: *Amira's* Letter as inscrib'd to *La-Motte*, as follows.

To Monsieur La-Motte,

SIR,

FORGIVE your Servant this Boldness, who hath a Reason; you'll excuse at this Time to beg, Madam *Amira'll* convey the enclos'd to Duke Bellfond, secret as possible, with the first Opportunity;

Yours to Command,

Florio.

At the Bottom of these Words, was inscrib'd the following,

To the Deserving Amira.

Dear Madam,

BELIEVE me faithful, when I here-
in trust you with a Life, I should
blame myself to put in other Hands; I am
well assur'd your Wisdom wants no Caution,
nor your Sincerity of Soul an Apology; be
F happy,

82 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

happy, and may I live to thank you as I wish,
Your eternal Friend to serve you,
Florio.

On reading this Billet the Duke seem'd Thoughtful, for some Minutes silent, as wishing *Florio* not as yet to unmask, though pleas'd with her meant Friendship for *Amira*; to whom recalling how Affairs appear'd, he turn'd him smiling, your Letters pleasantest Madam, resum'd he, look here is mine, carelessly repeating it, nothing but Business and my Boy's being ill, for he's not stab'd, there's Meaning in that Tale, in Time *Amira*'ll know; my Lord, rejoin'd the Fair, I'm pleas'd to hear it, for much I fear'd poor *Florio* was endanger'd; Reasons are none of mine, if *Florio*'s well, not well resum'd the Duke too subtle one; my Page I fear hath some Regards of Softness, he loves *Amira*; this Concern was kind, he'll thank you for't, observe the meaning Letter, he's a sly Stripling, and may please in private, I dare engage he courts a Lady well: At this *Amira* redned with Confusion, her Letter being mystical and dark, and thus return'd for Shame; 'my Lord, a Boy, I pity'd him, that's my extent Kindness; your *Florio* hath oblig'd me, I would pay him but not in Love; well spoke, reply'd *Bellfond*, nay never blush, Boys would be Men *Amira*, and *Florio* loves, I'm well ascertain'd deeply; but to leave this, my serious Thanks is yours, this
Sweet-

Sweetness of a Temper well hath serv'd me,
your Letter hath perhaps conduc'd to Quiet:
Pardon me, Madam, all hath ought offended,
and know *Amira*; I am not ungrateful, here the
Fair bow'd Assent and pleasing Pardon, which
Bellfond seal'd with a Salute of Thanks, and
thus resum'd, signing to *La-Motte*, who pac'd an
Outer-Chamber to come forward; I've learn'd
this Gentleman hath lov'd you faithful, and is he
still loyal, give you to him, as yet be secret and
ensure my Friendship.

For young *Amanda* had unveil'd *La-Motte* to
clear herself of the Duke's jealous Question, the
Lovers much surpriz'd in Silence, join'd 'em
with Looks that told a Wish; they fear'd to be-
lieve, when the Duke observing them confounded,
briskly rejoin'd, what maz'd my pretty one,
Amira should methinks more kindly thank me;
nay never study how I knew the Tale, I have a
trusty *Cupid* that attends me, still dumb, what says
La-Motte, does he accept the Gift? Accept, re-
turn'd *La-Motte*, yefs, I adore it: The Gods
must thank you for I want Expression! Thus
happy, I'd not wish me in their Heaven! These
Words were accented with feeling Fire, and a
warm Transport on *Amira's* Hand; who, blush-
ing with an extatick Confusion, rejoin'd my
Lord, you have deserv'd my Thanks, pardon
my Unbelief, the only Good I wish'd is my *La-*
Motte; and him I next would pleasure, Duke

84 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

Bellfond, here the good Duke with Friendship true embrac'd her, bidding her ever thus continue constant, and his best Help should ever friend her Fortune; whilst glad *La-Motte* offering to kneel, she stay'd, telling he was assur'd she was all his, nor should he pay her *Jupiter's* Obeisance rais'd with a Courtesie worth Diadems: *La-Motte* low bow'd him and carefs'd the Fair; the dear Embrace perhaps never more welcome, whilst Maiden Awe, not Love barr'd a Return.

Bellfond too well assure them he was just pleas'd with the Transport he had Power to give: For as a celebrated Lady well observes,

*'Tis nobler far a Joy to give,
Then any Blessing to receive.*

Mrs. Bhenn's Lover's Watch.

The Lover's Eyes darting a Ravishment, commands his Chaplain who that Hours joins them, each bow'd their Thanks for the dear Obligation, when the Duke who was impatient to see *Amanda* left the transported Lovers, o' the Instant wishing them happy; assuring them when he return'd. for Business at present call'd him, the Marriage should be publickly celebrated, which till then he urg'd might be a Secret.

Thus left, imagine the fond Lover's Rapture,
now past a Bar, past Hope sublimely blest;
true,

true, they had form'd a Plot to cheat the Duke, and steal the happy Tye Love now had firm'd : A Fraud possibly fathom'd by the Duke, who hasted the long-wish'd Solemnity, and big with eager Softs for fair *Amanda*; first see a Pair made blest he much had wrong'd, (a Point of Justice worthy strict Observance.)

And oh! how much more free were now Endearments, then when a Theft makes every Clasp a Thrill, and even amid the Stealths of Love we shudder at, may be Hazards and Affrights of Fancy, dangerous and dearly bought, is such a Hymen and much more so, Delights forbid and lawless, where every falser Joy bitters its Sweet, and even in Love's most pitiable blot Fame.

But to return, (true Love bearing no Spy) *Bellfond's* Dutcheß was inconsolable, when her Lord affirm'd, as he did on his Return, the Page was dead, and oblig'd by the repeated Stabs he bore, to be immediately buried, the Coarse a View of Horror, all credit this but *Amira* and *La-Motte*, who seem'd to mingle with the sadder Croud, even the Duke wore a Look that made it weighty and ever fraudulent; *Beauville* mourn'd with Art the distressed Chamber-Maid, after some noisy Sorrow, forgot her Grievances of whom, and the Dutcheß hereafter.

86 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

The Rival Brothers, this while entertaining a better Understanding, *Beauville* had frankly told the Duke with his Leave, he'd once more see *Amanda*, with no Design he'd faithfully assure him, but to get Pardon from the injur'd Fair, and hail him on a Mistress so deserving, that almost made him think of constant Love; there was a Lady he too much had wrong'd, he was inclin'd to wed, a Lady of true Merit much abus'd, the Duke in earnest will'd him firm the Thought, adding 'twas great and worthy Count *Beauville*, vowing with serious Truth to wed *Amanda*, did Fortune once put Marriage in his Power; barring the tedious Stay of droning Time, the Rites of Mourning, and Art study'd Tear.

Thus friendly we must leave the two Brothers, and their Country Cupid *Clodio*, on their Road to *Amanda*, of whom we shall give a more satisfactory Account, and tell you somewhat of the Duke's Charge; *Amira*, a Lady well descended, of true Merit, in her first Years contracted to one *Mirza*, a Man of Wealth, wanting a Soul to use it; for whom she had all the Aversion Youth naturally bears to Years unequal, for he was old, covetous, stern, and jealous, tho' much a Favourite with *Amira's* Father, who then weigh'd Merit by the heavy Purse, having reduc'd his Fortune by deep gaming, to the bare half of what high Birth allow'd him: His present

sent Income burden'd with large Debts, his Lands at his Decease a Brother's Sons, (no Son of his, surviving infant Years) *Amira*, all that liv'd of numerous Births, whose Mother at the close of Teeming dy'd, worn with still Griefs, and weak with many Children, Life's common End with the too pregnant Fair; her dying Charge, the ruin'd lov'd *Amira*, for so she oft in Tears nam'd the young Orphan, reflecting deep her Sire's, continu'd Wrongs, who still pursu'd a Riot too destructive, consuming fast a Fortune then not mean. His Lady's Death, who well deserv'd, struck deep, nor wanted her last Minutes, Love's Effect the real Mourner, stopt of his Profuseness, and late repented the too shameful Waste, that stain'd his Character and blinded Reason; so looks the Hour of black Extravagance, when thinking Sense returns and we grow chang'd.

The careful Father now consults his Child, and made her Fortune now near spent, he judg'd a large Amends by Marriage with rich *Mirza*; thinking *Amira*, as he meant her well, in Duty would comply; nor urge Dislike courted by Gold, in Youth's gay vainer Hour, when every Pride's to dress and force Respect; a Bow and costly Necklace, an Engagement, but he forgot *Amira* was more solid, and in an Age but green prided in Prudence, nor then was unengag'd by early Worth) *La-Motte* then young, a Friend to

88 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

orphan'd *Zemo*, Heir of *Amira*'s Father's large
Domains, whose Parents both deceas'd, just free
from Schools, there getting first a Knowledge of
La-Motte, his Uncles, his chief Guardian, then
his Home; *La-Motte*'s continu'd Visits made no
Stranger, Freedom of Converse made *Amira*
lov'd, who thoughtless of the Wherefore, gaz'd
and wonder'd, nor yet conceiv'd her Eyes re-
turn'd the soft Raillery and sportive Jest, their
first fond Waste, mask'd by Relation's Love, and
Cousin *Zemo* how common is Affection so created,
and the unthinking young, fast-caught e'er know-
ing: The Mind unguarded Darts a Feeling
charm, and oft gives back a Hope no Ways un-
pleasing, the Youth in earnest lov'd, and found
this Truth aw'd by Respect, he courted with Suc-
cess, nor once observ'd Aversion in her Manner;
the fair one wanting Art, charm'd by good Sense,
soon gave him Leave to think his Flame return'd,
(for 'tis a Fault to trifle with Desert) pleas'd
with that Goodness she receiv'd him with, he
from a Soul sincere vow'd lasting Truth, and
prest the Fair, to firm his Happiness which must
be soon, and secret did they mean it, nor could
Amira well deny a Lover, who had engag'd her
his by all of Generous.

The Day for *Mirza*'s Nuptials coming fast,
which from her inmost Soul she vow'd to
frustrate, (but Fate bar'd that wanting *Amira*'s
Help:) For *Mirza*, whose most worshiped God
was

was Gold, being persuaded by a subtle Merchant, a Trader to *Japan*, and distant *China*, to go his Halves the long and dangerous Voyage; whence what they hazarded would bring him double greedy of Gain. He ventur'd, fit the Cargo, which now was rumour'd lost, the Shipmen drown'd, and the large Vessel by a Tempest sunk; this News ascertain'd even amidst his Dotation grew on him till a hasty Fever seiz'd, and finish'd swift a Life of base Extortion: Leaving *Amira* thirty thousand Crowns, a welcome Legacy, (his Means being purchas'd at his free Dispose.)

This Bar remov'd, (by the wish'd Death of *Mirza*) Love rarely unintangl'd nerves a new one; *Amira's* Kinsman *Zemo* secret lov'd, and sickning with the Dread of dangerous *Mirza*; long droop'd, and sadden'd in a deep Despair; when *Mirza* dead, gave a fresh Life to *Zemo*, who instant open, dar'd his new Pretensions: Receiv'd with Transport by *Amira's* Sire, who earnest wish'd this *Zemo* so inclin'd, but shun'd a Proposition so designing, and on rich *Mirza's* Suit left the Resolve.

The Day now hastned three short Suns, its Limit, to make *Amira* her belov'd *La-Motte's*; a younger Brother then unfix'd, fearing to dare publick Overtures of Marriage, on Cer-

Certainty thereon of a Refusal; altho' well-born, and taught as early Merit, where Learning shines as Suns in a full Glory, and makes in Years Advance the full-blown Man, old in a World, and Proof against its Frown.

Zemo, observant, watch'd the cautious Lovers, and on the very Day assign'd for *Hymen*, parted them, far obliging *La-Motte* to hasty leave the Shore; the Hour unnotic'd, nor a Cause declar'd, nor ever made *La-Motte* the Cyprian Isle, whilst three long Annals roll'd their yearly Circuit, the Time he found *Amira* at the Duke's.

Now *Zemo*, and *La-Motte* were first design'd as fellow Travellers to make a Tour, Sharer in distant Climes of Youth's first Judgment; but this new Passion stopt the friendly Meaning, and bar'd 'em a Cement of union'd Hearts; how strong are the Aversions of a Rival? And oh! how many the fanged Woes they make. *La-Motte* experienc'd this in downy Youth, and felt Love's sharpest Dart severely tipt, the cunning *Zemo* well dissembl'd Grief, nor left *La-Motte* a Moment: Whilst he set sail, having so private manag'd as he thought, *La-Motte* could never think him ought of Fraudful; for he conceiv'd he judg'd nought of his Love, behaving as if he had no Idea of it.

But

But well *La-Motte* fathom'd the subtle *Zemo*,
and knew the Foe that caus'd him ev'ry Ill;
the boiling Thought burn'd inward with Reluc-
tance, but he unarm'd amidst Relation's guard,
stopt every Rage but a resenting Eye, which
spite of all his Conduct, spoke a Meaning.

All hail'd *La-Motte*, and wish'd him every
Good, ship'd with a various Prospect of Advan-
tage, made by the Interest of a Sire's Indul-
gence; whose Power was large, Commander of
a Frigate, man'd for the *Eastern* Seas, to serve
a Prince, never ungrateful to his meanest Sub-
jects; the *Cyprian* Monarch being greatly ge-
nerous, and much advantaging the foreign Great.
For *Gallia* was the Country of *La-Motte*, whose
Sire chose *Cyprus* as a Clime more pleasing, and
there resided constant Life's last Years, making
his Sons of either Port a Native, (Policy of the
knowing, well-read Courtier.)

With all the Tortures of a Soul right sad,
La-Motte departs tho' prompted by fast Interest.
Few Leagues from where the Vessel bent its
Course, liv'd a forgotten Uncle of *La-Motte's*,
possess'd of much, and destitute of Heirs, by
whose kind Help *La-Motte* grew Great, and Hap-
py; he, glad to see a Brother's Son, embrac'd
him with tender Feelings and paternal Love;
my Son said he, for such I now adopt thee, my
All is thine when Nature bids me rest. As
Earnest,

Earnest, take one half of my large Livings, whilst I have Breath to give and know thy Sire, make home with the first Sail and strait Return; giving sure Bonds of half his rich Revenue, and charging him with Prayers and Gifts of Worth, with Letters kindly worded to his Sire, who thought his Brother long unheard of dead: So to remember him with Love and Duty, as he had true Respect for him he sent too; and strange it was that ever they heard of him, a Providence owing to stormy Seas, forc'd by foul Weather to a Shore they shun'd, they anchor'd in a Creek some few cross Days, and by meer Accident heard of this Uncle, reported there the richest Foreigner: So Worth by unimagin'd Means grows Great, and an esteem'd Misfortune friends the Good, whilst he that made the Ill or meant it such, gets the Reward; Torture or Shame the constant Pay of Vice, a Truth ungenerous *Zemo* witness'd soon, who riding swift from taking his last leave of wrong'd *La-Motte*, assur'd as he conceiv'd him of *Amira* too much enamour'd of his Wealth and Person to ask a Heart, was suddenly struck from his Horse by a wild Bull broke loose. The Accident ganger'd his Leg and Arm, bruis'd by the Fall, which aggravated by a stern Impatience, convuls'd his Sense by Fits, and kill'd him-flow, who even unpity'd dy'd, blaming his unkind Dealing with *La-Motte*, who by his secret Workings left the Land, or ever it had otherwise been
pur-



purpos'd nor did *Amira's* Father, long out-live him.

When Duke *Bellfond* instant took the fair Charge, and so protected, as our Tale informs Many, and doubtful were the Lover's Thoughts; thus distanc'd, strange to either's Change of Fortune, few Letters got Conveyance, and those dark ones Affairs of Moment; can they stay for Utterance, much better being worded when we meet; but either constant, found once met a Heaven, for does Life know an Extasie its Love.

Amira's Fortune by the Duke improv'd, and *Li-Motte* by his clement Uncle blest with Wealth, soon made his lov'd *Amira* truly Happy, as the Sequel will better tell, and satisfy the Curious of *Amanda*, who will forgive this dull, half finish'd Part.

Tours,

L O U I S A.



purpose not till after the tiger, long out live

When the Buller's tiger took the fall
Change, and is provided to and this is the
many, and doubtless were the tiger's strength;
this change of management, Change of Por-
tune, law, and Government, and this
and once a change of Government, and this day
the Government, much better being worked when
we must, but this is a change of Government, and this
a change, but does this know as this is in
love

When I found by the tiger's strength, and
the tiger's strength, and this is a change of Government, and this
the tiger's strength, and this is a change of Government, and this
the tiger's strength, and this is a change of Government, and this
the tiger's strength, and this is a change of Government, and this



1879

THE
Happy-Unfortunate;
OR, THE
Female - Page :

A
NOVEL.

PART II.

*Thus did they meet, and thus did they embrace;
Thus in the Infancy of pure Desire.*

Banks's Effex.

——— *Honour the sacred Tye,
The noble Minds distinguishing Perfection.*

Addison's Cato.

L O N D O N :

Printed by THO. EDLIN, at the Prince's-
Arms over-against Exeter-Exchange in the Strand.



THE

Happy-Union;

OF THE

Female - Page;

NOVEL.



This is the most, and the best, of the
series in the history of the world.

London: E. & J. B. T. & Co.

Published by the
The London Library, 10, Bedford Square,
London, W.C.1.

Printed by T. & J. B. T. & Co.
at the London Library, 10, Bedford Square,
London, W.C.1.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of

A L B E M A R L E.

My LORD,

ARDON me; that I presume, (as your *Lordship* so readily did me the Honour to be one of my first Subscribers,) to *dedicate* the second Part of the *Fair-Unfortunate*, to your Lordship, conscious that Goodness you are so universally celebrated for, will forgive so great a Presumption; and that the *Female-Page*, being protected by the finest Spirits of the Age, will



DEDICATION.

will be thought worthy the Perusal of the Judicious; and silence the Malice of the Busy and Censorious, who pretend to expect a faultless Piece from a young Author; and are so unjustly ill-natur'd, as to criticize a Woman's Works, with the Severity of a *Judge*, who condemns a Wretch before he hears him plead.

AS I am satisfy'd from your *Lordship's* Respect for the Fair Sex in general; that your Good-nature will excuse a Woman's Errors: So I flatter my self, there are some Incidents in the *Novel*, that will make it not altogether unworthy of your leisure Minutes.

YOUR *Lordship's* noble ACTS I leave to abler Pens, and shall add but this; that as indulgent Heaven hath given you a *Lady*, who is the best and most beautiful of her Sex; and hath blest you with a lovely Progeny,
whose

DEDICATION.

whose engaging Perfections, which shine in your *Lordship's* Person, so happily surprize and charm; I have no more to wish, but that your *Happiness* may be perpetual, and equal to your high Deserts. I am, with the highest Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Elizabeth Boyd.



DEDICATION.

whose engaging Perfections which
shine in your Lordship's Person, to
happily surprise and charm; I have
no more to wish, but that your High-
ness may be perpetual, and equal
to your high station. I am, with
the highest Veneration,

Y^r LORD

Your Lordship's

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Elizabeth



THE
Happy-Unfortunate;
OR, THE
Female-Page, &c.



MANDA's Love for *Bellfond*,
(whom now we must allow to lose
the Name of *Florio*) was almost
without equal, a Flame that burn'd
so long a Term of Years; a Love
so pure, so lasting, and so fond, that even be-
fore its own Gratification, which possibly had
been purchas'd at a less difficult Rate; (the
Duke being of a Complexion that was never
cruel to the Fair,) preferr'd a Maiden Fame, and
silent Pangs.

Unhappy Sex! forbid by prudent Thought to breath a Sigh, or dart a meaning Look, lest a censorious World name it a Crime; and when the sad Relief of Words would ease, nay calm, and cessate Woes, dread to unfold them, and have we ought of Conduct, must deceive, lye to the Friend we hug, yet call them dear: Such are the base Reserves of modern Friendship. Oh, *Jupiter* forbid the foul Injustice! Defraud of Thought, and Perjury of Souls! yet, so must she who hath a Fame to lose, or any Spark of modest thinking act, or be the Laugh of Crouds, the Fop's Remark.

This Feeling knew our *Fair-Unfortunate*, who lov'd to Love's Excess, but silenc'd it, even whilst *Amira's* open Manner charm'd, and a Soul undefigning oft provok'd it; for well *Amanda* had esteem'd *Amira*, and ever shew'd it by a courteous Conduct; but once well nigh deceiv'd by a lov'd Friend, fear'd to unbosom her, not without Reason.

Tho' to speak justly, *Amira* had good Sense to merit Trust, and well *Amanda* knew the fair One's Virtues; nor were their Years or Inclinations different; *Amanda's* Person had been most of lovely, nor wanted even *Amira* of her Charms; each had a beauteous Soul, a solid Wit, a Judgment piercing, just, and unimpartial, Friendship sincere; and generous Pity for the deep
Distress

Distrest, a Native bent to Books and Musick's Charms; Goodness to excuse the Errors of the Croud, and Conversation to engage the Knowing, a Character we justly call deserving: *Amira* more of spirited, won Hearts by a great Soul, and Conduct almost matchless, whilst the more mild *Amanda* knew to charm with every taking Soft and pleasing Smile, to keep a Conquest by engaging Kindness, and chain them faster with still giving Love.

But not to forget the two Brothers, whom we left in our last, (*viz.* Duke *Bellfond* and Count *Beauville*) on their Road to the disguis'd *Amanda* at the Cottage, whilst the suppos'd *Florio's* Inquietude on the Boy's Stay prov'd almost fatal; Love-fears the worst, and rarely wants a Sting: *Amanda* dreaded much his Embassy, the rural Boy untaught in Courts and Cunning, gave her a Pang, she wanted Words to tell; now she imagin'd her lost and betray'd, and say, what ruins surer than the Simple? She fear'd the Count, dreaded gay *Bellfond's* Dutcheffs, and was distrest by meddling pert *Lucinda*, one that she knew examin'd every Slave, still busy most with what least concern'd her, bars that requir'd the witty, study'd Knave, nor knew the artless Innocent to answer.

Time wears but slow with the expecting Lover, and every paining Hour treads twice its

Round; Thought works on Thought to Multiplicity, and every tedious Moment seems an Age. Long now had waited the sad fair Distrest; when near the Close of Day, she fate her pen-sive near a winding River, whose still continu'd Noise amus'd her Woe; it was some Paces distant from the Cottage, and border'd high Hill o'er hung the Plain.

Here many of the better Bred and Curious came for a Prospect, and remark'd wild Nature; but Love still blind, seldom foresees its Wish, whilst fond Expectance gaz'd around the Meads, by a Back-way, (cautious of what might chance) the Duke and Count made to the Peasant's Home, where missing *Florio* they unresting, rest 'em; when their young Guide on Search signs to the Stream, and softly bids the Travel-lers observe, how very dull the Youth now seem'd, who sent him, wondring with Innocence, what Meaning for't; for rarely Rusticks give them Time for Thought, or know the Cares that make a Melancholy; all's gay with honest, ignorant Industry, whose Souls, like the unsensive Earth, wants Motion; the Knowing only feel the generous Soft, and are unfortunate but by deserving. But to the Page, who, swift, fond *Bell-fond* makes to, leaving his Brother to amuse their Host with a taught Lye, and useful Tale of Cunning, (for 'tis a Point of Prudence to
hide

hide Truth, where to Mask deep may shun a fatal Dread.)

Florio! Amanda! cries the raptur'd Duke, clasping the trembling Maid, with unfeign'd Transport: Where am I! — Is it Thee — ! Thrice happy *Bellfond!* The lovely Fair astonish'd, long was dumb, when by Degrees, recovering the Surprise, she gets her slowly from the amorous Duke; my Lord, resum'd she hasty, oh! consider, we are observ'd, this Fondness here is dangerous; you know what I appear, you won't expose me — you are my only Guard, — and I'm undone. Here letting fall some Tears, the Fair was silent; when *Bellfond* eagerly return'd, no Dread, *Bellfond* expose thee! No, — first perish *Bellfond*, — Seem still a Boy! I will be cool and friendly, and to appearance my *Amanda's* Lord: But oh, *Amanda*, in return you'll bless me, with a kind Night, and Intervals of Bliss! For how I love thee's undescrivable! Here blush'd *Amanda* deep! And bleeding Sighs spoke the most wild Disorder; for, sick with modest Thought, these Words gave Woe, that Love it self wanted the Force to quiet; she could not think her Guilt and silence Virtue, nor love the Duke, and think him all Another's.

Whilst thus the Maid, the observing Duke proceeds and thus rejoyns; Cease this Confusion Love! These Blushes, tho' they speak this *Bellfond*

106 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

fond blest! You must endeavour at the Mastery of, they are Betrayers of the inmost Soul; and may my lov'd *Amanda* make us wretched! Undo thy *Bellfond*, and discover *Florib*! Forbid it Gods! resum'd the affrighted Page, but I am so confus'd I cannot help it! You'll pardon me, my Lord, I wou'd'nt wrong you, enchanting Innocence! resum'd the Duke. You charm me so, I shall indeed want Conduct! grasping her Hand with an extatick Softness, which the fond, bashful Maid gently return'd; and half reclin'd on her lov'd Lord rejoin'd, What shall we do my Lord, I am undone! Where is the Count, and what will *Florib* pass for? — Heavens! I'd forgot him, answer'd *Bellfond* hasty; he's here my Love, nay redden not thus deep; He is *Amanda's* Friend, and comes to prove so, to get thy Pardon and ensure thy Friendship: How! interrupted the yet seeming Page, my Friendship! What hath *Bellfond* said, I'm ruin'd! Is he to be my Friend! unhappy *Florib*! — Wretched *Amanda*! — And ungenerous *Bellfond*! — So soon abandon'd! — Oh, my Lord be just! Let me not see this *Beauville*! Kill me rather — Death will be kind, when you're its Instrument! But think not this *Amanda*'ll live for *Beauville*! Here, speechless with the Wildness of her Thought, she almost fell, but that the Duke fast clasp'd her, and smil'd, mistake me not, thy *Bellfond* loves, loves his *Amanda* fondly! and will you sell me then, rejoin'd the Fair? Sell me to *Beauville*, to the
Count,

Count, a Brother, — yet hear me out, return'd the Duke, more tender, softned by such a Violence of Passion beyond himself, whilst proud to be the Object, I meant not thus to part with my *Amanda*! *Beauville* will marry *Amelia* his Friend, she will be yours! — The Count will be a Brother to *Amanda*! That Lady will receive you and cares for you! — *Amanda*, shall once more appear! *Amanda*, thy Dress shall soon confess thee *Bellfond's* All; the Story of our Loves that Lady'll secret; and for the rest I have not Time to tell thee. See yonder *Beauville* bows thee a Repentance; let's to prevent Discovery meet him, Love. Discerning at a small Distance the Count and the Cottager, who much wondred at their Stay, making slowly towards them, oh, I shall die with Blushes, cry'd *Amanda*! Nor know to face the Count; what shall I do! — By this the Count encountred 'em, and bowing with Reserve hail'd *Florio's* Health, wishing him well at Court, adding Prince *Beauclerk* deeply was concern'd, his first Embassy prov'd injurious to him, and would repay his Services and Faith, so as he should not have a Cause to grieve; a study'd Tale to blind the Cottager; told by the artful Count of seeming *Florio*, whom he ascertain'd, had been bound and rifled, his Servant slain, and his Life endanger'd by Villains on a Road; whilst on an Expedition for that Prince, whom he affirm'd he serv'd, which Misfortune at this Time caus'd the Peasant so unlook'd a Visit,

Visit, both of *Florio* and themselves, hiding their Greatness under the Name of private Attendants to that Prince.

This Story favour'd much *Amanda's* Weakness, who on Sight of the Count, redned so visibly, and shew'd so much Disorder, spite of her Resolution to avoid it, it was impossible the Peasant, tho' shallow enough, should not perceive the Change; for the surpriz'd *Amanda* was too much confounded to return the Compliment, which doubly pos'd her, when recalling the Duke's late Commands for her Travel with that Prince, and the curious Count's Observation; his Knowledge of her Sex, and growing Apprehensions of his being yet a Foe, was at a Loss in what Manner to return the serious Banter; for such the Fair divin'd it, when *Bellfond* readily seeing and pitying her Confusion, caus'd by a real Love for himself, and the strong Struggle of a Maiden Blush, return'd for Answer in the fair One's Stead.

He had observ'd the Youth had been frighted to that Excess, the Surprise had seiz'd him with an Illness, that by Intervals took away his Speech; thence pleads, the Count would wave the Boy's Reply, He taking the Word seem'd wondrous concern'd for the suppos'd Youth; when *Amanda* recollecting herself, to put the best Shade possible on so odd a Scene, bows low to the Brothers, paying them a Respect suitable
to

to their seeming Care of her Welfare; and to answer the Count in his own Words, ask'd seriously after the Prince, and whether the Count came attended, judging as she turn'd the Tale, he came in Quest of her; adding, having more Knowledge of his Brother, she had of him ask'd the Favour to see her Embassy perform'd, which she well knew his Respect for that Prince would not delay, that she was indeed surpriz'd at the Honour of the Count's Visit, whom she did not at that Time, and Place expect, (and whose Absence in her own Thoughts she could well have dispens'd with :) To this politick Harangue, the Count seldom lost in Cunning, or the Duke in Conduct; jointly answer'd, the Duke indeed chanc'd to meet his Brother, whom he as much unlook'd for as himself, he having been to view some *Spanish* Horse, a Friend abroad presented him; that it was certain Truth, the Rumour of *Florio's* Danger had very much alarm'd the good young Prince, and that a chosen Guard had now their Orders to find, and bring him back with Care and Safety; nor was himself, *viz.* (the Count) the least concern'd at the sad Accident, who just return'd from seeing his Friend's Gift, was hastily making towards his Brother's *Villa*, when he chanc'd to meet him on his Journey thither, and observing him very thoughtful, with Importunity, obtain'd the Secret; and having always a real Friendship for so deserving a Youth, with his Brother's Leave accompany'd him to
the

the Cottage, where to his great Satisfaction he found his Life unendanger'd; which on the first Relation of his Misfortune, he very much fear'd had sustained Prejudice : Here the suppos'd *Florio* bow'd her Thanks, unable to return a Syllable, and blush'd so very deep her Thought was grav'd on't, which was observ'd not only by the Brothers (who 'tis possible design'd a Remark.) But by the Rustick, who then present watch'd them, and judging by their Talk of the Prince and the Court, the Greatness of his new Guests, and from the fancy'd Youth's Confusion and Respect, divining there was some Mystery at the Bottom on't, resolv'd to pay the Court a Visit, and to inform where they might find such Persons, in Hopes some great Reward would doubtless follow; full of this Thought, the Peasant grew brisk, and Supper being now ready, a neat Repast of Nature's Garden Bounty, which he had taught his Son *Clodio*, whom he now imagin'd nothing less than a Courtier, to dress and manage, serv'd after a rustick Manner. All seat themselves without much Ceremony, (nor was their ought devour'd but eager Looks;) the Duke concern'd at *Florio's* deep Confusion, paus'd, and grew dull, lest Love should wake Mistrust; the Count whose subtle Eye was every where, remark'd his Host, a dangerous, blundering Sot, but bent that Night on seeing *Amelia*, whom he was to prepare for the Duke's Visit; and having some Concern for poor *Amanda*, who could not hide her Soul's strong

strong Agitation, he posted with the soonest thence and left them, viz. the Duke and *Amanda* to make the best of their Privacy, and the Peasant to his Thoughts; before whom he told his Brother in a serious Manner, he must leave them for his Lady, who would be doubtless frightened, (passing for a married Man,) and she not knowing of his so long Absence, and being young with Child, he would not give Occasion to be dull too, assuring the mask'd Maid he was a Friend, and telling his Brother somewhat coolly, he would see him the following Night, a Tale that well befitted cunning *Beauville*.

The Count absconded, and Bed-time more than near with the over loyal Peasant, it was so order'd, the Duke and *Female-Page* should lodge them in a Bed, the Rustick's Dame when living, rested on that being in the best Room (as 'twas term'd,) whilst the Father and Son snor'd as usual, on a Earth Floor poor enough.

Bellfond and *Amanda*, who had little Leisure for Repose, (had their Apartment been more gay and pleasing,) being now alone, the only Wish they courted; the Duke inform'd the Fair of all had pass'd, the real Cause of his Brother's Visit, and vow'd Intent to marry *Amelia*; but why my Lord, resum'd the blushing Maid? would you so soon confound me with the Count? You might with Ease conceive your self would
shock

Shock me: But Heavens! the Count, I doubly
dy'd to see; Why did I not first see my loved
Bellfond? Was it a Happiness impossible? You see
it was my Love return'd the Duke, could it have
been, thy *Bellfond* had not thus lost droning Time;
oblig'd to sooth a Brother, come his Pace, and
talk him into Marriage with a Mistress, a Lady
that hath well deserv'd him hers; It was for thee
Amanda, *Bellfond* did it! For Love of thee! For
these fond, happy Minutes! clasping the Maid
with Transport to his Bosom; To hold thee ever,
thus unrivall'd mine! Yet my loved Lord I
fear, rejoin'd *Amanda*! Pardon my Love! Fear
Beauville! Fear the Count! Dread *Amelia*! She
is *Amira*'s Friend! Should she betray, the
Dutcheffs injur'd will severe revenge it! And
I have so much Horror on my Soul, methinks,
where there is Guilt, in Love 'tis fatal, and every
Wind murmurs we are undone! And oh! how
despicable are we known; oh! whither shall I
banish me my Lord; What have we done!
Nothing my Love, return'd the amorous Duke!
You argue my fair Sophister severely, we're bid
by every Tye be just and grateful, to love
where we are lov'd is generous Virtue; by
School-men term'd the Greatness of a Soul: Love,
you are sensible my *Florio*'s free, a Passion un-
controul'd, involuntary, the gratefull'st Charm
the God of Nature gives, nor can ought be a
Crime that's just and generous! Love that's sin-
cere, is the most happy Friendship; nor can the

Censure of the thoughtless Croud, make that Affection Sin, that's built on Merit; nothing but what's unnatural is Vice; Injustice, Rapes, and Murders, call for Vengeance, but where's the Guilt of happy, mutual Love? Are not all Virtues center'd in the Passion? All that is humane, noble, or engaging, Charity's self lives in the Soul of Love; you once could tell me this; but now unmask'd you start, and tremble at you know not what; none of your Sexes dear Diffimulation, for I shall love away these Vapour Dreams. Here the fond Duke carefs'd the lovely Maid, with all the Warmth of one who dar'd be happy, vowing upon her Lips eternal Faith. Fear nothing Love, rejoin'd he, for the Count he shannot hurt thee; I'll secure thee that; *Amelia*, well I know, you may confide in, she is a Lady that hath Worth and Honour. I own you make me proud to Name *Amira*! But be not jealous, this *Amira*'s wed, nor have I any more Unquiet for: But can you love my Fair, and talk of Distance? No, all the Gods forbid thy Banishment! impossible! it shannot! cannot be! Thy *Bellfond* will be generous, believe me, nor shall *Amanda* once repent her Trust! I wonnot ask a Smile, ravish a Favour, but you shall first allow I will deserve it; To-morrow shall secure thy Fame and Fortune, no Tears my Fair, observing his Talk mov'd her, *Amira* I am positive respects you, and did she know the Tale, would secret it.

And

And for the Dutcheſs, ſhe remarks not *Bellfond*, nor loves him well enough to be uneaſie; my Brother hath by this inform'd *Amelia*, ſhe with the Dawn, expects us ſee her Nuptials; be calm *Amanda*, you unman all *Bellfond*! and I ſhall grow a Girl to ſee thee thus? Repoſe thee on this Pallet, a coarſe Lodging, and to aſſure thee *Bellfond* really loves, I'll not diſturb thy Slumbers nor force ought, 'till even *Amanda's* ſelf ſhall pity me, and in return, kind Looks bid me, reward me; here loſt *Amanda* ſunk on *Bellfond's* Breſt, (who this while ſaſt embrace'd her,) feeling his Words too deep for a Return: And where's the ſhe, but ſoft Reſpect will woo. She lov'd this *Bellfond* fondly; well he knew it, a Lover ſo aſſur'd, hath Room to triumph: But the Duke, generous to the Height of Greatneſs, priding him in the wiſh'd, declar'd Advantage, ſtrove more to charm the almoſt yielding Fair, and gently laying her half dead with Thought on one ſide of the Bed, ſome Minutes left her, and pac'd the Chamber with a ſoftly Tread, and Eyes that ſpoke his Wiſhes and Reſpect; but ſtill obſerving her unceaſing Tears, with an Impatience ſuiting the moſt Fond, laying him haſty by the weeping fair One, and graſping her Hand on which he fix'd ſome Kiſſes, begg'd her to ſtop a Grief that clouded Reaſon, affirming were he free ſhe ſhould be happy, if being *Bellfond's* Wife could make her ſo? Oh! tantalize me not, my Lord, reſum'd ſhe, Impoſſibilities will ſooner meet

meet; there is no Hope; you have a handsome, young, engaging Lady, one that hath Wit to charm the very Soul: She yet may change, and Duty bids you love; oh! *Bellfond*, 'tis *Amanda* that's unhappy, cease this, rejoin'd the Duke, you rack this *Bellfond*; true I am wed, would Heaven, I were not *Florio*, wed to a certain Torture! One that curst Interest ty'd me to Confusion! And one whose Conduct blackens *Bellfond*'s Fame! But she's a Wife, and might have been deserving, (curse of corrupted Courts) had they not stain'd her Vanity and Extravagance of Bounty. I wonnot blame, she was young, vain, fair, thoughtless, wanting of Depth to make her self esteem'd: So dull looks Marriage, wanting Love, *Amanda*, she aim'd at Title, I involv'd at Fortune, each grasp'd their Bait, and either was deceiv'd; this made us look for Happiness from Home, and in the Search undoe the Satisfaction; but now *Amanda*, should this fair One die, I could methinks be fix'd on *Florio*'s Beauties, for I am sick of the inconstant Rove: Oh! wish her not to die, resum'd the Page; Life may repent, had you been free, I had indeed been blest! But would not wish a Death to make me so; it is a guilty Thought, banish it *Bellfond*! It is less Crime methinks to love thee thus. Then oh, be generous, cry'd the eager Duke! catching the Words half spoke with hasty Kisses, and let us love in earnest: This is trifling, and 'tis a Madness now to
answer

answer Reasons; here the fond Duke impatient seal'd his Words, and close Endearments stifled a Reply.

But now's the Question? Who is this *Amanda*? This *Female-Page*? This *Fair-Unfortunate*? To satisfy the Curious, we'll relate as far as we have leave the real Truth.

Our *Amanda* was a Lady by Birth, neither mean in Honour or Fortune; her Father a Brigade, in no small Grace with the *Cyprian Republic*; but having on the voluntary Abdication of one of their Princes, taken Arms opposite to the new King, lost a considerable Post, his personal Estate confiscate, the Crown's Propriety for such Default; the Blow cut deep, which *Amanda's* Sire regretting with a due Regard to his Family, and faithful Concern for his Prince; (to whom he was ever just) dy'd without many Day's Illness, (not old) remembred with a real Tear, by all that knew him.

His Lady, whom he had everlov'd with an undivided Flame, having deceas'd some Years before, in Birth of young *Amanda*, the only Daughter she had ever brought him.

This Darling of the Sire's was in her first Years principl'd under the Tuition of an Aunt, to all those Maxims of Vertue that make an

accomplish'd Woman ; toward which, a pregnant Wit and native Bent of Soul help'd much.

Four Brothers of *Amanda* mourn'd their Sire; three of which at that time were Commanders abroad, where in the Heat of Battle two were kill'd, and the Elder, nam'd after his Father *Sebastian*, making his native Shore, was unhappily captiv'd by a *Tunis* Galley ; a weighty Sorrow to the younger Orphans, who lov'd him as a Father and a Friend, he having ever so to them behav'd him; the younger Brother being then a Boy, and *Amanda* all that remain'd.

Young *Felix*, then near entring his Teens, betwixt whom and *Amanda*, there was three Year's Advance, took so happily to those Parts of solid Learning, that make us early Great, and well esteem'd, he was by the Interest of some that encourage Merit, fix'd in a publick Employ, that made him then, unbearded, popular ; many caress'd, lov'd *Felix* as a Friend, and those not of the menial under Courtiers, the greatest and the gravest Statesmen bow'd, endear'd the Youth, and even in earnest serv'd him. Amongst the many Great who serv'd young *Felix*, was Duke *Bellfond*, the Charmer of *Amanda*, with him aspiring *Felix* firm'd a Friendship, conscious a League with one so powerful, as 'twou'd be envy'd, would be of Importance; the Brother and Sister who were always faithful

H

Friends

Friends serv'd each other with a Sincerity of Soul.

Amanda was scarcely turn'd of Fourteen, before, at *Felix's* Request, she left her Aunt's, possibly better pleas'd with a Sister's Privilege than a Neice's Awe; and as our Sex is generally most Coquets at that Age, *Amanda* was not wanting of the Taint, and had just Vanity enough to undo Innocence, pleas'd at being freed from a rigid Governante.

Nor was her Fortune mean, to which the friendly Brother made Addition; but yet *Amanda* gay and careless of the Consequence refus'd to satiate *Felix's* Ambition by Marriage with the Wealthy and the Great; but what much more chagrin'd the rising Youth, was her Encouragement of some Fop Courtiers, (his Visitors) whose Gallantries, the Sister nam'd Amusements: Duke *Bellfond*, courteous to the Sex in general, mingling with the Croud, who cringe to conquer, fail'd not of bowing low to young *Amanda*.

The Fair receiv'd his Devoirs with the same unthinking Pleasure she did others, and indulg'd them at that time more from a Humour that prided in a Conquest, than any Symptom of real Passion, but she forgot 'tis dangerous to feed Flames, and the most innocent Freedoms when indulg'd, too often prove fatally guilty. The careful

ful *Felix* to his Sister's Ear, had long encourag'd a young Lord's Address, that wanted neither Wealth nor Favour to make him at that Juncture the Court-Star. *Amanda* had more than once agreed to his Visits, but remarking he was unbearably jealous, and no ways taken with his Person, was resolute never to consent to what she could not approve, and told her Brother on his next Conversation, with a positive Air, she would not wed to her Aversion.

This stern Refusal gloom'd all *Felix*' Soul; and he who had ever been a real Friend, behav'd with all the Distance of a Stranger; so minute a Change gave the young Lady a sensible Feeling, and in Part put a Stop to that Levity she had till then indulg'd, she spoke little, and seem'd rather to shun, than care for those Trifles that had charm'd her, and with Regret remember'd those Gaieties and Conversations she now grew conscious stain'd her Character.

'Twas now she studied every true Improvement, and from one serious Thought got all of Just. *Felix* not unobserving so visible a Concern put on by Degrees a more kind Unreserve, and was more friendly, could it be, than ever: Now our Unfortunate might have been happy, if ought in *Felix*'s Gift could make her so, for during the Brother's Endeavour, to make the Sister's Retirement agreeable: *Amanda*'s destin'd

Husband being a leading Card at a famous Horse-Match, was by a rude Slave, as he was riding with a Vehemence, thrown and dy'd on the Spot. The Youth was one of those, who without deserving much of Praise, had never acted any vicious Extravagance, and dying thus, in a yet hopeful Age, was mourn'd by many who had flatter'd Views.

Felix, who was in Hopes, tho' false ones, of a Sister's Compliance, by the powerful Insinuations of Time and Ambition, was really concern'd, leaving his own Part, as he judg'd of the Affliction; but here, as Fate oft cuts a Tye we dread, with the Youth's Life, the Brother's Heat, and Sister's Fears were done; nor was *Amanda* so void of what's humane, to be unmov'd at her Lover's End; meer Generosity bid a Tear for the momentary Death.

Now 'twas *Amanda*, not altogether displeas'd at the Loss of her Lover; happy in a just Guardian Brother's Friendship, without the World's Fatigue, or Want's Distress, without a Care or Thought to sadden Joy, or ought to gloom the calm Serene of Life, was all of blest, nor dreaded ought of Woe: But oh! Who sees the varied Chance of Fate, that ever rolling wo'nnot bear a Bliss? Amid this happy Scene she grew unhappy, and by a Brother's Undesign, undone.

Felix

Felix having a doubtful Cause depending, in which the grand Council was concern'd, made Court to Duke *Bellfond*, an allow'd Favourite with the new King, who made himself esteem'd by that fine Discernment, that ever distinguish'd the Man that deserv'd. *Felix's* Request being a modest Pretence to his Father's Revenue, was by the Interest of *Bellfond*, quickly made a Grant; nor did the diligent Duke lose any Minutes to get the Youth his Sire's Employ abroad; which with a Father's Lands, and Home-got Gain, gave still a larger Fortune to *Amanda*; and made young *Felix* every one's Desire, who had a Friend to make or View to rise.

Bellfond, the ever amorous, sigh'd for all *Felix's* Friend, in View of *Felix's* Sister, and oh! too fatal prov'd the meaning Fraud.

The Duke was subtle, and the Fair yet free; to see a Man like *Bellfond*, hear him sigh with all that dear Deceit, that manag'd Art, must have been more than Woman to have kept so; in fine, his still continu'd Assiduities, his constant Visits mask'd by friending *Felix*; his easie Manner and unmatch'd Address, rais'd a strong Flame in the unthinking Maid, which he too subtle seeing, crouds Endearments; and all those Arts with which the Sex deceive, taking the Licence of a lonely Minute to tell a soft drest

122 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Tale of lasting Truth; still careful to evade a jealous Brother. Much *Bellfond* said, and much *Amanda* thought: --- Now 'twas *Amanda* lov'd in very Deed, whilst the deep practis'd Duke but play'd with Passion, and made the every Fair he su'd a Triumph, to the more beauteous *Cleomene* he homaged. A Lady for some Years his darling Choice, Mistress of all his Soul, and softer Hours, by him betray'd when young, to all he wish'd, and by a Conduct wondrous, kept her Power, (loving, and being lov'd to Love's Excess.)

By her, the Duke had many lovely Youths, whom still he educated to their Births, whilst *Cleomene* an ever tender Mother, improv'd their Fortunes by a frugal Care,

This Part of the Duke's Amours, the undesigning Maid was yet to learn, nor knew he had been married some Time since to a Lady of more Fortune than Conduct; his Dutcheß then at the *Parisian* Court, where she had some Relations great in Power, with whom 'twas the Duke's Interest to keep Friends, the better to induce them to aid his bold Ambition.

The Dutcheß had now been six Months missing, and was on the first home Wind on her Return, when *Bellfond*, made th' unhappy one his Prize; for having ever kept his Pretences from the Observings of *Felix*: The unenquiring Fair with-

without Deceit herself, or 'Thought of it in others, never once ask'd an Article of *Bellfond*, nor once suspected him the married Duke; his Insinuations were so tender, his Vows so unreserv'd, without the Face of Marriage; all seem'd open, and even his secret'st Meanings look'd unaw'd: This Daring of a Soul got him *Amanda's*. How was she lost, or e'er she knew her Sufferance? And the Duke more of Conqueror than he judg'd himself; for even the Vanity of him that's greatly Generous, hath somewhat of a Modesty conceal'd; allow him proud, fond to a Fault of Conquest, he's not the first to credit the soft Thought, or blame the unnerv'd She who durst entrust him.

The lost *Amanda*, who had ever jested, and reparteed fond Love with witty Malice; nay, even play'd in earnest with the Flame: For many Lovers had invaded strong, finding a strange Disorder within, innocently wondred at the unknown Cause, and fear'd she knew not why; now Musings please, and now a Moonlight Walk, yet knew not the lost Fair she was undone! That all her Soul was *Bellfonds*! (Lovely *Bellfond's*!) *Bellfond*! that knew to ravish with a Glance, a careless Accent, or half finish'd Smile; a Man that even out cunning'd Virtue's self, and glory'd in the cold form'd She's Embrace.

But Heavens! how short, how bitter'd was her Joy, when *Bellfond's* Dutcheſs, now on her Return, grew public Talk: Great Gods! how pale and death-like went *Amanda* on *Felix* reading the Gazette, ſo nam'd her, ſurpriz'd by ſuch an unthought Blow of Fate, viz. *Bellfond's* Marriage. Her Blood even ceas'd to flow, and Life ſtood ſtill, the aſtoniſh'd *Felix* ſtartl'd and amaz'd, inſtant got Help, and forc'd back flying Senſe, when ſcarce reviv'd, *Amanda* begg'd Reſpoſe, which granted, then alone, except the Attendant *Felix* plac'd her Watch, Thought circl'd ſwift (for well ſhe feign'd a Sleep,) now thrice confirm'd in what ſhe had but fear'd, that Love and *Bellfond* made her every Pang. What ſhall ſhe do? The Knowledge of his being what he was, barr'd every Peace, and ruffled every Senſe; thus deeply griev'd the conſcious Guilt drew Tears.

In Floods of ſoul-felt Woe the Fever bath'd her, till dry with Sorrows a ſtill Terror mingled, grew on her Frame and ſtole her early Charms, the Bloom of Youth, and Luſtre of the Eye, nor did ſhe ever more recall her Beauties; for ſo when ſad Diſtreſs invades a Soul, or ever we are arm'd for the Diſaſter, it takes off every Colour that can pleaſe, and we're no more the boaſted Things we were.

Amanda

Amanda then was to a Wonder lovely; for she was fair enough to challenge Fame; of an agreeable Stature, and at that Time inclining rather to tall. Her Feature taking, an Eye full of Vivacity, and Smiles yet strong and piercing, neither too pale, nor too red; of a Shape and Mien to be envy'd, and a Manner that wholly charm'd; which with a Look that shew'd a Soul serene, made her Person, without being celebrated, admir'd. As she wanted not a Capacity for the most solid Sciences, she search'd, and made them her's with early Care, lov'd Languages, and master'd the most useful; nay, dar'd the Sex that would monopolize them, in every Art, once taught her, to be more perfect. Would thus our Fair of Worth improve their Minutes, Woman would shine the Sun of *Jove's* Creation. Say, ye triumphing Learn'd, what bars the Species? Have we not Souls as rich, and Wits as pregnant? Boasts not our little Island many Ladies of letter'd Merit and judicious Learning, that knowing Worth esteem the Man of Sense, nor are conversant with the Fop of Fancy? Say, can the Man of Desert fond the Simple, or truly love the rude, unpolish'd Bride? 'Twere an Expectance void of Sense or Nature. But to return, our young *Amanda* lov'd, and she that knew so well to weigh a Good, and by a Conduct even unequall'd merit it, was by a Love too fatal overborn. Love levels all, the Knowing and the Base, and the Politer deeper stab the
Dart;

126 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Dart; where's the Philosophy unarms a *Cupid*? Wisdom nor Subtilty are then of Force; nor had *Amanda* common Fires to face stern Agonizings of severest Virtue; the World's Reflection and an honest Fame, warr'd strong against the rebel Inclination; 'twas double Death to shun the dear lov'd Man, nor had she sometimes Courage to resolve it. But when she thought herself the loose Blush of Honour, the easie Conquest of a vainer Hour, to be forgot, for one she own'd deserving, and possibly her happier Rival's Laugh; a lawful Wife past Malice to unplace, or Charms to weaken, this Thought gave Tortures, made her Vow stern Hate; (But oh! how weak's a Lover's Resolution,) spite of herself, the eating Woe got Ground, still more she lov'd, still more resolv'd to hate, till weary'd with the never ceasing Jar, and positive to dye or ever own it; the Guilt glow'd inward, and made Life a Rack.

Felix, by a lucky Mistake, judg'd the sad Death of the young Peer, the Cause, nor was at first ill pleas'd, she was so tender, being less surpriz'd at the young Lady's Minute struck-Fever, (then possibly on another Suppose he had been,) yet fear'd the Melancholy riv'd too deep, and that her yet green Years by this sad Accident unknowing Love, had but too late and fatally inform'd her.

To

To make this Thought a Truth, the ablest Doctors (for *Felix* was regardful of her Health) agreed, some settled Grief the Malady, that she was past Physicians, and Life dubious; this gave the Brother all the Pangs of Friendship; she still grew worse, Convulsions hourly seiz'd, and burning Fevers, liv'd on every Pore.

The Duke, who had his Reasons to seem careless, had more than once ask'd of *Amanda's* Health, as far from judging himself the Cause, as *Felix* of his Pretensions, and thinking his Marriage no Secret, had not been studious to make it such. True, he had prudently evaded naming a Wife, that being no Way to engage a Mistress, and believing it impossible, that *Amanda*, no Novice in the polite World, should be a Stranger to his Lady's Fame, gave himself no Thought of an Umbrage from thence, but seeing the Maid seem'd to allow his Flame, treated her in his close Recess of Thought as one he was assur'd of, an easie Bubble to a sly Address, so to be left, as those soon got, are gain'd in a precipitate disorder'd Moment. Altho', to do him Justice, the young Lady's Danger gave him some slight Concern, (for the most Amorous ever feel a Sufferance) but then his Fears to wrong the generous *Felix* made him bless Fortune, so he lost *Amanda*.

Bellfond forgot, unknowing this *Amanda*, had he pursu'd he had a Maid, tho' young and fond to vanquish, that had a Sense of Virtue, and a Soul as yet unequal'd, by one that had a Fluency of Wit, and all the Fires of blooming thoughtless Youth. *Amanda's* Life now gave small Hopes of Durance, who was indeed the Shadow of a Being, whilst *Felix*, almost reduc'd to as visible a Danger, by Pity and fraternal Love, kept home, when from the *Gallic* Court came *Bellfond's* Dutcheß, receiv'd by the ever courteous Duke, with all the Tenders of an early Love, so deep dissembles the gay modern Courtier, so, the meer fashionable well-bred Husband.

The *Cyprian* Court was not less luxurious than the *Parisian*, the far fam'd Seat of every lawless Joy, where the newly arriv'd long-absent Dutcheß, Star of the never thinking unaw'd Crowd, was welcom'd more sincerely than Truth or Virtue. Here 'twas she circled by the Great and Many, run one continu'd Scene of loose Delight, unworthy of her Birth, or Lord's Repute.

Duke *Bellfond*, not unseeing this her Conduct, (possibly with Regret) behav'd the same, still courtly, but still strange, wanting the Husband's Care, the Lover's Warmth, and having no Child by his Lady, still kept him to deserving *Cleomene*, whom well he lov'd with an unceasing

ceasing Fondness, nor pass'd a Day without some generous Proof.

But so it chanc'd (unhappy Casualty!) on a certain Evening, at *Bellfond's* earnest Request, she being then young with Child, was prevail'd on to dance at a publick Ball. Duke *Bellfond*, as a Stranger stept him forth; and join'd the Fair as an admir'd Unknown, where each out equal'd all that had excell'd, nor pass'd the Circle, possibly unnotic'd, when suddenly the envy'd *Cleomene*, who wanted nought that cou'd attract in Woman, dropt o'the Instant cold, as one long-hears'd, and full as spiritless and void of Motion; the amaz'd Assembly in a Wonder saw it nor some time help the Fair, when *Bellfond*, who had scarce a Breath to bid, saw her safe lodg'd at the first Cabaret, her home being far, nor wou'd he thus seem known, there with the Help of Skill and Doctor's Art she but surviv'd, for an abortive Birth, and dy'd in Agonizings yet untold, in Beauty's Bloom, nor counted twenty Annals, leaving two Sons, the Semblance of the Duke, whose Grievs now past Disguise, grew on him fast. He even in publick, bury'd *Cleomene*, with all the Rituals of a solemn Pomp, and placing the two Youths, then very Children, where they should never want a just Regard, or ought that told them they were born of Great, putting him in the closest Dress of Woe, he left the

130 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

the Realm and travell'd (to amuse) if possibly
forget the deep struck Grief.

Whilst the lost, forgot *Amanda*, was yet to be
appris'd of Duke *Bellfond*, who now was all the
News of talking *Cyprus*; and by Degrees, as
Griefs when weary stop, grew slowly more of
well, tho' weak and sad, and rose for the first
Time the very Day the Duke departed, when her
endearing well designing Brother, coming with
Joy to hail his Sister's Hopes, tells her amid the
Round of Court Amours, the Duke was gone,
and adds the amorous Cause. To this the Soul
struck Fair lent willing Ear, and at the Period,
with a deep fetch'd Sigh and breathless, sunk into
the Arms of *Felix*.

Now the long blinded Brother found her Pang,
and swift recalling how she first grew ill, re-
member'd it was *Bellfond's* Name; surpriz'd, nor
wonder'd she was charm'd by one so charming;
for even the Men allow'd him form'd to please,
and with a jealous Envy nam'd him taking;
much *Felix* fear'd the subtle Duke's Success,
fear'd he had gain'd his Point and fool'd *Amanda*,
wrong'd his lov'd Sister's yet unsullied Virtue,
nor could forgive the ungenerous base Offence;
yet pity'd lost *Amanda* from his Soul, who co-
ming slow to Sense, was quick unrob'd, left to
her Pillow and new Racks of Thought, whilst
careful *Felix*, studious of her Quiet, invites
her

her friendly to a Country *Villa*, Seat of their Sires, that long had been untenanted, nor let her think as yet, he saw her Soul waiting an Hour, when Reason was more calm, for 'tis not at all Minutes Words impress, and Counsel, when wrong tim'd, tho' well it means us, we're seldom thankful for, or profit by.

Young *Felix*, yet no Votary of *Cupid's*, thoughtful to move his sadden'd Sister's Pang, the all-conquering revengeful God, sharp-sighted, swift darts an Arrow which spite of Reason struck him, and now forgetting even Ambition's Charms, the Youth no more breathes Freedom, but owns the softning Passion a certain Fate, a destin'd Ill that banters Wisdom, and tells the Learned they dare no more dispute; nor Strength, nor Conduct stand the flattering Charm, nor Resolution in its sternest Force; the tyrant Boy well knows his larger Power, and smiling forms the Mischiefs that Torment. Say *Jupiter*, why rules the feeble Child, why from a seraph Face so many Harms?

But to proceed: *Felix*, being present at a certain Festival, (in Honour of their God) at the great Temple, an ancient Lady then paying her Devoirs to *Jupiter*, was suddenly seiz'd with convulsive Pangs: Many of no mean Figure left Devotion to help, if possible, where Death seem'd busy; amid the friendly Throng, a young Lady of uncommon Look, shew'd deep
Con-

Concern, and told our *Felix* from that Hour her Slave, there is a fated Minute to undoe us.

The yet unpractis'd Sceptick felt the Change, and new Disorders live in every Vein; unconscious of the Reason he attends, and follows still, unknowing to him self the cold stretch'd Corse; for the old Matron dy'd, his Eyes still stedfast on the young *Elaira*, so was the Lady nam'd who seem'd most grieved, Daughter and only Child of the Deceased; the Tears that fell untaught, the tender Meltings, the filial Piety that flow'd unceasing, all forwarded the new inclining Soft: For oh! how deep rives Sorrow in the Charming; how moving looks Distress in Angel Forms; and oh! how tender thence deriv'd our Sufferings.

The Body convoy'd home with solemn Care, all left the Mourner but condoling Friends: Home went our new made Lover, with the Many, but not with their unfeeling Calm of Soul; at his Apartment every Thing displeas'd, his Orders were for Privacy and Bed, (a violent Head-ach the Pretence.) He instant stript, and courted soft Repose; but Sleep was fled the Soul bewildred Youth, he rose, and pac'd the Room with melancholly Woes, folded Arms, and silent, dull Regards; then sigh'd and threw him self, on a Couch; where long reclin'd, wearied with confused Thoughts, after an Hour of unagree

This News amid his Love, gave a Concern; and he must see her, tho' the Physician barr'd her every Visit; her Weakness, not permitting her to see the Light or Talk; but who dar'd unsay aught where he was Lord. In fine, he found her speechless, and expiring to every outward View; no Hope of Life, not even for the expected, coming Moment: The Sight drew Tears, doubtless of real Pity; for Lovers only feel a Love Distress. But oh! his Flame was gentle to *Amanda's*; a thousand airy Hopes fed the soft Idea; a thousand Views occur'd to make him happy; *Elaira* young, was possibly unwed; she might be not engag'd, (an orphan Maid) distress'd for want of Friends, or by their Usurpation; doubtless as yet, her Virgin Heart unfix'd; a Stranger to the cruel Dealings of the World, and had she ought of Interest much involved. Conscious of Power, he had a great Share of it; and engross'd Wealth, to dare Extravagance. Attendance, and genteel supply allow'd all Things, and since Love

134 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

enslav'd all, he resolv'd to own his Passion, and so pursue his Charmer, as infallibly to gain her.

Now *Amanda*, whilst a Child; those Years in which the Soul is form'd, had early Precepts from a School of Note; 'twas there she knew *Elaira*, her School-fellow; who having made the Court of *Paris* since, where the politer *Cyprians* get Applause; she in the gay *Parisian*, lost her Native Air; and kept but a slight Memory of *Amanda*. This *Felix*, now a Lover, well recorded, (Love ever agent to its own Relief,) and Funeral Solemnities past, visits *Elaira* with all the Resolution of a Man who dar'd to deserve the Name of *Cupid's* Servant: The forgetful *Elaira*, after some Minute's Pause, recollected that she knew *Amanda*, nor did our new made Lover lose the Advantage; his warm Address was enforc'd with the earnest Desire, he told her *Amanda* had long express'd to see her; and renew that Friendship their infant Hours cemented. To this, and the Danger he painted her in, a courteous Reply must naturally follow; and of course, the endearing Brother must be commended and allow'd of; nor met the Youth with aught that look'd Aversion, nor wanted he Words proper to sooth; nor was refus'd the Happiness he press'd for.

Now *Elaira* was a Lady, who with a large Share of ungovern'd Wit, was an accomplish'd Coquette; and altho' that Vanity which glories in Praise,

Praise, and even stoops to Flattery, deeply stain'd her with Censure and Detraction ; yet still the Fair had Charms ; nor was the Maid, to speak the Truth, unlovely ; her Eyes and Hair of a black, but bright Colour ; a Brow curious as Art, heighten'd her Beauty ; of an unfaded Red were her Cheeks and Lips ; her Look unaw'd and resolute ; yet full of Smiles when Conquest was the Lure ; her Stature not tall, nor low, a Shape attractive, and something in her whole Air, Words cannot describe, charm'd every Eye, and created her many Admirers.

The showy Part of Languages and Learning, which she had acquired, to charm the Vulgar, made her at the first Hearing, appear Angelic ; but wanting that Solidity of Judgment, which makes us really what we would appear, to the discerning, just, unbiass'd Few ; a second Conversation grew insipid ; and a third even seem'd impertinent.

So true it is, that a fine Lady, who engrosses the Talk of an Assembly, is more to be pity'd than caress'd ; and as an unceasing Flow of Words, deliver'd with a predominant Air, is inexcusable ; so very few will allow of. Ingenuous Meanings, being like good Faces, soon put into a becoming Dress ; and as nothing but Art and Design want a Preamble, so nothing but good Sense and studied Cunning shadows it ; and they

deeply sin who want the *Mask* ; yet their Discretion softens half the Crime, and a hidden Guilt shews some Regard for Virtue ; Deceit but rarely to be justified.

How far *Elaira* wanted such a Screen, the World as yet had not said ; though it was more than thought she had transgressed ; but *Felix*, like a Lover, blind to Faults, ventur'd notwithstanding all her Frailties, to wed the Fair ; and on *Amanda's* Recovery, who mended slowly, and but alternately bore with Discourses : her Brother, after arguing about *Belfond*, and blaming his Sister for giving up her Soul e'er she inform'd her better Judgment (his own Share in the Guilt possibly checking the Dispute) he slightly, not without Design, named *Elaira*, asking in a careless manner, how she should approve of her as a Sister, for such he had design'd to make her, being very much charm'd with her Wit and Person ? Rejoyning that that Lady, as a Proof of his Argument, would visit her in the Evening, if she thought it no Intrusion.

At the Name of *Elaira*, a Visit, and a Sister, *Amanda* redd'n'd deep, for having, since her inclining to Health used herself to hear much of the Publick, for Reasons which concerned her Ease of Heart, amidst the busy Round of circling News she learned by a private Whisper, that this *Elaira* had been a Lure of *Belfond's* : by him during

ing a few Days stay at *Paris*, caress'd ; and left, as Travellers lose Trifles : then a Count's Leaving, as it was whisper'd ; a Secret, by her own Misconduct, blown, who possibly 'twas added, was of Opinion, that 'tis more preferable to be thrice left, than never once attempted : though this was meer Report, a Court Lampoon, where Virtue often gets the Lash of Vice ; nor had *Amanda* much to fear from Jealousy : *Elaira* was no *Cleomene* : But reflecting how ill her Brother's Reasons agreed with his Choice, and how wretched a Wife, like her, would make him ; how the loud laughing World would censure *Felix*, and even how herself could bear to think of it, her Consciousness on next seeing the Duke, (did he return as well she wish'd him safe) of a plain Change, too visible to be long unobserv'd by one like this *Elaira*, were it Truth ; her own Abhorrence of a loose Demeanor : In fine, a thousand crouding wild Ideas made her resolve to fly the Insinuation which so betray'd the young and virtuous bred ; and returning her Brother for Answer, she was indeed surprized at his Choice. As for *Elaira* they were Children parted ; she could not be a Judge of her Deserts ; but that did the World say true, it was not very great.

She was not yet, 'twas certain, publickly in Fault ; but a Court Secret, rarely kept so long, where Scandal, ever busy, caught its Plumage If Dancing, and such outward Embellishments

138 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

make an accomplish'd Woman, many were so, *Elaira* not excepted; but she assured herself he that taught another so well how to arm against the Weaknesses of Nature, would doubtless himself avoid them. But, my dearest Brother, rejoined she with a feign'd Smile, Who is now in Love? I never knew a Passion was so contagious, that you should be struck with my Leavings.

The Brother resenting her last Words, yet more unwilling to declare himself so, cry'd, that the censuring World indeed, spoke ill of all, but *that* this never should create him jealous Hours; but for the Lady leaving Raillery, if so, he meant her, what would she advise, fond Love would ne'er unman him; he well could like, and think *Elaira* charming, but could not flatter any Fair's Caprice, but were the Lady free enough to chuse, and as he thought, had no Aversion for him, 'twas possible *Elaira* might be his. To this, *Amanda* hearing him with Regret, return'd, When I see the Lady next, I'll give you my Thoughts of her, and are you, as you'd have me believe, no Lover, you may chance to thank my Freedom. 'Tis somewhat strange, your Sex denies a Passion, and where you really Love, take Pains to hide it.

After some Continuance of Talk, they parted in a different Position of Mind: the Brother's wrong-plac'd Love (a friendly Mirror) giving
the

the Self-accus'd *Amanda* a feeling Pang, even whilst she pitied him, the Brother's Fault proving the Sister's Cure, for Reason whilst absent, warring with *Bellfond*, made the deep couzen'd Fair conceive herself free (common defraud) the Laugh of *Venus's* Son, *Bellfond* once present, how *Amanda* erred.

But to *Elaira*: Now *Amanda's* Guest, who seeing *Felix* too far lost for Words, witnessed with stifled Grief, the dreaded Connubials, Love for a Brother, silencing her Follies, though not to wrong *Elaira*; she was faulty meerly in Vanity and Affectation, and by light Airs, Extravagance and Gaming, (which she too much had lov'd, and thought polite) had made herself judg'd guiltier than she was; nor did she once, (though many loud defam'd her) wrong the severest Rules of strictest Virtue; but want of Conduct, and ambitious Views, still stain'd the Fair, and blasted Reputation.

Many condemn'd the Mourner quickly wed, but she had urgent Reasons so to act, for her Uncle sole Executor of all, guilty of Avarice to the Height of Baseness, had soon begun to wrong the new-made Orphan, by binding her to wed a Libertine, his Heir, or lose the little she, by Right, had claim to: when *Felix* warm pursuing, she agreed too, a Change perhaps, the happiest of her Life, then mean in Fortune, of

stain'd Reputation, her Father kill'd in a but late
ceas'd War; and in her Mother's Loss all Hopes
involved, the only real Grief she then had
known.

The Bride was with Caresses welcom'd home,
and grew the Talk of the remarking World,
whilst *Amanda's* continu'd Illness, and her late
Loss, when she was serious, gave a Melancholy.
Felix having fix'd on the Country, to waste
those Months devoted to pious Mournings, *Elai-
ra's* hasty Marriage allowing no Time as yet to
decently lose the Habit, to divert the solitary
Minutes, the new Bride prevail'd on her Lord to
bring a Lady of Distinction, her Friend, to share
with her the Amusement of the Garden.

Elaira's Friend, whom we shall call *Luvania*,
was past that Age that Youth esteems its Right.
Being turn'd of Thirty, beautiful as the loveliest
of the Fair, proportion'd to the exactest Rules
of Art, and of a Shape beyond Description,
charming, and in a Word her whole Composure
fine and just, and of a Conduct beauteous as her
make.

The Wit that sparkled in her Eyes and Air,
and told us what a Mine was the rich Soul, made
her at once a dangerous dear-lov'd Friend, for
she was cunning as the subtlest She, discerning
as

as distrust, and wise as Man; well read, far
travell'd, and of deep Remark.

Thus lovely, the unmatched deserving Fair
was not without her Sex's Softnesses: by Love
young ruin'd, and by Faith undone; and even
with all that Magazine of Beauty, the Bubble
of an undeserving Villain. Hard Lot of Beauty,
and hard Fate of Love! why are we destin'd,
blindly to bestow, or ever we can scan, the dear
Undoer.

Luvania's Parents, of no small Esteem, married her, when scarce Fourteen, to Duke *Dizanga*, a Man then nigh Fourscore, rich, and much honoured, without an Heir, or, from his weak Endeavours, Hope of any. Amid the Many, who even then admired, *Luvania* had distinguish'd the false *Carlo*, a finish'd Courtier, but genteel and handsome, at that Time young, tho' almost twice her Age; deep read in all the Foibles of the Fair. This *Carlo* wanting Means, from a small Income, and a Soldier's Post, to court *Luvania's* Friends for the young Beauty, see her the Duke's, without an anxious Thought, whilst the fond Maid, wed to her Detestation, (unhappy Match) was on the wrack of Woe; how should she act, loving to that Excess; lov'd as she thought herself by all she wished, all she could never have, one that address'd her still, spite of Forbiddance, a Man she scarce had
Strength

142 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Strength enough to fly, and one that knew so well to use his Power.

For *Carlo* well dissembled, e'er he gain'd, tho' indolent, as the most cool Ingrate, on being made what he at first call'd happy. *Luvania* so beset, long kept herself chaste: but, oh! where Love invades, where is Sense of Honour?

One Evening as repos'd, in a close Grotto, of Nature's making, dark, for 'twas in *Italy* she then resided; her Country, *Spain*, and to a Native wed, the Warmth of those hot Climates more inclining to give us Rest abroad, than in a Chamber, *Carlo* who scaled the Garden Wall with hazard, resolv'd to follow and sue young *Luvania*, till Virtue's nodding Minute made Success, assur'd he was not an unwelcome Lover, by many Softs his Cunning had remark'd: Love of all Frailties by itself betray'd: the Youth who watchful, pac'd the Garden softly, nor lost his Notice of the covert Grotto, observing the yet sleeping Fair, in that defenceless Way, stopt him, and paus'd, when slow advancing, not without Design, he swift embraced her, and fix'd a Kiss of Transport, or ever the un-waken'd Fair disturb'd: when frighted by so unusual a Caress, Gods! cry'd *Luvania*, help my Lord, where am I!

These Words, with a shril Shriek, and Sigh of
Fear

Fear, were silenc'd quick by amorous artful *Carlo*, who resolute, in spite of every Danger, never to baffle Opportunity, rejoyned, My Love, my Soul, my Fair, 'tis I,—the wrong'd, the injur'd *Carlo*, who adores you; I die if I am not blest'd: Oh! make me truly so without reserve, or I am positive never to leave you. This accented with a thousand Languishments, usher'd with all the dear Regards of Love, of real Love, (so can the Traytor act) deceiv'd and melted all the lost *Luvania*, who vainly begg'd the dangerous Foe to desist, vainly resisted, all was his within, and she but faintly wish'd the lov'd Youth to decline.

Long she had fear'd so private a Recess; long with severest Caution shunn'd the Tempter, nor suffer'd even herself alone, her softer Hours foreboding what might Chance, conscious how much Desire was her Foe; and, oh! how little Sleeping virtu'd Friend; but there's a Fate, sure in some guardless Minutes, or Love would never thus laugh at Discretion: In fine, she lov'd, nor lost the Youth the Advantage; but with close Foldings and repeated Kisses, with all the artfullest Vows of tenderest Truth, with all that could induce believing Love, he won the now no more forbidding Beauty, and glory'd in a Prize the proudest Monarch would have thought himself rich in.

When

144 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

When now the Fair, half dead with dread Reflection, begged *Carlo* to harken! some Noise grew loud and near, and half repenting, fetch'd a deep soul'd Sigh, then cry'd, *Oh, Heavens! the Duke, what have we done! Fly Carlo, fly, where I may never blush at thy Approach; for I am ruin'd, and my Shame divulged; oh, fly, thou dear Undoer of my Honour: 'tis certainly so, I hear the stern Dizanga.* Here the amazed Fair endeavour'd, trembling, to rise, when *Carlo*, who as yet, carelessly heard her, judging it nought, but tim'rous Woman's Fear, heard a slow Pace, and nigh observ'd a Man of the Duke's Make, he instantly left the Fair to defend Life; and straight unsheathing a short Sabre, started, before the Soul-shock'd Charmer could prevent him, just as the ancient Duke, *Luvania's* Husband, for it was him, made to the fatal Place; for there was now no Way but Flight or Death: The unconsidering *Carlo* passing, struck the pointed Weapon at the wrong'd *Dizanga*; but the Blow miss'd and stabb'd *Luvania's* Breast: (sad Omen of a greater Woe to come.)

The Duke, till now, stern, jealous, and revengeful, mov'd at the Sight, and her pale, Death-like Looks, snatch'd the stain'd Weapon thence with hasty Force, and dropt a Tear, adding with Accent low, and Eyes of Pity, *So art thou stain'd, unbappy lost Luvania; the Boy who hath undone thee boasts him on't; I'm sorry Carlo*
was

was the Man,—a Villain! with these Words, giving her his Hand to rise, who yet was seated, he found her cold and speechless (possibly struck with Shame and Sense of Honour) at the Duke's Entrance, had scarcely Power to move, to which the erring Weapon, adding Horror, her vital Spirits lost some while their Force, and left the Fair for Dead a long Hour's Space, and happy had it been for poor *Luvania* were it in earnest so; but secret Causes work their own Effects, and make us live to know the Depth of Wretchedness, when some offended Power over-glooms us.

The Duke's Resentment soften'd even to Pity, by the Fair's Tortures, and remorse of Soul, possibly blaming his rash Indiscretion, in wedding one of so unequal Years, secreted his Disgrace, tho' it fast consum'd him; and, unlike most of *Spain's* hot, fiery Sons, calmly lamented the much-chang'd Offender; and when the long expected dreaded Weight distress'd him deepest, bore it without Complaint, but not without a Feelingness, which prov'd fatal.

The fair *Luvania*, by skilful Surgeons, view'd, *Dizanga* was inform'd, would yet recover; her Loss of Spirits having staid the Bleeding, even when the Duke drew back the spotted Sabre, her Wound not deep, altho' the Fright spoke Danger: Her Sense recall'd, by the Physician's Art, with

146 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

with a sad Sigh, as though enforc'd to live in
 silent soul-felt Pangs, the Fair revived, and liv'd
 for Wees to come, more truly fatal, a raging
 Fever seized the young Undone, [Effect of Love's
 Surprize, and sullied Honour] and 'twas with
 Wonder she recovered of it. When more to a-
 gonize the conscious Husband, she was with
 Embrio conceived by *Carlo*, who judging were
 she ill, himself the Cause, had never from the
 Time he ruined her, seen her, nor once endea-
 vour'd to learn aught of her Welfare.

The Lady, from th'Invader of her Quiet, the
 Duke's Behaviour, unexpected Good, softened to
 Sadness, by such unmatch'd Conduct, the Fair
 repented she had ever wrong'd him, and find-
 ing *Carlo* unesteem'd her Favours, forgot her
 Person, and aspersed her Fame: for more to
 shock the Fair, and write him Villain, he had
 loud talk'd the Story of the Grotto, with large
 Additions and base Lies that Stain, nor by a
 well-penn'd Falshood salv'd the Crime. *Luvania*
 heard the Tale with bitter Anguish; could she re-
 flect she had favour'd one that despis'd her, and
 even had publickly accus'd her Conduct, for
 Gifts an Eastern King would bow to gain:
 Beauty and Beauty's Bloom could not support
 it; the Melancholy thence deriv'd, struck Sense,
 and she was even in Birth, wanting of Rea-
 son, when a well-featur'd Boy, strong in itself,
 forced forth the Semblance of the Villain Sire,
 and

and brought his Name grav'd on his Brow, a *Carlo*, for so the Duke would have the Infant call'd, his Dutcheſs then inſenſible of aught.

A ſplendid Banquet, the Child's Feaſt enſued, where all loud prais'd the ever-generous Duke: But he, or drinking more, or thinking much, for a ſtill Fire unſeen, unnerves a Life, (and from a ſilent Woe, how many droop) ſo the thrice ſtabb'd *Dizanga* loſt a Being, and in an unthought Moment of Applauſe dropp'd dead as he was hailing Infant *Carlo*, of whom, though not to learn it was not his, he ſeem'd extremely fond, and greatly tender. The Feaſt was inſtantly ſtopped, and all withdrew, when Tears of Sorrow, fill'd the now chang'd Dome, and every faithful Slave ſhew'd Signs of Grief.

This while *Luvania*, uninform'd of aught, recover'd ſlow, all fear'd to reveal the Loſs, and ſilent, ſtopt them of intended Speech, when a Siſter of the Duke's, no ways related to his better Temper, boldly ſurprized her with the weighty Stroke, which ſhe received, as a big Blow of Fate, with Silence, and a Sigh, for Words but eccho, light, and unfelt Grievs: ſhe mourned a prudent and a tender Friend, a Goodneſs that reproach'd her guilty Soul, for the Duke lov'd her with a Father's Tenderneſs; and during his being conſcious of her Fault, even ſelf-condemn'd, and waiting his Upbraid,
had

had ever nam'd her Failing with mild Pity : few Words and inward Bleedings spoke his Soul, and gave *Luvania* oft a red burn'd Blush, who even own'd her Love, in all its Weakness, and Self-convicted, mov'd a generous Tear. The Duke on her vow'd Penitence, still Sufferance, and real Meanings of a certain Change, declaring he would not disturb an Hour, with ought that might, if remember'd, give Unquiet. This tender, unmatched Conduct, pierc'd *Luvania*, and as a Creditor who gently sues, or seems forgetful, we even wish to pay, or that our Fortunes may be unobliged too, whilst him who rudely tears us from a home, we but reluctantly and by Force do Justice ; so was it with the generous-minded Dutcheßs.

The Duke's Relations, without Pomp, interr'd him, telling the lovely Dutcheßs her young Son, whom it was more than thought, was not the late *Dizanga's*, tho' now 'twas certain as such he must be bred, must instantly be put from her, his Mother's Care, her Character being stained, and she suspected to be the Cause of the Duke's sudden Death ; but as they had consider'd she was young, and of a noble and illustrious Family, they pity'd her ; and though her Crimes deserved a publick Shame, they had but destin'd her to Solitude, a Blessing she might live to thank them for, when she had Grace enough to mourn her Errors ; for she must bid adieu to loose Delights,

lights, and soon prepare herself to lose her Child, and think of a Retirement they should chuse, or be an Exile from their Family.

These Words occasioned the young Beauty Tears, who pleaded with a Mother's Tenderness, that she might be so blest'd as to have her Son where she might see him often, (what was his Crime?) and no Retirement would be Solitary: They strait returned a sullen, short Reply, telling her in a Word, she must depart as on the Morrow, the Time they should appoint; and for her Son, two Hours was all the Time he was allow'd to be there; adding, they thought they had been better to her than she had merited by her base Actions: It was, enough, a Bastard, wrong'd *Dizanga*, false Heir to his vast Honours and Estate: bid her reflect on that and how to thank them.

The astonish'd Charmer, who heard the vile Reproaches with silent Agony, scarce able to support her inward Grief, begg'd she might see her dear Infant once more; a Favour, which, with some Difficulty, was granted her, when the distracted Mother, with a Transport, mingled with inexpressible Torture, clasp'd the young Innocent next her fond Bosom, and with a Shower of briny Tears, embath'd him; the smiling Infant, unconcern'd at Fate, laying its pretty Hand on his griev'd Mother seem'd as

150 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

if it would cares and sooth her Sorrows : a long Farewel, my dear, dear Son, she falter'd, and then cares'd it with that fix'd Regard, as though her very Soul had been enwrap'd in't ; when a foul Trayt'ers, who had watch'd the Transport, tore from *Luvania's* Breast the inoffensive Babe, who strove, whilst she had Strength, to keep him hers ; but all in vain : Prayers nor Tears had no Efficacy ; the Infant was quickly forced from her ; of which assur'd, she gave a Shriek, and swooned : and thus insensible as Sleep or Death, without endeavouring to recover her, they instantly remov'd the Fair from thence, to a private obscure Seat of the late Duke's, where none should dare to be seen with her, but two Attendants of *Dizanga's* Sisters, and a four cross *Duena*, meant her Guard ; nor for some Hours were there Signs of Life in the distressed *Luvania* ; who, when fled Sense, returned, surpriz'd, reflected on their barbarous Usage, and thinking she was now for Life a Prisoner, indulg'd her Sorrows and grew dangerous ill, nor was for some Time fit to converse with any.

Still Grief, thus deep, had settled slow Despair. Here she remain'd some Time unseen, unheard of, kept from the Sight of every well-intending Friend, by the watchful Malice of the Duke's Relations : The Dutchess, young, knew Spleen, and felt its Force, when widowed and a Mother, scarce Sixteen. The Year of Mourning done,
(used

(used to ill Usage) she now grew more herself, and saw their End, viz. to wrong her of a wealthy Revenue, if possible to be, beggar her Son, and by loud swearing her a Lunatick, make Duke *Dizanga's* whole Estate their own: the Thought grew fast; each wasting Day confirm'd it.

The fair *Luvania*, anxious for Liberty, soon convinc'd them, she had Sense to dare it: To effect her Wish, she acted a Relapse; and feigning to engage in nought that pleas'd, kept her Chamber, whilst the *Duena*, tir'd of the House, and thinking her asleep, ventur'd, not now so fearful as at first, to take a Round in the Gardens, which they were so obliging to the young Lady to make pleasant for, for *Luvania* had so behav'd, as rather seem'd to hug than hate Retirement. The only Way to cheat and be successful; and now (as deceitful Love is ever fond) seem'd more than ever to indulge the Gloom. This Conduct made her wholly unsuspected, and gain'd her the wish'd-for lonely Moment, a Liberty *Duenas* rarely give.

The Dutchess was barr'd writing; Pen, Ink, and Paper being strictly forbid her; but having a Drawing-Pencil, (Limning being a Diversion allow'd her) and observing a Book that lay loose in a Window of her Apartment, pencilled her Mind in few Words in a vacant Leaf; thereby giving Notice to a Lady, who was her Friend,

and who lived near that Retirement, what she had suffered. The lovely Fair, distress'd, had often observ'd a Boy that work'd in the lower Gardens, at some Distance from the House, who altho' young, was subtle and ingenious, and judging he had not so strict Orders as the Family-Slaves, or might possibly be easier brib'd to neglect them, was eager to try the honest-looking Youth: and putting on an affected Gayety, when the *Duena* return'd, whom she pretended never to be pleas'd without, she must just then take a Turn in the Gardens, the ill-natur'd Antiquity, half tir'd, would have dissuaded her from it, telling her it grew late, and Evening Airs were damp; she only reply'd, She must go, and she should attend her, for she'd not walk alone; and briskly rising, ran down Stairs more nimbly than usual; the rheumatick old Woman, half lame with Pains and Achs, hobbling after, with all the aukward Haste of decrepid Age.

The Dutcheß, never in better Humour, swiftly walk'd round the Garden, whilst the grumbling *Duena*, whom she affected to follow, mutter'd of going to Bed, and taking Care of her Health, till able to walk no more, she was oblig'd to seat herself on the Moss, and beg the young Lady to retire; when *Luvania* seeming busy with some Flowers she had gathered, got a fair Opportunity to see the young Gardener, and give him his Cue, *viz.* to wait on her on
that

that Spot the Hour she fix'd upon : the Boy very much taken with her Gold, and good Humour, vowed to obey : when the blinded *Duena* who had more than once bawled for her Charge, gladly followed her to Bed : but *Luvania*, who had more than Dreams to manage, recollected she had a composing Draught, potion'd pleasant enough. This Draught, whilst the drowsy *Duena* was sleeping o'er her Beads, she infused, unobserv'd by her, in some sweet Wine, that was ordered, and making a Shew of drinking as being hot, obliged the unthinking *Duena* to pledge her, who, without discerning the Fraud, drank deep, and was soon too fast for a Remove that Night : At this Success the Dutcheſs, smiling, left the Room ; and watching the Domesticks reposed, look'd for the young Gardener, who was punctual : the Boy gathered, as ordered by *Luvania*, a Poesy of the choicest Flowers, in which, with Art, the Fair enclos'd a Billet, which the deep interested Boy convey'd. The ingenuous Friend soon finding out the Mystery, the Ladies soon met, careſs'd and counsell'd ; and by the still assiduous Boy's Assistance, that very Night the Dutcheſs left her Prison, for such that Solitude had ever seem'd, and lodg'd her close some time with her fair Friend : Her rigid Guardians, distracted to find her fled, vented their Rage on the old Governante, who when her Lady's Loss was first discover'd, was scarcely awakened from her Nap, the past Night.

154 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

In vain they seek the lovely lost *Luvania*. In vain to bring her back, offer large Rewards : for none knew where to search aright ; and to confound them, no Eye had seen her, but the Boy who freed her, (her Friend excepted) the intrusted Youth being tim'rous of himself, kept close the Secret, nor was there else any of the servile Kind made acquainted with her Flight. In Dangers, a Prudence that is seldom practis'd,

The Duke's Relations missing of their Prize, treated the old *Duena* barbarously, keeping her on coarse Bread and measur'd Water, lock'd in a Tenement, scarce Weather Proof, under a Pretext, she had killed *Luvania*, or what was worse to them, help'd her to escape : But so it happen'd, that a Servant, hastily call'd, whom they entrusted to bring this poor Support, by Accident had left the Door unfasten'd, and thinking it was lock'd, no more return'd, when the *Duena*, famish'd near a Week, got free ; who told her Case to a stern Judge, and instantly strict confin'd the late Duke's Sister, and those concern'd in injuring young *Luvania*, whose Wrongs stung by her own, the Matron urg'd ; so sure, though slow is vow'd Revenge in Age ; young, we forget the Insults of a Foe, but old experienc'd Winter cannot bear it ; grey Heads and Provocations ill agree ; double we feel, double resent the Affront,

It

It was not *Luvania's* Sufferings but her own, urged the *Duena* first to name the Fair; whose Injuries known, made a more strict Enquiry; whilst the lovely Dutcheſs, writing to *Gallia*, where a Grandee of *Spain*, her near Relation, (then diſtant on an Errand of the State) reſided. He inform'd, by the wrong'd Beauty, of her Diſtreſs, by Letters, made the *Spaniſh* Court her Friend; whose King on hearing the ſad Tale of the fair injur'd Relict, (her Parents who was well reſpected, having been ſome time dead) obliged her Opponents to give her her Right, and place her yet young Son at her Diſpoſal, where ſhe requeſted and ſhould judge moſt proper; a Juſtice the wrong'd Dutcheſs thank'd him with the ſincereſt Tranſport for, who had not ſeen this darling of her Hopes, now full two Years ſince the ſad Time ſhe loſt him firſt: Now it was ſhe knew indeed to be a Mother; let thoſe who know the Sorrow feel the Joy, who know to loſe a Child, an only Child, ſo long ſo rude a Space of whirling Moons, torn from their Soul, or ever they've endear'd it, and ſhewn them but to tell 'twas meant for Woe, they beſt define the Grief, conceive the Rapture, the Mother melting and the fond Careſs.

Nor got, whilst Infant *Carlo* was ſent home, the late Duke's Siſter any Liberty, ſince firſt confin'd by Means of the *Duena*, who well had judged herſelf wanting in Power; and thoſe ſhe

156 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

had accus'd, too great for her to condemn; had she not joyned the injur'd fair *Luvania*; a Thought that had some Wisdom, tho' 'twas faulty, and serv'd to help the Cause of Innocence.

So Providence often makes the little Friends and the most minute Reptile serviceable. What humane Eye, what Foresight had divin'd this Your *Duena*, this once dreaded Guard, should from urged Spleen, grow just to wrong'd *Luvania*, and be a strong Witness against those she formerly serv'd? yet this sometimes does mighty *Jove* permit; and so immoderate was the Matron's Rage, her Plot successful, her Revenge satisfy'd, she died with Laughter in the Hall of Justice; nor ceased the noisy Joy till Breath was stagnated and every Faculty had stopp'd its Course. Sad End of Life, to be by all deep mourn'd, who think justly and shun Extremes of Malice.

But to return; the new-chose Tutors of young Duke *Dizanga*, for such the Infant *Carlo* was esteem'd, were those the lovely Dutchess call'd her Friends; at whose Request the beauteous Child knew Home; a Solace now which she was too long barr'd from, wrapt her in an extasy of Joy. She clasp'd the smiling Babe next her fond Heart, printing a thousand Kisses on its Cheek, crying, O *Carlo*! O my Son! my Stain! Sure thou art guiltless, and may'st claim my Love:—thy base, ungenerous Father, it's true, neglects

gleets thee;—forgets my lovely Boy,—my Virgin Blush,—my ruin'd Honour—and thy injur'd Fame—those Beauties that I boast beyond my Sex,—and but for him, had he been just reserv'd.—O Villain! Traytor! added she, deep sighing, What hast thou lost! How have I not been courted!—But this is Vanity: What have I suffered, my dear Boy, for thee?—sprung from a Villain, who is careless of thee; yet all I ever loved, ever was anxious for, to wrong Dizanga's House and wear his Honours.

Here streaming Tears stop'd the reflecting Charmer, and humid Sorrows wet the beautiful Babe; when silencing her Grievs, again she caught him, and clasp'd him with a tender Mother's Rapture, in a mute close Embrace, sealing her Accents on his pretty Lips, and stilling all her Woes with the young Cupid; for Love's soft God was never more engaging, nor the all-pleasing Deity more lovely; his Manly Brow and ringlet darkling Hair, just Feature and Complexion all that's lively, with an expressive Eye of sterner Fire spoke the fair Promise of revived *Endymion*.

But to proceed: *Luvania*, some time silent, renews her complaints, and gazing on her young Carlo earnestly, thus resum'd: 'Tis a black Crime admits no Penitence; from guilty Minutes Blessings may

138 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

*may take source : Hear me, good Heaven ! and accept
my Vow ; nor thou unseen Supreme reject my Prayer.
I yet am young ; and do, I know my Heart, mean
never more to wrong the sacred Powers. Guard
me, ye Guardian Genii of the Good ; Mortals may
err, nor is any Humane perfect. Protect, indulgent
Jove, my infant Son, nor make his Parents Guilt sit
heavy on him.*

Words like to these endear'd the yet young
Carlo, and thus the lovely Fair receiv'd her Son,
her only darling, in whom she center'd every
pleasing Hope ; and without that austere Affec-
tation of rigid Severity, by which our Modern
Widows are distinguish'd, the beauteous Relict
vows with all Sincerity, a Penitence unfeigned,
and firmly resolves, Affairs once settled, to leave
with Joy now hated *Italy*, Scene of her late
Distress and weightiest Sin, declaring, should it
please her better Star, to her last Hour to shun
that fatal Place : being thus resolv'd, she made
the shortest Stay, and once again made for
Spain's Metropolis ; where all receiv'd the Fair,
with unfeigned Transport, and many wealthy
Offers tempted her strongly to change her Con-
dition, and be again a Wife ; whilst the Lady,
with all the Decorum of good Manners that sui-
ted her Character and the Life she had then re-
solv'd upon, modestly refus'd them ; and fixing
her whole Soul on Joys more solid, directs her
Orizons to mighty *Jove*, nor heeds the awed,
adoring

adoring, suppliant Crowd, who kneeling flatter her into a Goddess; the Publick she declines; and every Visit, those excepted where Duty and Necessity obliged her to make a grateful Return; yet courteous and liberal to the meanest Object of Pity, got the sincerest Prayers and Praises of the Indigent and Distress'd, and placing her young Son, who was her Fellow-Voyager to *Spain*, with a learned Prelate, good and virtuous, his Education all her worldly Care; she with the firmest Resolution to be Holy prepared herself to become a Vestal, then scarce Nineteen.

On Celebration of the solemn Rites, Notice being publick on the Day affix'd, the Great and Gay, the Handsome and Polite, assembled them, and visited in Shoals the happy Convent, bless'd with so young, so beautiful a Votary, a voluntary Offering to the Gods: Nor was there wanting the censorious Many, who to detract from Virtue form a Cause; one loud declar'd it Love, that cross'd by Fate, perplex'd and gave her Spleen, and some Months gone; more calm of Soul, she'd weep and grieve, she thus had bartered Freedom: others averred some Guilt hung on her Soul, and secretly prey'd upon her gayer Hours, something she dreaded, nor dar'd to trust a World with; but all allow'd her lovely and attracting, and wondering, hail'd the Vestal's Resolution in bloom of Youth and Beauty thus resign'd. Her Sex, with Envy, own'd her all
Per-

Perfection, possibly pleas'd she could no more make jealous. The Good caress'd her, and the Great admir'd, whilst the more Amorous sigh'd to see her fled them ; and Libertines in Sense and Inclination, felt the dissolving God's all-melting Dart, and in a Moment lost whole Years of Freedom.

Amidst the Throng, *Luvania's* Charms had fired a *Neapolitan*, well born, well made, lovely as the young God *Apollo's* fabled, gaz'd and ador'd till he was lost to Sense, and thinking seriously, to Love was to Despair, grew much disturb'd, and left the Temple hastily ; all much astonish'd at the Youth's Disorder, who took the Eye of almost every Fair. Whilst the blushing Dutchess with down-cast Eye, regardless of the Throng, led by two Ladies of high Birth and Honour, with solemn Steps pac'd the all-hallow'd Dome.

Her Dress, Milk-white, stain'd with a new-blown Rose, (just Hieroglyphick of her widow'd State) her lovely Hair, Jet black in flowing careless Ringlets, in Coronals of Flowers, enrich'd with Pearl, and scatter'd over with Diamonds, the Work of studied, artful Negligence, shaded a Neck of Ermin, to which her modest Air gave double Grace, and made the mingling Colours on her Cheek, caus'd by the Murmurs of a Crowd's

Crowd's Applause, add even amid Confusion
new form'd Beauties.

Her Son attended, dress'd in spotless White,
(Emblem of Innocence) circled, and led by
Youths of Birth and Figure, follow'd by the
good Prelate his Instructor, and a grave Matron
his indulgent Nurse, his Trustees present, and a
numerous Train, the Vestals of the Order at the
Altar, there to receive the destin'd Devotee, the
Young, the Fair, the almost unmatch'd *Luvania*,
who on the sacred Spot caress'd her Son, given
by the Youths who waited, to her fond Arms for
the last dear Embrace; for such the soft-soul'd
Mother then divin'd it.

With Yearnings of a Soul, and eager Kisses,
the tender Mother press'd the darling Boy, then
dropt a feeling Tear, and thus bespoke him, *My
Son! my Carlo!—all my Hopes below :—all that of
Humane can unnerve my Soul,—be good,—be just—
Jove make thee pious :—know you had a Mother,
felt a Mother's Pang.—I must no more,—the
Gods forbid the Weakness.—Luvania weeps, my
Child, to part with Carlo;—thy infant Sweetness
gives me every Melting,—and I am almost lost to
Resolution. How weak, how frail are big-pretend-
ing Mortals!—Heaven is my Aim, and Heaven
will sure protect thee;—but Fortune's thine and
Luxury will follow :—the World bath Lures, nor
wants thy Person Charms :—That Angel Face, I
fear,*

162 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

fear, will hide the Traytor, and Innocence be very quickly marr'd. Oh! my good Lord, resumed she, turning to the chief Guardian of the Child, a distant Brother, by a second Sire, shield me this Babe from the Effects of Power, effeminating Vices and Ambition;—that Vanity his Charms may cause I dread, and those luxurious Hours that tempt the Wealthy:—The servile Hind is freed from Ills of Plenty, and him that wants, from Frauds of downy Ease.—The young Undone, are the unthinking Great, who from full Tables, count a barren Age; nor know their Loss, whilst Pluto's Cell makes wretched,—and the black Hour makes Penitence a Mock.——To you, my Lord, my Friend, my well-lov'd Brother, I give in Charge This Treasure of a Soul, Luvania's All, This dear, enchanting, yet untainted Infant Dizanga's Heir, Luvania's better Hope.—From you, my Lord, I look to have him Great, of Education equalling his Birth:—You are well learn'd, and know how to form a Soul, and make Life's first Perceptions fine and just.—You, as an Uncle, claim a Father's Right: Ob! be not slow to fathom and correct; for you, my Lords, sharers of my Esteem, and Fellow-Guardians to the young Dizanga, forgive me I thus long forget your Worth:—well have you serv'd me;—low I bow to thank you—May ever giving Jove's best Bounties hail you; as I confide, you will befriend my Son.

*To you, good holy Man, rejoyn'd Luvania, sing-
ling the Tutor of the lovely Youth, I give my*

unstain'd Infant, white and spotless;—see you return him,—such as you will not blush at, when a dread Hour commands a strict Account: forgive me this, I but advise, not doubt; but we delay the Rites; your Pardon, Sisters:—I here resign the Charmer that detains me;—forgive me Gods,—a Mother's frailty Soft;—and you, unmarried Fair, Strangers to the Emotions Nature gives, nor blame, nor stern accuse the tender Weakness.——So saying, she gave back her Son, reluctant, whilst a half-started Tear stop'd on its Road, unwilling, rested on the humid Lid, and her fine Hair offering to the rude Scissars, made naked the most perfect Mold then being; soon was the Fair unrobed and vested as became her new Profession, in a plain Habit of the strictest Order; her fragrant Locks all's Envy,---boon of all, and so reserved as seldom seen choice Reliques; sacred, unfullied and inviolate, all silent, see her take the solemn Oath, and scarce refrain'd a Tear of parting Pity; her Talk with the young Carlo softening Foes, whilst she all chearful as a new-orb'd Saint, left all serene, as dying Men lose Toys.

Led from the Altar by two Matron Nuns, resign'd as Infant's sleep, or old Men dream, a Sigh for Carlo, and a Mother Look; all that she was observed to seem regret, or gave her a Concern.

What

164 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

What now could injure the All-happy Fair, divinely beautiful, divinely good: but what is certain in a Mortal State? This lower World, govern'd by unseen Springs, bears nothing perfect, lest it become a God. From the bold Vigilance of one fallen Star, how many weep, even old in Bitterness: Thus well-inclin'd, thus as all thought-past Fate, the lovely new-made Nun, form'd to be wretched (for Beauty is but rare sublimely bless'd) was in a surly Minute robb'd of Peace.

The Villain *Carlo*, who during this Interval, was warring afar off, was now return'd [unhappy for *Luvania*] made, for his big-told Lies, (for Cowards boast) Commander of a Fort that made him great; and directly coasting on *Spain*, the lovely Nun being much-talk'd of, he was not long a Stranger to what had happen'd. Resolute and more wicked than a *Pluto*, he fir'd the Convent at the Hour of Prayer, the very Day he from a Storm made Shore; and whilst the astonish'd Town help'd to stop the Blaze and aid the Fair Distressed, watching a lonely Moment, caught his Prize, and bore *Luvania* far a-thwart a Desert the Convent border'd on, before she could recover her frighted Senses, or knew the horrid Wretch who then had clasp'd her.

There he again with rudest Treatment, forc'd
here

her, and ravish'd those Endearments she deny'd,
regardless of Respect, or what was Sacred; even
sporting with the Flames that gave him Tri-
umph. In vain the ruin'd Vestal urg'd him to
cease; in vain resisted his now loath'd Embrace.
A thousand Terrors made the Villain hated,
whilst yet a thousand Softs pleaded within. So
true it is, where once we love, 'tis difficult to
hate, even though we form the most rigid Reso-
lution, and have a real Cause to be offended.

The Monster now, Love-sated, reason'd calm-
ly on her Habit and his Crime, dreading the
wrack should she revenge, or even dare a Whis-
per that might discover him. Consulting thus
he now grew wisely smooth; a thousand humble
Pardons tipp'd his Utterance; a thousand so-
lemn Oaths vow'd Faith and Love, declaring
loud 'twas Love, the fiercest Love that urg'd
him thus to forget himself and her.

He rag'd, he burn'd, he died for her Embrace,
in fine, he could not live without *Luvania*; and
conscious of her but too just Resentment, for
Faults yet unforgiven, though long past, de-
spairing to engage her to Compliance, the
Hell within had forc'd him to seem a Devil:
But would she yet consent to Loves soft Heaven,
his Soul was hers, and all its Faculties. Thus
did he sooth, thus Lye, and thus protest, while
Floods of briny Tears embath'd *Luvania*, nor
could she overcome her softer Sin; still she be-

L

liev'd,

166 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

liev'd, still lov'd, still was undone : so easy may Deceit blind Innocence, where Love, undoing Love's the Traytor Guard. Oh Carlo ! cry'd the Fair, *no more invade ; why would you thus, too lovely, too dear Ingrate,—why rob me of a Rest I can't recall.—I had purpos'd me an eternal Quiet ; — nay, thought I had forgot pernicious Love :—But now,—What shall I say ?—To thee I owe Distractions never told,—a Virgin Blush—and Infamy not to be express'd. Cruel Dishonourer ! to expose me ! Gods !* To this the Villain, with a thousand solemn Lies, pleaded not guilty ; assuring her those Aspersions which had been rais'd to stain her Character, of which he was wholly ignorant, were merely the Reports of malicious Tongues ; to which Asseverations he added Tenders, (conscious she lov'd him) that look'd, tho' false, so lovely, so much like Truth itself, that Love was not to be blam'd to give them Credit.

And oh ! how prevalent's the Man that charms ! she could not hate ; and, who in Love is wise ? Thus soften'd the black Carlo urg'd his Dread ; for it was Danger made him thus submissive. *Good Heavens ! what can I, cry'd the trembling Fair, I cannot see thee die, and I the Cause ; instruct my Thought ; for, oh ! 'tis agoniz'd to that Excess, I cannot form a Project to secure thee.*

Now had the Miscreant, in her Love, his Wish, Safety and Triumph ; the next Thing was to

to advise her to quit her Dress, the Habit of the Order being certain Danger. In fine, she was all his, and so he rul'd ; and for more Safety, mask'd her as a Man ; when privately, for a while, the Serpent Lover lodg'd her, till once again, by Loves repeated, pregnant, the shocked *Luvania* grew much-changed and thoughtful, fearing the Event, nor daring to see young *Carlo*, whilst him she fear'd for, cool and indolent, dreading the Birth would expose the vile Father ; for unquestion'd of the Convent, he had as yet, lorded it unthought of or unsuspected, form'd to prevent the Discovery, a most matchless Wickedness, exerting first his Skill in barbarous Usage, if possibly the cutting Dart would kill ; for little he regarded the Undone, and made her easy Breach of Vow to Heaven, a certain Argument she would forsake him, when Danger strongly pursu'd her, and threaten'd Life ; not that he once believ'd what he asserted, but bent to Wrack and Torture the Deserving : (unjust Return for Love and Faith unquall'd) nor heard her Sighs, nor heeded aught she utter'd ; but with a Negligence, even rustical, behav'd himself carelessly, forgetting every soft and generous Pang. The distress'd *Luvania* only his, had born to free him from a shameful Death : Her Dress that wore a Dread and Inconvenience, far unfitting her Weakness or her Sex, having, tho' seldom she appear'd in Publick, got the best Wishes of the Fair and Gay, the young *Alonzo*, for so she had nam'd her, filling

168. *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Seville with Sighs and amorous Sonnets; for never seem'd a more desired Youth; so very lovely, that Love himself was foil'd, nor dipt an Arrow but *Alonzo* fix'd it. Dangerous in every Dress to every Gazer, Love never more than now unwished. The Fair Sex who were so deceiv'd, shar'd her tenderest Pity, but that she fear'd their Penetration might betray her, which would undoubtedly prove fatal: When she seriously reflected, that after such vast Sufferings, such Excess of Love, the Villain treated her with such Indifference, when she consider'd that the Violation of her sacred Vow could never be forgiven, or forgot, and that wou'd the vile *Carlo* indulge her Wishes so far as to marry her; whilst they continu'd in *Spain* 'twould be impracticable. In fine, her tender Affection for him, and his barbarous Inhumanity towards her, joyn'd to the sad Reflection of their now mutual voluntary Crime. By Intervals, reduc'd her to the wildest Desperation, and sometimes prompted her, by unnatural Means, to shorten her Life: But then the unborn Embrio pleaded Pity, and something that unnerv'd Nature, made her Pause: *Why, would she cry, must the Unguilty bleed? it shall not be:—none but Luvania suffer.—O Carlo! too much lov'd; what have we done?—How shall we reconcile the angry Gods!—Oh! sacrilegious Wretch!—thy Carlo flights thee; (just Pay for thy black-Crime.)—Foul Condescension!—What shall I urge, will guilty Love move Heaven? or, a just*
Jove

Jove lend Minutes to the Perjur'd.—Ah! no,—
 my Vow was sacred.—Die Luvania—who 'scap'd
 the Publick for a Hell within,—nor will stern Jove
 forgive the Sacrifice.—Oh! stay a while, save
 me the inoffensive, unborn Babe,—and Powers, I am
 yours, nor beg a Being, out-liv'd by Love, by Fame,
 by Innocence.—Oh! where is Goodness, where the
 bless'd unfinning! Luvania's Hope no more!—thrice
 dread Reflection!—Thus spoke the Fair.—Sad Si-
 lence stopt the rest, and Woes that wanted Breath,
 gave Thought still Pangs.—Unhappiness of be-
 friending the black Villain, which *Carlo* not to
 deviate from a Jot, agreed with a Merchant who
 dealt in Slaves, Master of a large Vessel, bound
 for *Persia*; a Fellow mercenary to Extremes, to
 subtilly betray the lost *Luvania*, himself help-
 ing the Cheat by well-mask'd Cunning.

In fine, by a smooth Artifice decoy'd, pleas'd
 to observe, chang'd *Carlo* was more kind; for
 so the Traytor had for some Days behav'd himself
 not wanting Dread (for ever when an Evil over-
 hangs us, a Droop of Spirits warns us what's to
 come.) She was prevail'd on to set sail for *Ve-*
nice, for thither the poor Lady thought her
 bound, *Carlo* alledging his Affairs, yet staid
 him and that he was, by Letters from a Friend,
 assur'd of her Reception, when arriv'd there,
 having large Interest with the Great Duke's
 Steward.

170 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Thus basely trapann'd, sold to a servile Life,
 fearing no such Deceit from him she lov'd, and
 so much had engag'd, if Honour could, by all
 the Tyes that influence the Grateful, fancied it
 was his Fears and Cares for her, had gloom'd
 and long chagrin'd his better Humour; nor
 justly were it so she judg'd, could blame him
 with fond Endearings, and a calm, gay Smile,
 which he return'd with Warmth of real Love,
 at least in Shew, a manag'd Tear, forc'd on his
 artful Brow, and all the pleasing Grievs of one
 concerned, the fair *Luvania* left the monstrous
 Villain; he hailing her aboard, as though re-
 gretted at the needful parting; long Time on
 the dry Strand ey'd the lost Vessel, which every
 hastning Second widely lessen'd, and with tran-
 sporting Joy at the brute Part he had acted,
 triumphant saw the Fair no longer his.

The Ship made swiftly for the *Persian* Shore;
 nor was it long e'er the deluded Lady bot-
 tom'd the Depth of the unthought-of Fraud;
 even the rude Seamen, sensible of Charms,
 wanted a Soul to carry on the Wickedness, and
 fearing to declare the Truth, they silently pity'd
 her. Humanity affecting even the barbarous Bred.
Luvania who had observ'd, as she amused herself
 upon Deck, that after several Days sail (the
 Weather being favourable) she heard no Talk,
 nor saw any Likelihood of the Vessel's putting
 to Shore; whereas they must necessarily, long
 before

before that Time, have reach'd *Venice*, had the Captain at first design'd for that Port: Somewhat uneasy at what might be the Result, with a smiling Look, that with Art disguis'd the Disorder of her Mind, the trapann'd Charmer enquir'd of a young Cavalier, who from her first coming aboard, seem'd to pay her a particular Respect, if he could inform her to what Part of *Europe* their Ship was bound; for she had some Reasons to believe they distanc'd *Venice* far, where if she was not very much deceived, the Master purposed to make his first Voyage and put her ashore. The friendly Youth, who had heard her without Interruption, seem'd very much surpriz'd at the Question, and fetching a deep Sigh, begg'd her with a visible Concern, to be so good to herself, as not to ask him. It was a fatal Secret, an unwelcome Truth, which he wanted Fortitude of Mind to tell her, fearing the bloody Consequences that would unavoidably ensue, were he known to make the Discovery; his Life and Liberty being by Oath on such Suspicion, a Forfeit to the unnatural Captain, who would doubtless make his Advantage of so valuable a Prize as this Youth, who though then unknown to *Luvania*, was a Nobleman of *Naples*, of no small Account.

But to return: the distressed Dutcheß, who from his dubious Answer (fear'd the worst) grew more inquisitive, and importun'd the generous

Cavalier, till he who wanted Power to deny her any longer, with an Air of Melancholy that half interpreted the horrid Tale, made the unhappy Beauty acquainted with her Misfortune, viz. that she was trapann'd to be a Slave, to be dispos'd of at the Merchant's Pleasure, whose Ship was bound for *Perfia*, not for *Venice*, which he that shipped her knew to be a Fraud; it being his Deceit and not the Captain's, whom he had bribed with many and great Presents to secrete the Affair; adding, the Merchant to oblige her Traytor Friend, having sworn his Men, and every Passenger he had on board, that they should not betray the fatal Truth, till she was past the Christian Ports, or out of any Hopes of a Recall: That the Ship's Crew having bound themselves by the most execrable Oaths not to divulge the Secret, express'd a silent concern; and for those Passengers that wished to tell her, the jealous Captain's Threatnings aw'd their Will, who watch'd those that favour'd her so narrowly, that dreading his Severity, they shunn'd her, who else would readily espouse her Cause,, and as for himself the barbarous Deceit, had given him many a restless, anxious Hour, although he was almost a Stranger to her; and since at last she must have known the Truth, begg'd she'd not hate him for revealing it at her Intreaty, since what she ask'd he never could refuse: It was not Death nor Slavery frighted him from long before declaring the base Fraud, (which it was very proper she should know)

know) but something of an Awe that check'd his Will, and whisper'd, *He that told it would be bated*, a Torment did she know how much he dreaded, she would esteem him as a real Friend, that would even with his Life purchase her Freedom, were there a Possibility to gain it, which Time might offer, could she hide her Sorrows, and for a while disguise her Thoughts with Art.

During this Talk, the Fair who had been mute, and suffer'd him to pursue his Discourse, without once interrupting him; for surprized and speechless she heard the horrid Truth, that tortur'd her with silent Agonies, whilst warring Passions sparkled in her Eyes, and every Moment dy'd her flushing Cheeks, with all the furious Rage of slighted Love and wild Despair; Extremes that she in vain struggled to master, when with a Smile, with Difficulty forced, she feigned to be compos'd, and strove to re-assume her trembling Speech; but recollecting the base Treachery, and what she suffer'd for the Villain *Carlo*, how she had lov'd him, how he had return'd it, she could no more support the wracking Thought; but faltering out, *Gods! the ungenerous Wretch, — Can it be possible?* fainted before the astonished Youth got help; and waking in Convulsions, shock'd him more, and surpriz'd all who saw her, even the Captain, who observing she was dangerously ill, and fearing she should

should die, took more than common Care by all outward Applications to recover her; it being for his Interest to preserve her. Yet the Fair mended slowly, and none surmis'd the Reason, except *Oforio*, for so was the Youth call'd, who told her the fatal Secret, and as she was great with Child, the masking her Disorder, and the Change of Air, no doubt, added to her Illness; yet whilst but few judged of her weighty Griefs, how fair *Luvania* mourn'd, none cou'd describe; our Thoughts best paint what Words cannot express, and dress in solemn Dumbness artless Woe.

When to make *Luvania's* Sorrows greater, and perplex her more, the Ship now anchored in the *Persian* Haven, and the Infidel Captain, who had till now treated her but with a kind of sullen Respect, it being the Evening before she was design'd for Sale, began to shew his Authority, and talk to her in other Terms than he had done, and in a Manner she had till then been a Stranger to; told her she was his Slave, to be dispos'd of for his Advantage; and as he had been civil the long Voyage, he expected she should, without any Scruple, condescend to what he submitted to sue for, which he would have her to understand as she was in his Power, she ought to look upon as a very great Favour, and therefore he should not ask her twice to consent to his Embraces, which he presum'd she'd frankly yield to, and thank him for the Blessing he confer-

ferred, since that Night was all the Time he then had to fool away upon her, if Markets failed him not of his Intent; for she was handsome, and would soon be Weight; adding, that to shew her he paid her more Respect than he did any other Woman, he'd leave her for an Hour to consider of it; which Time being expired, with or without her Consent, he was resolv'd to enjoy her, and she might as well, if she was as wise as she would be thought, gratify him and herself freely, for he should use no further Ceremony, since she might be happy if she would; for she might assure herself it was best for her to consent, when the sole Disposal of her future Life was in his Power. With these Words he left her, drown'd in Tears, and tortured to Distraction.

Now was the Charmer every way distress'd, nor had she thus involved any reasonable Shadow of Hope to shun her Misfortune. Liberty barr'd, how useless is Invention marr'd and cut short, by narrow-bounded Time: In vain she sigh'd, Heart-pierc'd with stifled Sorrow, all being then deaf or busy, and unconcerned, for her; no friendly Minute lending wish'd Relief; now the Merchant had ever since she came aboard, design'd her for his Mistress, but that cross Weather, and her continued Illness, had hinder'd him from gaining his Ends, which he was now resolute to force her to comply with, in case she was obstinate enough to refuse him; for he had
Vil-

Villany enough to believe his rude Menaces would prevail upon her Fears, and make her consent to his Request ; and for her Affections he was in no Concern how they were dispos'd of ; for his groveling Thoughts aimed no further than the Enjoyment of her Person. Yet altho' he had no other Passion for her, than meerly to gratify a sensual Appetite, he could not help admiring those Beauties he wanted the Generosity of Soul to esteem, and sometimes half resolv'd never to part with her ; nor would he then have sold her, but that curs'd Avarice to which his very Soul and Sense was wedded, prevailed with the mercenary Wretch, above all Considerations, knowing a blooming Beauty like this *Luvania*, in her present Circumstances, viz. (with Child) and near her Time, would fetch him a valuable Sum ; he who prized Gold above even Youth and Beauty, waited for Morning, as Love does for Night, with eager Wishes and impatient Longings.

Thus did the Miser hug his golden Dream, when the Youth, who at first betray'd the Deceit to *Luvania*, put himself ashore unknown to the Commander. This *Otorio* was the same young Nobleman, who when the lovely Dutchess was design'd a Vestal, as he observ'd the Rites, her Charms enchanted, he thinking himself guilty of the highest Sacrilege in indulging so criminal a Passion, was then oblig'd to leave
the

the Altar, when the Ceremony was scarcely half finished.

Often had young *Otorio* eager viewed her, and often fancied her the lovely Nun; but thinking it meer Fancy to believe so, pleasur'd himself to serve her Sister Likeness, whose Sight revived the vanquish'd soft Idea, and made the Youth once more love and despair. The perplexed *Otorio* observing there was no way to rescue *Luvania* but by Captivity, the Merchant Captain, who had the sole Disposal of her, having that Day declared he would publickly sell her to the best Bidder on the Morrow, which was the Market Day for the Slaves. The friendly Cavalier who had form'd many Stratagems in order to obtain her Liberty, which some presuming Danger made abortive, resolv'd, since she must be enslav'd, to order it so, that she should be the Sophy's Captive, not doubting but the amorous Prince would esteem so exquisite a Beauty as a valuable Treasure, and as he was a Man of excellent good Qualities, sooth her Sorrows with that innate Goodness, he was celebrated for, to a generous Return.

Now *Otorio* had shipped himself to redeem his elder Brother, who in an Eastern Voyage the Ship being taken by a Pyrate, was amongst other unfortunate Noblemen, made a Slave, and then belong'd to that Prince's favourite Vizier,

our

our young Cavalier having treated with the happy Persian for his Brother's Freedom, which with some Difficulty he obtained: after returning him Thanks for the Favour he had receiv'd, *Otorio* made the Vizier a private Offer of *Larvania*, if he should think it proper, when he saw her, to purchase the young Beauty for his Lord, before she was expos'd to publick Sale, which as it would enhance the Value of the Captive, would doubtless more endear him to his Monarch.

The Vizier, who was a worthy Man, and loved his Prince with an inviolable Affection, accepted the Youth's Proposal with Transport, well pleas'd he could so gratefully oblige his Friend; and assuring *Otorio*, if the Lady answered his Description, he should be no loser by the News; added, the Sophy being naturally amorous, and always generous to his Friends, would handsomely reward the Person who brought him so fair a Prize, and by Degrees insinuate himself by irresistible good Nature into the Lady's Favour, that she should un-compelled consent to love him; for that he us'd no Force, but soft Respect, to win the tender Sex to his Embraces, an Art that charm'd the Soul, as well as Person, of his fair Votaries, and made him truly happy in his Amours. A Character *Otorio* heard with Pleasure, who having concluded on the Vizier's following him, whose

Cu

Curiosity to see *Luvania* he had heighten'd by many artful intermingled Praises, he took his Leave for that Time of the *Persian*, and went directly aboard, where the first Object that presented itself, to his great Surprise, was *Luvania* alone upon Deck, who, with a visible Distraction in her Air, was just on the Point of throwing herself desperately into the main Sea, rather than consent to the savage Captain; when the sudden Return of *Orosio* prevented her; for the affrighted Youth, unobserv'd by her, flew with a Lover's Haste to her Assistance; and, in a Moment, climbing the Vessel, caught her hastily in his Arms, and without speaking a Word, bore her, by main Force, into a Cabin she had allowed her during the Voyage, where he seated himself, keeping *Luvania* still fast embraced, and locking the Door, soothed her with the most tender Respect, (taking no Notice of her late Disorder,) but to attend, to what he had presum'd to propose in her behalf.

The distress'd Charmer, who by Degrees grew more compos'd, was very much surprized, and at first displeas'd with his Behaviour, nor could she for some Time resume her natural Presence of Mind, or return him any Answer; but at last dissembling her Thoughts, she recollected herself, and reply'd, If his Business would not detain her too long, he might declare it, she should give Attention, but she had some Affairs
of

of Moment to mind, that she must quickly dispatch. The good *Otorio* heard these Words with inexpressible Concern, and after some struggling Sighs that forced a Passage, and spoke sincere Affection, prepar'd her for the Vizier's Visit, thus.

Madam, resum'd the Youth, in a visible Concern, you are here the Prize of any Villain that bath Gold, perhaps the Purchase of some vulgar Wretch, who never knew agreat or generous Thought, expos'd by Morning's Dawn to publick Sale, to suffer Heat and Drought, Hunger and Cold, and most inhumane Stripes, or (it may be) forced to submit to some base Vassal's Lust: this is, sad Beauty, the hard Fate of Slaves; this was the State your evil Star assigned you, had not your Guardian Angel interposed: I see the dreadful Purpose of your Soul, and know how you would shun these shocking Dangers. But live, dear *Madam*, live, and be advised; Oh, think, reflect, (all Woes admit some Ease) few are so indigent but they may serve us, and Heaven never wholly leaves the Good. They must, indeed, be base unworthy Wretches, can see the fair *Luvania* thus distress'd, and not, by some Means study to relieve her: Believe me, *Madam*, what I can do to serve you, you command; it may be in my Power, partly to free you; or, if you must be sold, to ease your Slavery, and you may blefs me for the grateful Change.—O! smile, and give

give me Hopes you will accept this Offer. Time hastens on and we have none to lose. You'll be so good as to barken to my Tale, and what I've to relate may make you happy.

Here the Dutchess bowed, and with a dejected Air, thank'd *Otorio* for his generous Pity; adding, *She fear'd all Happiness had left her*; to which Words the Youth reply'd, he hop'd she was mistaken, since she was more peculiarly the Care of Heaven, than she was at that Time sensible of; and to convince her there was solid Reasons to believe so, instantly inform'd her of his Discourse with the Vizier concerning her, and of his expecting him every Moment aboard. The sad *Luvania* heard him with surprize, and with a Sigh, as though her Heart was breaking, return'd, She was very much indebted to him for so uncommon a Friendship; not that she wish'd to be the Sophy's Mistress, but as there was no way to escape, she must submit, and begg'd that Almighty *Jove* would pardon her, that the crouding Woes he heap'd upon her, might soon seize Life and end her Griefs and Guilt; requesting of *Otorio* to guard her whilst she was aboard, from the designs of the brutish Captain, whose Savage Treatment she had acquainted him with. The Youth had no sooner promis'd, upon her consenting to go with the Vizier, he would screen her from the Barbarity of the Captain. But strait the Sophy's Friend at-

M

tended,

tended, and boards them. Their Captain, who had drank himself past Discourse, was supported, but reeling, to salute the Vizier, fell side-long from the Deck to the Main Sea, and without a Tear of Pity to lament him, was seen no more. *Oforio*, who had treated with the Vizier, was then obliged, though against his Will, to deliver up *Luvania*, who was receiv'd by the young Sophy as a Wonder, not to be valu'd at a Merchant's Price. A gay Retirement was given her till the Time she was deliver'd; for it was Sacrilege, whilst then to know her. The Babe, (which was still-born a Victim to Soul-felt Pangs) being bury'd, a long and dangerous Illness seized *Luvania*; from which, by Doctors Care, and handsome Usage, Time, once again, restor'd her; she then became the Sophy's Favourite, and People's Boast; she there grew great, and bore the Sophy Twins, one of the softer Sort, the other a Son, which made her much esteem'd, and still more lov'd, Fame of her Beauties filling every World.

Oforio and his Brother soon set sail for *Naples*, he having first distributed *Luvania's* Purchase-Money among the thankful Seamen, and sent home their chief Mate as Captain; but *Oforio's* Brother, who had now been for some Time indisposed, being suddenly seized with an Apoplectic Fit, died just after he came ashore, and left *Oforio*, who was next Heir, Lord of a large
Re-

Revenue, which was then mortgag'd ; but that the careful *Oforio*, by prudent Management, and the Help of some powerful Friends, soon redeem'd it : when his domestick Affairs were settled, he made a second Voyage to *Persia*, if possible, to learn somewhat of *Luvania*, whom from his Soul he loved, and whom 'twas then made Death to offer to ransom.

And now the lovely Fair, by all respected, had never indulg'd a Wish to see *Spain* more ; but that her ardent Love for young *Dizanga* made her sometimes long to be with him ; but then a Dread for his base Father and the fired Convent, gave her such Agonies as stifled even the Mother-Tenderness ; nor could any one be certain what Fate had happen'd to the beauteous Dutchess, whose happy Conduct made the Good her Friend. Some fear'd her torn by Tygers in the Forest, and others boldly affirm'd, the Flame was fatal, and that the lost lamented Fair was burn'd : For none had heard aught that might assure them she liv'd, from the sad Hour black *Carlo* bore her thence ; nor could she speak the Crime, without exposing him to Torture ; a Deed she could not dare, even injured thus. So favourable are the deluded Sex, where once they have indulg'd a wrong-plac'd Tender, even whilst the Deceiver blames the Weakness, and laughs at the kind Soft that lengthens his Being, till an Almighty Power, often mock'd, asserts the Cause, and tells the bold Offender he must at last submit to Justice.

The Fair Distress'd learn'd privately of *Dizanga*, (the truest Joy *Spain* now had Power to give) but, oh! how much she wished to see the Youth who now grew fast, the Wonder and Esteem of all that knew him; fond to be taught, and thankful when improv'd; so much unlike are sometimes Sons to Fathers.

Five rolling Annals now had told their Moons, since the Fair Captive had enslav'd the *Persian*, when the good Prince was poyson'd at a Banquet, by one who hop'd to rule his Provinces. Mourn'd by *Luvania*, with a friendly Tendernefs, and by his Subjects, with artless Tears.

This Revolution made for the Advantage of *Oforio*, who, in the tumultuous Palace was undistinguish'd, he mask'd as a black Eunuch, got Admission, and boldly ventur'd his Life to free *Luvania*, whom he, by Stratagem, convey'd safely on board a Vessel that waited for her by his Orders, where the noble Youth, with honest Vows of real Friendship soon prevail'd on *Luvania* to pardon him, and consent to be his Fellow-Voyager to *Paris*.

The Youth transported, silently seal'd her Promise, and bless'd the dear Occasion that made him happy; but dreading a Recall, directly set sail with the first friendly Wind for gaudy *Gal- lia*, where bringing her, whom he so tenderly loved, she the Dutchess, was prevail'd on by Respect, and the Indulgence of so just a Friend, some
Months

Months to make *Paris* her Residence. 'Twas there the beautiful all-charming Widow, amid a Crowd of young unthinking Fair ones first knew the vain, impolitick *Elaira*.

Oforio still behav'd himself Circumspect, and play'd the distant Lover with Advantage, assuming nought from Place or Circumstance that look'd too bold, or spoke a meant Design, no Minute derogating from true Honour. The Gentleman, and Man of honest Heart, still obvious in his open, generous Manner, wanting Deceit, Mistrust and Cunning, was a Stranger to him; nor was he studious but to be sincere, the plain just Lord, his shining Character, and to relieve Distress his noblest Pride. To this add every personable Beauty, and Years agreeable to fair *Luvania*, and stern-ey'd Envy must allow a Liking, and make the lovely Pair, to each other, charming. Thrice happy had it been for the much violated, injur'd Sufferer, had she first lov'd, first known the good *Oforio*. Sure if there is a Fate, Love only governs it, and leaves Life's duller Cares to wild born Choice: or, why, just Gods! should the Good, Well-inclin'd, in early unstrain'd Bloom, infatuate themselves, and voluntarily, in spite of Reason, become the Properties of smooth-tongu'd Villains.

But to proceed: *Oforio* having settled Affairs at *Paris*, made Overtures of Marriage to *Luvania*,

186 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

nia, telling her frankly his Business with a jarring World was now ended, and every Care that could involve him, and that would she accept a Spouse of Lord *Otorio*, he was all hers, a never-ceasing Lover; nor should the Name of Husband banish it: Could she consent to make herself a Wife, to one who more than died to see her such; for he could end his Life in pleasing Joys, would she but condescend to be a Sharer, and should esteem the Moment that could induce her unforc'd to say she did not hate *Otorio*, as the most happy, he had ever witnessed, having long silent been a hopeless Sufferer. This honest Softness won the beauteous Relict, who always had esteem'd the good *Otorio*; and now when the most tender Passion pleaded, frankly answered, She could be happy in *Otorio's* Friendship, a Husband far above her humble Merits; and to convince him (since he scrupled it) she had a Value for him, equal to that Sincerity of Soul he paid her. She'd write to one (e'er yet she was his Wife) should satisfy him that she was of Birth and Fortune worthy of him, though for some Reasons, she'd concealed herself with visible Regret, from Lord *Otorio*. Gods! interrupted the transported Youth, *Luvania mine! 'tis all I ask of Heaven. I want not Means, tho' I must praise my Fair one's generous Offer, that speaks a Soul worthy the Angel Case; but oh! no more of Wealth, I court it not. You, Madam, know I have a plentiful Fortune. Jove's Bounties have been*

been richly showered on me. I have been thankful for them ; but you, bright Saint, your Love's the mightier Blessing, a Gift above my Hopes. Gods ! (my Luvania) can I speak the Rapture without ten thousand Blessings on my Charmer ! Here the fond Lover clasp'd the grateful Fair with rapturous Softness, and the tenderest Transport, and thus resum'd ; To assure, my dear Luvania, it was no View whatever, but humble Doubt of not being worthy of her Love that made me thus long silence my ardent Wishes : Say but the Word, this Hour my Chaplain joins us. The Lady blushing, bowed her free Assent, rejoyning, *she was his without reserve* : immediately the Priest performs his Duty, and glad Osorio made the Fair a Bride.

Now Lord Osorio's Wife ; the Chaplain and Domestick witness, absent ; and Night, the Lovers Friend, far on its Road, amidst Endearments of repeated Love, her new-made Lord, the happy, just Osorio strongly urg'd his Bride, to reveal a bold Truth he long had fear'd to ask, and wish'd to know, *viz.* (whether she was ever a vowed Nun) for such he had imagined he had seen her, when forc'd by Beauty's Power, in her fair Form, to leave the Temple, before the All-holy Rites were finished.

Surprized at such a Question from Osorio, the Soul-struck Fair, after some Minutes Pause, trembling and shock'd, return'd, she could have

wish'd he had not mention'd it ; but since his Conduct had deserved the Truth, tho' it gave a silenc'd Horror, stings more pungent ; she had resolv'd not to be disingenuous. Here stopt by humid Grievs and the wrack of Memory, she wept, and gave a Loose to warring Passions, one while reflecting on the brutish *Carlo*, Father to her young Son ; then when she seriously thought on Duke *Dizanga*, his generous Pity and lamented Death ; the thousand Pangs that struck her to the Heart, like keen edg'd Arrows, or swift searching Poyson, she scarce had Strength enough to overcome ; but to reflect upon her *Persian* Voyage, the barbarous Villain, and the good *Osorio* was such a Weight, she sunk beneath the Burden, and fainted in her new Husband's Arms ; whom if she fear'd it Sacrilege to wed, what was her Crime ? whilst she indulg'd herself in guilty Joys, and liv'd with the base *Carlo*, as his Mistress, when she was once enslav'd, it was impossible to avoid the *Persian* Prince's amorous Passion, unless to shun his Love she'd turn'd Self-Murderess, and made herself eternally undone : Even *Carlo's* monstrous Crimes, Love would extenuate, and argue 'twas a wild, ungovern'd Fondness, first made him vile ; then fear of shameful Death, that often over-powers the Great and Good, and makes us act those Things we blush to think, nor could conceive we could be guilty of ; fain would she urge it was no Sin to love ; as in the Case of *Carlo*, and the Convent, when
more

more cruel Tortures might take away a Life, were he discover'd to have fir'd it; but then the base Return of the ungrateful, ungenerous *Carlo*, to trapan and sell her, which was by her Lord *Oso-rio* discovered, made her late Marriage with that Youth but Justice, tho' feared a Crime; which yet she could not reconcile with Peace, conscious of her being vow'd to the sacred Powers, she could not wed without foul Perjury, and all the Terrors of Soul-shocking Horror, if by good Fortune she escap'd the Laws, whose Tortures at a Distance from that Climate, 'twas not impossible she might evade: But when the fair Apostate recollected, no length of Time had rolled, no yearly Circuit, whilst she but a Noviciate, graced the Convent. That she had scarcely worn the Habit three waining Moons, when the Villain *Carlo* fired the Holy Abbey, and forc'd her from the Care of the Religious: That she had rashly enter'd, and did not weigh the solemn Vow as Vestals ought, with strict Severity and Resolution; nor had *Luvania*, as the Church directs, try'd her Soul's Weakness, by a Year's Probation, as those that purpose so to wean themselves from a gay, tempting World, and fond Affections, by slow Degrees, take Leave of its Allurements; and practising whilst free, as a Recluse, learn to be so, or never to profess it, till darling Guilts and Follies are subdu'd: For when Liberty gives Room to indulge the Flatteries of the Temptation we
are

are most inclin'd to; then 'tis our Strength of Soul and Judgment's try'd; without which we are imperfect Votaries; and if we're overcome by the Delusion, we must be unfit for so Divine a State, which ought to be almost as pure as Angels. But to return: when the sad Fair reflected she had not given herself this Year's Probation; that when she made her Vow, her Vow was holy; for she knew no Hypocrisy of Soul, nor had premeditated the foul Guilt that was the Cause of all her anxious Hours, viz. (her apostatizing from the Convent.) she therefore could not strictly be condemn'd, even by the Justice of all-searching Heaven, having no ways provok'd the fatal Frailty that over-power'd her firmest Resolution, she being now a real Penitent; and as Mercy tempered *Jove's* Severity, was not without a Hope to be forgiven. This Thought which she'd indulg'd even whilst a *Persian* Exile, calm'd all her Doubts, and silenc'd her vast Sorrows. 'Twas Arguments like these prevail'd on her, after a War of Thought, and many Scruples within herself, to agree to wed *Otorio*; besides, she was further induced to consent to marry that young Nobleman, by her worldly Affairs being unsettled; for she understood, by a private Enquiry, her Dowry was greatly embezzled by a vexatious Law Suit that was yet depending betwixt two near Relations of hers, to decide which of the Two was next Heir to her Income, a Perplexity occasion'd by *Luvania's* long Absence;

for

For that Lady had intrusted none with the Secret of her Misfortunes, nor by Letter had satisfied any Friend, whether or no she was yet living, from the Hour she left the Convent, and was now by all that knew her, unquestionably thought dead. Nor had *Luvania* dispos'd of her Revenue, during her short stay in the Convent, as she had then design'd, which was to have given the greater Part of it for holy Uses, a sacred Donative to Mother Church; upon which Account, tho' the Deed of Gift was only a Thing propos'd to be done, and never executed, the Fathers of the Convent joyning with the Lady Abbess, disputed with the Dutchess's Relations for what they thence presum'd to term their Right, it being the much better Part of the Lady's Dowry.

Luvania's Affairs being thus involved, wanted a Friend of Worth to re-instate them; He tho' not own'd a Husband, but being such, she with more Confidence of Soul might repose in him. The Fair one must have wanted Penetration, and all the Ties that make the Generous grateful to have refused the lovely good *Oforio*: to this add Sympathy of Soul which makes Friendship, and all those Acts that were unworthy of her, in which that unfortunate Lady had precipitately erred, but by her not indulg'd, she seem'd by a fatal Destiny to be allotted for him, as if to tell us Beauty ne'er was perfect, and very rare on this side Heaven, happy. In

In fine, perplexed by endless Doubts then
 inexpressible, Tears gave Relief, and forc'd
 some faltering Words. When more compos'd,
 the pensive, thoughtful Beauty made herself
 known to her new-wedded Husband for the Fair
 Vestal, and *Dizanga's* Dutcheß; a Tale that,
 in a Word, spoke her Revenue, which was not
 mean; adding, she rudely was torn from the
 Convent; but silencing in all the Traytor's
 Name, declaring she had Letters he was dead, (a
 Happiness too solid to be real;) and now, my
 Lord, rejoyn'd she, Where's *Luvania*? Would
 Heaven I were not wed! You, doubtless, think
 in me your Honour stained; and I, where shall
 I go if your Life's endanger'd; I had endeavour'd
 to preserve you that; whilst I, my Crimes un-
 known, could not disturb you, nor make you an
 Accomplice of my Guilt: but now, my Lord,
 your Fear, your Scorn, betrays us; for you must
 hate *Luvania's* Condescension, that still adds
 Crime, to Crime, and makes me wretched: But
 oh! believe me, well I lov'd *Otorio*; well you
 deserv'd my Love; nor could I shun my Wish,
 and be ungenerous. Heavens! that I had but
 secreted my Faults: you can't forgive; 'tis
 Folly to expect it, and I must be unhappy.
 Leave me, my Lord, leave the undone *Luva-*
nia.

No more, my Love, my Fair, return'd Otorio,
 clasping her to him, in a fond Embrace, *thus*
may

may we joyn, nor ever more be parted, till stern-
ey'd Death strikes his unerring Dart, and wafts
us to the heavenly Bless'd's Abode. Your Crimes
have not been sought; nor were they such; invo-
luntary Evils claim Heaven's Pity; we then sin
deep, when the chief Agents will, and uncompell'd,
we court ripe Wickedness; but what is forc'd, what
Plea, what Priest makes Guilt: Believe me, lovely
Fair one, you are as innocent to this Osorio, as the
new swath'd Babe. I bless the happy Chance that
made you mine, and prize you more than I have
Words to tell: But cease these Tears; oh! fear not
for Osorio; I share your tenderest Woes; and if 'tis in
my Power to make you bless'd, know my lov'd An-
gel, you are always so. If Wealth and mutual Love
can make Life Heaven, we'll at the worst enjoy a
Taste of it. My dearest Lord, rejoyn'd the Lady,
weeping, with Tears of rapturous Joy, I bless
your Goodness; accept my Thanks, but Words can-
not express them; may every future Action of my
Life in Love and Duty, pay the dear vast Debt,
and silent Fondness, praise the good Osorio.

Here Love renewed his Rites, and mutual
Soul-felt Rapture bless'd the Lovers: The Bride-
groom triumph'd, that he had Power to please,
whilst the sad Bride, with Blushes, own'd her
Transport, clasp'd in the Arms of a fond, ge-
nerous Lover, whose Soul sincerely hers, no
Art made vicious. How different were the
Embraces of false Carlo, whilst yet how dear,
the

the unhappy Charmer was not to be taught, tho' Love had blinded Reason to her Ruin; nor had *Luvania*, from the happy Hour she wedded this *Oforio*, cause to grieve by any Fault of his. Had the vile *Carlo* been in earnest dead, the Fair one possibly might have been blest'd; *Oforio's* whole Endeavour was to oblige her, and her chief Study to deserve he should.

Scarce two short Moons had past the fond, blest'd Pair, when wicked *Carlo*, then at *Gallia's* Court, once more distressed the too unhappy Charmer; and tho' he had so basely injur'd her, again pursu'd her with all the Impudence of Villany, and with a thousand Lies, with which he endeavour'd to assure her that he still esteem'd her, and was no ways concern'd in trappanning her, (not doubting but he should again seduce her) conscious to what Excess she once had lov'd him, perjur'd himself in hopes that she would believe him, till Hell itself blush'd at his horrid Oaths, and not a Judas there but seem'd a Saint to this more monstrous Devil, who us'd all Arts in vain; in vain he swore and begg'd; in vain he threaten'd. *Luvania* now was not to be inform'd that *Carlo* was all Deceit, all Villany; never, with all his seeming Penitence, did his base Lies gain him Belief or Pardon; never did all his Arts or Protestations cancel the bitter Thought of *Persia's* Voyage; and when ill-treated Woman hates, with Reason, where she had once esteem'd,
what

what can describe, what soften the Resentment, the Agonies *Carlo* had caused *Luvania* ! What Lady, who lov'd like her, could pardon : it had been Folly to a Crime to have done it ; she that had sav'd him from a shameful Death, in a Disguise that hazarded her own ; she that had lov'd him with that Tendernefs that fondest Mothers know for first-born Babes, when with a Transport inexpressible, they lull the long-wish'd Infant to repose : could she reflect, this very Man had sold her, even when with Child by him, barbarously sold her, basely trapann'd her, in a Condition Infidels rever'd ; to think how griev'd he seem'd at parting with her, when it was all he wish'd to have her from him ; when the sad Fair seriously recollected how innocent of thinking such a Baseness could center in his Mind, she had so indulg'd ; she gladly went aboard, expecting he'd soon follow her to *Venice*, where settled more at Ease, they might be happy : joyful, poor Lady, she was then with Child, in hopes the Infant would engage his Love, and make him, even, in spite of Nature, constant ; the crouding Ideas that confounded Sense, and made her blush to think she had so lov'd him, and given up her Honour without Hesitation, to a Villain who was unworthy of her least Regard, set his Ingratitude in its full Light, and made her resolute in her Aversion.

The Villain still persisted in his Falshoods, till finding his Importunity of no Effect, and fired to Madness, by the Fair's repeated Denials, he confidently declar'd, if she would not yield to gratify his Inclinations freely, he would positively force her: But *Luvania*, who had expected his fawning Lies would end in Menaces, assur'd him, with an undaunted Air, that if he presum'd to act his Threatnings, she would that Moment expose his Crime, and give him up to Justice, altho' her own Death wou'd be the Result of it.

Carlo, who observ'd *Luvania*, utter'd these Words with a Composure of Mind he had not expected, surpriz'd she was Mistress of so much Resolution, he having flattered himself she had still some Remains of Tendernefs for him, that would doubtless overcome, whatever Prejudices she might have entertained to his Disadvantage, during his Absence, and was very much perplex'd at her Behaviour, a Fortitude of Mind, the unhappy Beauty's ill-plac'd Affection for him, had, till this Juncture, over-ballanc'd; and *Carlo* understanding (for he had made a strict Enquiry concerning this *Luvania's* present Circumstances) that she was really married to Lord *Otorio*, who was a wealthy Nobleman, and at that Time had many powerful Relations, who bore a vast Sway, not only in the Kingdom of *Naples*, but in all the principal Courts of *Italy*, and *Spain*,
dread-

dreading the Event, tho' he disguis'd his Fears, and considering (for he never hesitated at committing Wickedness) because it was so, that should he be cruel enough to murder this *Luvania*, tho' it was a Thought that in some Measure shock'd him, she might even, when he imagined she was dead, recover, and survive long enough to breathe his Crimes, which once divulg'd, would be his certain Ruin : He therefore, by Degrees, declin'd his Suit, finding no Intreaties could delude her ; the Fair one with a Manner that spoke her Sincerity, and the real Esteem she had for *Otorio*, still declaring she would never wrong so indulgent a Husband.

The artful *Carlo* seeing that in vain he attempted to decoy her, instantly chang'd his Address, the subtle Fiend having renew'd his Visits to *Luvania* upon two Accounts, not only with a View of regaining her Affection, which he at first made no Scruple of obtaining, but likewise to induce that Lady to be instrumental in seducing her Friend, viz. the new-made Bride, *Felix's Elaira*, to consent to his lewd Desires ; for all new Faces charm'd, (not Love, but vicious Lust his Master Passion.) Now *Carlo* had in his publick Visits, where he had sometimes happen'd to see *Elaira*, when she was at *Paris*, made a slight ceremonial Acquaintance with her, and fancying the Coquette an easy Conquest upon hearing she was married, and that he had no

N

thing

198 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

thing to fear from the Authority of inquisitive Guardians, or busy Relations, as to the Point of Honour, made it his present Business to urge the distress'd *Luvania* by imperious Threats and reiterated Promises, to gain him an Opportunity to court this *Elaira*, to request of her Lord to visit *Cyprus*, where that Lady was then settled, that being a Court famous for all the polite Improvement that accomplish the Fair in those Perfections our modish Sparks now celebrate them for, viz. (the Gallantries of witty Conversation, the exact Art of Dress, and just Decorum of good Manners.)

Luvania, who heard this *Carlo's* vile Request with Horror, yet dreaded to deny him, lest his Revenge should give worse Agonies to free herself from his now-loath'd Embraces, consented, with Reluctance, to oblige him, and to secure her Honour and her Fame (that past Frailties had made a Victim to that Villain) was now a Property to lure him others, the Curse of Sin that still adds Guilt to Guilt, till the Offender's made compleatly wretched.

The lovely Dutchess, to make Good her Promise, soon prevail'd on the Lord *Otorio* (who refus'd her nothing) to undertake the Journey, he proud and pleas'd to gratify *Luvania*; with Transport, guards her to the *Cyprian* Court, where they were scarcely arriv'd, before a Relation

lation of *Oforio's*, who liv'd on the Borders of that Kingdom, being then near his Death, and understanding his Kinsman was at *Cyprus*, sent exprefs Word to desire to speak with him directly: To oblige this Uncle, *Oforio* instantly left *Cyprus*, and his dear *Luvania*, (who was then for the Time she propos'd to stay in that Country) fix'd with *Felix*, and *Elaira*.

Now all Appearances seem'd to favour *Carlo*, who soon acquaints himself with honest *Felix*; he unsuspecting his Design, was friendly, and even delighted in his Conversation; for well the subtile Monster could insinuate, and knew how to make himself engage and charm.

Thus to his Wish received, this *Carlo* quickly gained an Hour to urge his Suit; upon which, being threaten'd by the Lady he had attempted, for his Assurance, he grew resolute, declaring, that if she refus'd to consent to his Proposals of Love, he should make no Scruple of acting in such a Manner, as should make it publickly thought that she had consented to him; whereas, would she be kind, and indulge him in his Passion, the hush'd Amour shou'd never be discover'd, if she was prudent enough not to betray herself. At this Discourse the unconcern'd *Elaira* laugh'd, and rally'd him, bidding him hope a Time; but she must change first, and for his Threats they had much the same Effect as his

Promises, and by her was equally unregarded; she was not to be won by Menaces: when he learn'd more Respect, perhaps, she'd think in another Manner, on what he had propos'd from this gay Liberty of Conversation; for the too vain *Elaira* listen'd to him; the flatter'd *Carlo* fancy'd she was his, and waited now but Opportunity, when he resolv'd by Force or Art to gain her: So true it is, that to indulge the Fop, in such Pretences, altho' without Design of being his, is to be thought so, and proves often fatal.

But for a while to leave Coquette *Elaira*, *Carlo* we now must tell you, loves *Amanda*, and for the Maiden Fair, forgets the Bride, and thinking her easy and innocent, imagin'd a few Hours would gain his Prize; but 'tis not all we think our own is so. True he had urg'd the undone *Luvania* to aid him, and promis'd himself from thence certain Success. How little knew the Villain of that Lady, who from her Soul, vow'd never to wrong the Good, and saw the Fair design'd his Prey with Pity.

Whilst our *Amanda*, then but young, lov'd and respected the admir'd *Luvania*, whose Conversation cured her Melancholy: She now grew well, diverted and amused; the lovely Dutchess caught *Amanda's* Soul; she lov'd her with a real solid Friendship, such as had never reach'd her
tender

tender Years. Unhappy State of Youth and Innocence, for want of knowing Fraud, Fraud-nigh involv'd her. Heavens! what a Guard our earliest Age requires!

Amanda thought *Luvania* a true Friend; *Luvania* then design'd her fatal Foe, *Luvania* pitted from her Soul *Amanda*; but how to act in the Affair confus'd her; the Villain *Carlo* strongly urg'd her Ruin; nay, sternly vow'd, if fair *Luvania* fail'd to do her Part towards gaining him the Virgin, he was resolv'd to kill her, or expose her: What could *Luvania* do? she trembled when she thought; but to betray him, her new made Lord she dreaded might be made her Foe, one who had never heard of half her Crimes, a Man she had the tenderest Friendship for, and who so well deserv'd the Soft Regard; on the counter Part, to see a young, frank undesigning Maid wrong'd, injur'd, and undone, by fancying her a Friend, the Curse of broken Faith, and ruin'd Honour, chaos'd her Peace, and shock'd her to the Soul.

When *Luvania* reflected, that should she thus betray a real Friend, who lov'd her without art, to gratify a leud false Villain's Humour, who would perhaps instantly publish it, and that should she, by acting thus, be blasted and undone with *Oso*, he viz. *Carlo* might falsely declare she left the Convent willingly, and

222 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

thereby she might be made unhappy, and exposed to a shameful Death. This fill'd her Mind with torturing Agonies, and her whole Soul bled for this *Carlo's* Victim, whom there was now no way Wit could invent to rescue from the Danger. However, *Luvania*, thus involved, commenc'd the Traytress; and after telling *Carlo* how very difficult it would be to gain him *Amanda* by fair dealing, promised him faithfully to endeavour to decoy her by Deceit,

Here the vile Villain close embraced the Beauty, swearing eternal Love to only her; she that had Charms to allure him when a Boy, could she forgive this Rage of Novelty, that forc'd him for a Moment to follow Youth; his Soul was hers, and all its Faculties: all Amours beside, were transient and forgot. *Deceitful Monster*, cry'd the Lady, weeping, dost think me so much thine to torture thus! Oh, *Carlo*, *Carlo*! hence, I cannot bear thee; a Property to Vice and flatter'd in't. Did this *Luvania* ever act thus basely, just Gods! this my Revenge of dead *Dizanga's* Sufferings. Here flowing Tears silenc'd the Soul-struck Fair, and Sighs that forced a Passage spoke her Sorrow, whilst vainly Villain *Carlo* strove to sooth her, who, on seeing all his Reasons could not calm her, but rather aggravated her vast Woes, left her to the sad Agonies of Thought, declaring Women made their own Distress, and were unhappy but through Obstinacy.

nacy. O Traytor Man! Suppliant for lowd Design; y^e weary of the Trifle, when a Conquest; nor constant longer than the Minute grasp.

Thus was the unthinking young *Amanda* circled with Dangers unforeseen, and trusted Foes her new-made Sisters Conduct taught her Caution; but for *Luvania*, who could think her base? with all the Angel Smiles of Undesign; with all the Beauties that could charm the Soul.

The lovely Dutches, thoughtful and perplexed, strictly observed the Motions of *Amanda*; for it was visible, by many Symptoms, to one that could distinguish, like *Luvania*, *Amanda*'s Illness had been caused by Love, tho' who the Object of her Passion was she could not learn; and it was happy for *Amanda* that she had silenc'd the too guilty Truth; for oft the Tale had hovered on her Lip; but modest Awe still stiff'd and conceal'd it, not that she once believ'd the Dutches false; but when she would have spoke the fatal Frailty, some ruling Power seem'd as if 'twou'd forbid her, and like a Guardian Angel, stopp'd her Tongue; for better 'twere to die by ling'ring Fevers, than the smooth Accents of a false dear Friend, who with one Breath kills Life and Reputation.

But not to forget *Elaira*, whose late Mother, who liv'd genteel and frugal, and had purpos'd,

with the little she could handsomely secure, to wed her Daughter to some just Merchant, and had taken a Mother's Care for the Coquette, but that the young Lady, who still prefer'd the Appearance of the Great, to solid Views and honest Certainties, had always aim'd at Title and Attendance, though wanting Fortune for the bold Pretension, her Father's Right of Lands Hereditary, coming by want of Sons, to a young Profuse, her Uncle's darling Heir, excepting a small purchas'd Part, which, by Deed of Gift, in her Father's Life-time, was legally made this *Elaira's*, and that her base, perjur'd Uncle, sole Trustee, would have conceal'd and blotted from the Will, having, with that Intention forg'd a new one, and bribed detested Practisers of Lyes to aid the Fraud: But foul Injustice, though it sometimes sleeps, but rarely dies unheard of, or unpunish'd: The Villains in Time disagreeing, impeach'd their Chief, and by *Felix's* Care, the Treachery's detected; a Husband gay *Elaira* could not hope, and whose Vanity the new-gained Lands encreased: *Felix* being often absent on Affairs of Moment, the thoughtless *Elaira* indulg'd herself in Freedoms no ways becoming her Character, or that of her Lord's, which though meant Innocent, gave Room for Scandal; and 'tis a Fault, a great one, from our own ill Conduct, to be thought guilty of a Vice, which, tho' we never act, our Inclinations lean too wrong Use of Liberty. Life's gratefullest Charm,

Charm. Yet thus to Ruin acted vain *Elaira*, leaving the Country now in Summer's Livery, for the remarking, gay, censorious Court, to be address'd by those who bowed, to laugh the Journey was evaded by the Dutchess, since fair *Amanda* had refus'd the Offer, who for some secret Reasons shunn'd the Publick; and *Felix's* Goodness might have charm'd *Elaira* to a Wife's Duty, who was the tenderest, most indulgent Husband. But what can bind the Profligate in Soul?

In fine *Elaira* left the Seat, and travelled twelve long Leagues; (for *Felix's* principal Villa was full that Distance from the Court) without any Companion but her favourite Woman; for neither Discretion nor Reputation was consulted by that Lady, who never once reflected how the World would censure her Conduct, or the Court lampoon it: But the Day after, she set out, (attended by three Servants in Livery) reach'd the capital City, took Lodgings near the Court, and indulged herself in its most fashionable Gallantries; where we shall at present leave her; to tell you that all domestic Affairs, relating to *Felix's* Family, being now left in the Care of young *Amanda*, during her Brother and Sister's Absence. *Carlo*, whose whole Study was to make the best of so fair an Opportunity, that seem'd as if Lucifer indulgent to his Wish, had put *Elaira's* inconsiderate Ramble into her Head,

Head, the easier to gratify his most diligent Servant, was perpetually teasing *Luvania*, like an evil Genius, at her Elbow, to gain her lovely Friend to consent to his Embraces, by insinuating artful Discourses in his Favour, that might induce the young Lady to unbosom her Thoughts concerning him, which might probably be not far distant from his own about her; but that being she was young, and might possibly be too bashful to tell him her Mind, as he did believe she was really a Virgin, he thought it proper to allow her that Privilege, for he had much rather gain her by her own Will than not, and not give himself nor her the Fatigue of such a plaguy Pother, as a Man is generally obliged to do about a trifling Maidenhead; adding, that as for his Person he was conscious she could not dislike that; and if *Luvania* did but observe she had the least secret Inclination for him, he'd soon find a Way to make her love him well enough to oblige him in his Request; for *Carlo*, who was yet a Fop, believ'd himself to be wondrous engaging, and fancy'd he had all the Charms of Youth, altho' he was then past Fifty and much older, by those complicated Diseases that are the inseparable Attendants of a lewd, luxurious Life; although when he was young, he had been personable, and before he was so intolerably Wicked, an agreeable, pleasant Companion; but now grown lean, and of a wrinkl'd Brow, stern with the Violences he had acted:

his

his best Appearance had but little Shew of what Youth promised, (no uncommon Change) of so short a Duration, is a comely Person without that Peace of Mind that makes true Beauty, for (*Carlo* never was any Man's Friend) Self-Interest had too large a Share in his Composition, to make him concern'd for any one's Person or Affairs, but where he had some mercenary View, so that, truly conscious, he had no Friend he could confide in; he was often obliged to closet those Thoughts that gloom'd his Countenance.

Now *Amanda*, who sincerely loved *Luvania*, and had never once imagined her deceitful, left the distracted Fair, but few lonely Minutes; in whose Friendship she flattered herself she should be happy, and in Time wean herself from the bewitching Charms of *Bellfond*, and was just on the Point of owning her Soul's Weakness, on the Dutches's taxing her with Love, when *Luvania*, not giving her Leave to Reply, rallied her pleasantly about a Gentleman of *Paris* call'd *Osmode*, *Felix's* Friend, at whose Request *Amanda* had engaged herself to that Cavalier, and told her Brother she had forgot *Duke Bellfond*: This Youth had Love and Merit, and was descended from a Family that might pretend to a Wife with a more considerable Fortune than *Amanda*, who it was possible might have lik'd him, had she not dispos'd of her Heart to the lovely Duke; but as Affairs then stood with her, it was necessary

sary to deceive him; for he being then too young to enjoy his Revenue, which was large, and strictly bound by a written Contract not to marry till he was of Age. *Amanda*, who from his Addreses, dreaded no hasty Marriage, publicly encourag'd the deceiv'd Youth, a Property that artfully amused the Crowd, and gave an unanswerable Denial to those bold Pretenders who yet presumed to attempt the Fair; a Deceit that mask'd her real Passion from the most curious Observer, (and as Love never wants to be taught Cunning) *Amanda* had so well acted the Hypocrite, that *Luvania* believed *Osmode* her real Favourite, and the beauteous Dutches, who had resolved to satisfy herself of *Amanda's* Inclinations, with a dissembled Smile, continued her Discourse in this Manner: *Me thinks you're wondrous close, my dear Amanda, and hide your Soul with Art from your Luvania. I judg'd I merited the Name of Friend, and could almost be sure you think me so, and Friendship should, like Love, have no Reserves: Nay, never blush, Love's a Disease not grate, nor is it a Disgrace when finden Worthy. Osmode's a Lover many would be proud of, but had not I lov'd him*

Now *Amanda*, who during this Talk, had with Difficulty conceal'd her Disorder, knowing the subtle seldom are sincere, and at a Loss how to construe *Luvania's* Meaning, was thoughtful and confus'd, and deeply ruminating on her artful

artful Discourse, when her Mistake concerning
Ofmode made her smile, and thus rejoyn; Of-
mode's a Youth deserves, but not Amanda; his
awful Respect and ardent Love, so worthily merit
my Esteem, I would, in Return, present him any
Thing but a Heart, and that—Hold, cry'd Lu-
vania, I request no more, all Lovers have a Lo-
ver's Privilege, which I that know Love's Influence,
can pardon; for Truth in Love is not to be expect-
ed; it's inconsistent with the soft'ning Passion, tho'
every Glance betrays the smothered Weakness Art
would in vain conceal, for I can read Ofmode's
the happy Man in every Look and Gesture of A-
manda; but yet, believe me, there are Men deserve
and perhaps wish your Love as much as Ofmode.
Suppose Luvania knew you had a Lover, tho' not
so young, worthier of your Esteem, (you'll pardon
me this Freedom) a Man who loves you to that
Height of Love, it's past my Wit to tell you its
Excess, who languishes in doubtful, anxious Tor-
tures, and more than dies to clasp my charming
Friend.

O! you are warm in Praise, reply'd Amanda;
were you not really wed, I might, perhaps, grow
jealous, and think the Gentleman a Favourite of
yours, you draw his Character to such Advantage.
Pardon me, Madam, do I know your Friend? My
Affections, I do assure you, are not disposed of to
Ofmode; and had I Power over my Inclinations,
(for I confess I love) Luvania's Choice would,
doubtless

doubtless be Amanda's; you'll be so good as to name me this unknown Lover, whose Modesty conceals his warm Desires, that I may yet be grateful and repay him. But, Pity, you assure me, will be useless, and Love, you know's involuntary; I would advise your Friend to forget me, for by the Symptoms, I very much fear my Heart's engaged. At this Discourse the Fair Luvania redned, and with a Soul-felt Sigh, recall'd a Tear that started, ere she could compose herself, Gods! cry'd the Dutcheß, shall I speak my Thoughts, expose myself, and satisfy Amanda, of this Monster, and his Design; her Words have given me torturing Agonies, and made me feel the Pangs of Infamy. This being inwardly expressed, with a Disorder in her Countenance, which was visible to the observing Amanda, who feared from her lovely Friend's Behaviour, and seeming Thoughtfulness that she meant to deceive her in some Affair or other, though Amanda could scarcely credit her Surmise, or imagine in what she could impose upon her; nor could she think Luvania was ungenerous, but some secret Instinct of Nature she could give no Reason for indulging, made her thus doubt the Sincerity of her Friend.

In fine, Luvania could say no more about Carlo; Amanda's Words had grieved her Soul too deeply: She now resolved, by a crafty Way of talking, to discover the Deceit, and by seeming weak enough not to discern she did so,
from

from the Conduct of *Amanda* afterwards, to form a certain Judgment of her Inclinations, and instantly resumed, I thank *Amanda* for this frank Confession; as to my Lover that I so artfully described, it was meer Fiction; an Enquiry after your Value for *Osmode*, of whose Pretensions to *Amanda* I had some Reasons to be jealous; and if my Friend's sincere, I own I am pleas'd you're not engaged; for if you're not engaged to *Osmode*, I think you're not engaged at all; at least I hope so. What Interest, interrupted the surpriz'd *Amanda*, can make *Luvania* so desirous to know, if my Inclinations are at Liberty? Nay, added she, You've gone too far to blind your Friend; I'm certain there was some Meaning in that Question; nor was it a fictitious Love you painted; I'm not the Child you think me, my *Luvania*; and must resent my being used as one: Then to be free, rejoyned the Dutches, smiling, you'll pardon the Deceit, when I shall satisfy you; it aimed at nothing but to establish a lasting Friendship betwixt us: I have a Son, the good *Dizanga*'s Heir; his Age will more than equal my *Amanda*'s, and his Estate is large and unincumber'd. The Youth is personable and polite; you soon will be a Judge of his Perfections, for I expect him with the first Vessel that comes from Spain, my last Letters having given him strict Orders to attend me here, with all possible speed; and if my *Carlo* sees *Amanda*'s Charms, with *Luvania*'s Eyes, you will undoubtedly engage him to be yours for Life; and if when you

see

see my Son, you can approve of him for a Husband, I shall esteem myself truly happy in so wish'd-for a Blessing, and with transporting Joy acknowledge so worthy a Daughter as Amanda. Why silent, Friend, I but propose, not counsel; I'm sorry I have damp'd your Gayety: Not so, rejoyn'd Amanda, well awake; I am the Servant of Luvania's Friendship; but, doubtless, your young Son's courted by many who engross Wealth, and Beauty, which may charm him; and hath, by this Time, perhaps no Heart to give; and I should never bear a Husband's Humours, who with an Air of Indifference, shall tell me, after I'm his Wife, he had never marry'd me; but that he being then a Child, was so dutiful as to consent to disoblige himself, to oblige his Mother; and therefore could not imagine he committed any Sin in indulging himself in a criminal Correspondence with the Person he sincerely loved, and should have thought himself much happier with, if he could have enjoyed the Privilege of making her his Bride, which the Folly of his Youth would in this Case render impracticable, unless a wish'd-for Death set him at Liberty. This, Madam, is all the Happiness I must expect with a Husband who marries merely to obey his Parents; and as I presume your Son would certainly consent to marry me, rather than disoblige you, I should be very unhappy with him; for if I really loved him, I should fancy he could not love nor even so much as like me, and interpret all

his

his Words and Actions to that which perhaps he never meant, when he was fond and indulgent, I should think him false, but subtle; when he was serious and friendly, think him the most artful Hypocrite; and when he was careless and indifferent, imagine he was brutal and savage, for I should Construe every Thing he said, or did, to my own Disadvantage, and make my self truly Wretched by barely surmising I might be so; and as no Affliction is intolerable, but those our own splenatick Prejudices make so, I should be by my own Fault, like many others, eternally miserable; and therefore Luvania, if my Reasons may prevail let's talk no more of the Matter, for tho' I should think my self very much honoured in being allowed to call so worthy a Person Mother: As I cannot embrace the Means to make me so, without being Unhappy, you'll be so good as to pardon my Refusal, and accept my Thanks for so vast an Obligation as you've so generously proposed, your Sons Inclinations being at this Time as much unknown to you, as to my self; I know Osmode loves me to Love's Excess, could I return the Youth's transcendant Passion, still there's the Tye resumed the treacherous Beauty who perplexed with various Agonies of Thought, had heard her all this While without once interrupting her; you're not in Love Amanda, added she, how pleasantly you betray your self, now I believe you my Dear you're not in Love: No certainly, not on my Honour returned Amanda, with Osmode,
O
you

you may smile at my Simplicity but Luvania's mistaken in the Person I assure her, as much as Amanda would be, did she really believe you designed your Son to be my Husband, for I am not so very shallow but that I well remember the Description of your Son, and the older Lover, which you at first Spoke on, were very Different, and Doubtless you sifted the Tale for some Reasons you thought me unfit to be intrusted with; methinks I am somewhat curious, and very uneasy till I am satisfied, who this unknown Lover of mine is, you may imagine I like not Boys; name me the Friend you first design'd? It may be one I secretly have wished for, I Promise you no Youth hath my Affections; our Stripling's Vanity outweighs their Love, they cringe and flatter but to gain a Conquest and Glory in the Weakness of our Sex, for my Part I have an Aversion for such, who for the most Part are Milk Sop Coxcombs, and when scarcely wean'd from Nurses, and a Hobby-Horse, Cry for a Mistress to debauch her Fame, and tell a vicious Tale, of his amorous Prize, for this is at present the most gallant, and fashionable Amusement, of our modern Youth, who to shew us they are yet but School-boys, can't for their lives help telling Tales of their Playfellows.

Now, tho' I am young my self, was I to chuse a Lover, especially if I design'd him to be my
Husband

Husband, I should certainly prefer the Man that seem'd to be most worthy of my Love; and who, as far as I could judge of the Sex, knew best how to value it; for Men, when very young, seldom think justly, and there must be something that comes very near a Heavenly Happiness in mutual Love, (at least I fancy so,) something more tender, friendly, and engaging, than can possibly be met with, in the false Caresses and solemn Protestations of our eager impertinent Youth, who take a Pride in indulging themselves in senseless unmanly Follies, that rashly usurp the Name and Symptoms of sincere Affection; but as I had rather a Man of Sense, should pay a Compliment to my Understanding than my Person, because his Applause, would doubtless conduce to my Advantage, by shaming me into an ardent Desire to deserve his Commendations, so I should fix my Happiness in a Husband (whose Power is absolute,) in the same Person that first merited the Name of my Friend: For as all the Words and Actions of a real Lover ought visibly to demonstrate he is such, the Cavalier who designs to be a Husband, should seriously consider whether he hath Love or good Nature enough for his destin'd Wife, to sooth her Frailties and excuse her Errors, till by obliging her in Trifles, he charms her to these grateful Returns of Duty, which makes the Nuptial State the State of Angels; for a Man must be settled enough to form a certain Judgment, of his own Affections and Inclinations, before in my Opinion he's qualified for

216 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

either a Husband, a Lover, or a Friend, which three Persons ought to be always blended in one, if Happiness is propos'd in the Connubials; but our knowing Age paints them in different Characters, and tells us their Union's impracticable, and to be modish, the Husband as soon as married, forgets he was his Lady's Lover; and the most passionate Lover makes it a certain Proof of his Sincerity, that he never designs to marry with the unhappy Wretch he hath undone; his Estate is involved poor Man, he's encumbered with heavy Mortgages, he hath contracted large Debts, or perhaps hath Sisters Fortunes to pay, and hath embezzled his own: In short he cannot bear to make the Woman he hath ruin'd the Partaker of his Misfortunes; he is too generous to deceive her, and loves her too well to make her his Wife, pitiful, mean Evasions to abuse the Credulity of a Young, Fair, perhaps Noble Lady, whom he treacherously betray'd, and who placing all her Heaven in his Embraces, fancies him sincere, till convinced by his sudden Marriage with some more wealthy Charmer, and his immediate Forgetfulness of her, it was a fatal Mistake, which she too late laments.

Thus, Madam, you see I have freely told you my Sentiments concerning Marriage, which may easily let you into the Secret of my Thoughts; as to the Principles and Age of the Man I could approve on, from which I leave you
to

to draw what Inferences you think proper, and in Return expect Luvania will be as free, and name me her Friend: 'Tis not impossible but that your conceal'd Cavalier may be my Favourite; for you may easily conceive that my Discourse, as well as yours, aims at the revealing some Mystery, as yet unknown.

These Words *Amanda*, blushing extreamly, utter'd, who fear'd the discerning Dutchess had by some Means discover'd, that she lov'd Duke *Bellfond*, and had made Use of this Artifice to make her confess it.

Here *Luvania*, who never had indulg'd a Thought of Duke *Bellfond*'s being *Amanda*'s Lover, paused! and as those Persons that we've lik'd our selves, 'tis natural to fancy our Friends may think agreeable also: She began to imagine *Carlo* might be the Man *Amanda* had distinguished, and call'd Favourite; and to wean her from so dangerous a Weakness, (fearing she lov'd him,) resolv'd to betray the Villain's Design concerning her, viz. *Amanda*, after she had describ'd his Person, and Passion for her, as much as possible to his Advantage, and by that Means was a better Judge of *Amanda*'s Inclinations; in order to which *Luvania* after a few Moments Silence, form'd this Answer, I am sorry my Discourse hath given Offence to *Amanda*: But to leave what's Forreign to

218 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

our Purpose, since my dear Friend seriously assures me, that's he's not inclin'd to encourage a young Lover's Addresses; I really know a witty Cavalier, who was once, not only thought handsome, but deserving of the noblest and wealthiest Ladies in Spain; He loves my Friend with an uncommon Ardour, and often hath made me his Confident, but then he is, I think, too old for you. Here the Dutcheß describ'd Carlo, and to compleat Amanda's Surprise added his Name; Who? Carlo rejoyn'd the astonish'd Maid, I'm very sorry he's Luvania's Friend, I should have call'd him Villain else; you'll pardon me, I own I was mistaken, but this I assure you, that Carlo's my Aversion, and if you are his Friend pay tell him so.

He may be good too, as well as handsome, in every Body's Opinion but mine, For I own I think him neither, but I thank Luvania: I was indeed uneasy till I knew who was so very much your Friend, and my Lover; for I should never have thought of Carlo: The News hath really surpriz'd me, but yonder's my Woman she seems to want me; I'll return instantly and you shall know my Thoughts. With these Words which Amanda repeated in a confus'd Manner she left Luvania, and went directly to her Chamber, where locking the Door, she sat her self down, and for some Minutes, being very much perplex'd at Luvania's

vania's Behaviour, reflected on her Artifice, and her own Sincerity, now fully convinced she was more *Carlo's* Friend than hers, a Thought which gave her inexpressible Torture; shedding some Tears, the distress'd Fair resolv'd, before she was too fatally assured of so unwelcome a Truth, to leave her Brother's Seat, which was no sooner projected than done; and masking her real Melancholly, with a gay Appearance, she instantly paid a Visit to *Osmode's* Sister, a Lady who had more Wealth than Wisdom, and never but when useful to be valued that Lady received *Amanda* as one who was design'd to be her Sister, and seem'd transported that she was so good, as to come and spend a few Days with her, having often requested the same Favour without Success.

With this Sister of *Osmode's* we shall at present leave *Amanda*, to satisfy the curious that *Luvania* being now alone, was very much concerned for *Amanda*; and observing, that altho' she was young and innocent, she was too good, as well as too wise, to be made a Property of.

For the lovely Dutchess was not to be told that the noble Maid saw thro' her Artifice, nor was at first ill pleased at it, her Intention being to tell her the Plot, that she might the better shun the Traitor; but when *Luvania* reflected

reflected that she was thereby known to be the Accomplice and Property of so base a Villain, the agonizing Idea gave her Pangs.

But not to forget the vile *Carlo*; who entered *Felix's* Seat, soon after *Amanda* had left it, and with a well feigned Transport caressing the Soul-tortur'd Dutcheß, (who as yet knew nothing of that Lady's Flight) ask'd with a deceitful Smile if she had made *Amanda* sensible of his Passion for her, and gain'd her to consent to his Embraces, to which the fair *Luvania* answer'd in the Affirmative, assuring him he should the approaching Night be happy in her Arms; and seeming to credit his amorous Falshoods, tho' she suffer'd him to repeat them with real Regret, artfully deceived the detested Deceiver, who not contented with making her eternally unhappy, had Villany enough to propose her to be his Agent, in the barbarous Ruin of Youth, and Innocence even in the Person of her faithful Friend.

Now *Luvania* had brib'd a Servant of *Felix's* who had been in Fault to pass to *Carlo* for *Amanda*; the Villain readily agreeing to come to her Chamber, which was to be darken'd at Midnight; *Carlo*, who never once suspected the Dutcheß's Sincerity, was at the Hour appointed introduc'd to the suppos'd *Amanda*, who, as *Luvania* had flatter'd him, was down-right

right in Love with his Person, but being young, and bashful, wanted Courage to meet him in any Place where the Light might betray her Blushes; and therefore tho' she had consented to receive him in her Bed-Chamber, would not be thought conscious of the Criminal Affignation.

Thus instructed, the amorous *Carlo* for some Time trifled with the artful Fair, and mask'd his Design with awful Respect, till fired by the taught Slave's affected Coyness, and Morning hastning on, he was just on the Point of attempting to accomplish his Ends by Brutal Force, thinking it meer Folly to wait for the suppos'd *Amanda's* Consent, and lose so fair an Opportunity, of being what he call'd happy; when the Villain discover'd by a Glimpse of Day, which then grew visible that he had been all this While deceiv'd in the Person he pretended to, and thought himself assured of; astonish'd at the Imposition, breathing Curses and Revenge upon the Author of it, starting in a Rage from the false *Amanda*, he swiftly drew a keen edg'd Sword, and instantly stab'd the unfortunate Slave, whom he directly left, as he then thought, for dead.

During the Time this Affair was transacting, the lost *Amanda* writ to *Luvania*, who was very much surpriz'd at that Lady's sudden Departure,

222 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

ture, and with inexpressible Grief, remember'd it was *Luvania's* Treachery that had caus'd it; *Amanda's* Letter, which she sent to the lovely Dutcheſs, was read thus,

To the once dear *Luvania*,

“ IT is with unutterable Regret, thus
“ treacherously dealt by, that I find my
“ self enforced to resent *Luvania's* Treatment.
“ Is it thus ungenerous Fair you would merit
“ the Name of *Amanda's* Friend? I blush at my
“ Soul's Weakness, when I reflect I once con-
“ fided in thee, and thought *Luvania* faithful
“ as *Amanda*: What shall I say? I will not
“ call thee base: The Villain that undoes thee
“ get my Curse; Oh! think *Luvania* you
“ have wrong'd a Friend, a real Friend, for
“ how I lov'd thee's inexpressible. What can
“ describe the Agonies I felt when I resolv'd
“ to part with false *Luvania*, but it must be,
“ for ever we must part; oh you have taught me
“ Falshood and Mistrust, yet even thus injur'd,
“ I'm sorry for thy Frailty, for something
“ whispers *Carlo* is thy Ruin. Oh! my *Lu-*
“ *vania*, shun him for your own Sake; for
“ tho' I never more perhaps may see you,
“ methinks I still esteem, still love *Luvania*,
“ but never can forgive thy Syren Arts:
“ Farewel, may thy next Friend be just as
“ this

“ this *Amanda*, but never so deceiv’d; once
“ more Farewel, remember the Advice of
“ wrong’d,
Amanda.

This Letter which was read with Blushes by the perplex’d Dutchess, who was truly griev’d that she had by so ungenerous a Fraud lost her faithful Friend, was soon consider’d as the Result of weigh’d deliberate Thought; nor could the experienc’d subtle *Luvania* with Reason blame the young *Amanda*’s just Resentment; nor did all the beautiful Charmer’s soothing Arts, during her short Stay in *Cyprus*, regain that injur’d Lady’s Friendship.

But to return, *Amanda*, who was soon tired with the insipid Conversation of *Osmode*’s Sister, remov’d from thence to the Seat of an ancient Noble Lady, who was her Aunt, and liv’d about sixteen Leagues from the *Villa* she then left. Having first impower’d a faithful Steward of *Felix*’s to manage all his domestic Affairs, during his Absence, and inventing a Tale to satisfy her Brother of the Reason of her Departure, writ him a friendly Letter, and liv’d for some Time in a private retir’d Manner with her Aunt.

But

But to the Dutcheſs, who'd deſign'd her Flight, and whiſt ſhe amus'd *Carlo*, with the ſuppos'd *Amanda*, made it her chief Study how to leave *Felix's Villa* privately alſo ; conſcious his Revenge would be in particular fatal to her, and *Oſorio* having ſome Days before writ her Word to meet him at the Ship, for he ſhould make no Stay at all at *Cyprus* ; his only Friend *Felix* being abſent, the diſtreſs'd Fair, who with Transport heard the News, welcom'd his Return, with all the Raptures of ſincere Affection, and ſoon prevail'd on him to ſet Sail for *Sicily*, where her Lord propos'd to ſettle, and where *Luvania* indulg'd a Hope, ſhe might be bleſt in Safety with the Sight of the young *Dizanga*, for now ſeven Years had paſs'd ſince ſhe beheld him.

But to return to the diſappointed *Carlo*, who vow'd ſeverely to revenge the Cheat, miſſing of *Luvania* ; for none could ſatisfy him concerning her, tho' he made the ſtricteſt Enquiry where the Ship was bound to, that ſhe had ſet Sail in, *Oſorio* having never left the Veſſel : The Villain finding that he could not accompliſh his wicked Deſigns, at that Time, upon the Dutcheſs, ſtifling his Reſentment, he directly viſits Coquet *Elaira*, and practiſing the obſequious Lover, with artful Hypocriſy, endeavour'd to perſwade that Lady, to condeſcend to gratify the violent Paſſion he pretended to have
for

for her, imagining he should find it no difficult Task to gain her, her Husband being absent; for by *Elaira's* Means, the Villain propos'd to get *Amanda* also, flattering himself, that when she had once consented to be his, she must of Necessity comply with every Thing he had Assurance enough to ask, or he would absolutely expose her to her Lord, the Fear of which, would doubtless stop her from betraying him: But finding that even the vain *Elaira* refus'd his Addresses, declaring with a resolute Air that she would publickly punish him, if he persisted in his Impertinence.

The unparallel'd Villain, having by high Presents bought a base Attendant of that Lady's, to his Interest, to obtain his Ends, contriv'd a most infernal Plot, and was by the mercenary Slave's Assistance privately admitted into her Bed-Chamber, when she was fast asleep, where stripping himself, he got softly into her Bed; when straight before the Villain could make any Advantage of so fair an Opportunity, *Felix* enter'd the Chamber, being suddenly return'd from a long Journey, and thinking more agreeably to surprize his *Elaira*, had given her no Notice of his coming, he drawing the Curtains full of the most affectionate Love for his Wife, astonish'd saw the naked *Carlo* fold her to his Bosom, with all the Impudence of Villany; just as the surpriz'd Lady, who instantly wak'd,
and

and found herself in the daring Monster's Arms, shriek'd out for Help, and wild with Thought, observ'd her Husband present: *Felix*, who briskly drew to end the Villain, missing his Aim, struck the sharp-pointed Sword through the Bed, and gave a mortal Wound to sad *Elaira*, whilst bold audacious *Carlo* left the Fair, and swift as Murderers pursued, shunn'd Justice, wondring *Elaira* utter'd not a Word, but mute as lifeless Statues, made no Defence to clear herself from Shame, nor gave a Groan to tell the Sword had pierc'd her, till seiz'd with fainting Fits, that made Life doubtful; her silent Tortures mov'd even her Lord's Pity, who being thus receiv'd, perplex'd with various agonizing Ideas, with wild Distraction painted in his Face, he sometime paced the Chamber, when suddenly forcing a sullen Smile, he coolly kiss'd her, and in a mournful Voice bid her farewell, a Farewel which too fatal prov'd his last.

The Villain *Carlo*, was by the Wretch's Means who had introduc'd him to the unhappy *Elaira's* Chamber, soon cloath'd and conceal'd, till *Felix's* Search was over; when thinking himself out of Danger, he privately pursued his Journey, to find *Amanda*; having form'd a subtle Stratagem to get her in his Power, and so ruin her; the Fellow that assisted him to surprize *Elaira* being now his Servant, a fit Attendant for

for so base a Master, for *Carlo* had resolv'd when he'd Triumph'd in his Wish, to blast the Reputation of the Ladies, he had Injured, viz. *Elaira*, and *Amanda*; and by the justest Information he could get, directly set Sail, to pursue *Luvania*, whom after he had forc'd to his Embraces, he purpos'd to accuse, so as should touch her Life, and satiate with; her Sufferings, his Revenge, when to assure him Kings have far stretch'd Hands, tho' sometimes long, they bear with vile Offenders; he was in the Height of his base Designs, suddenly seiz'd by a Party of *Spanish* Horse, which came from the King of *Spain* his Master in Pursuit of him, and Landed in that Island, the very Day that *Felix*, came ashore, and by his Servant's watchful Diligence, (who true to their injured Master, pursu'd the Villain,) were conducted to him; this Guard having brought strict Orders from the *Spanish* Prince, to bring *Carlo* to his Royal Palace, fetter'd and manacled, he having Acted many heinous Crimes, and being particularly accused of murdering *Luvania*, and firing the Convent. Thus was the young *Amanda*, the Care of Heaven, and the Villains wicked Design frustrated, our Guardian Angel, sheilding still the Good.

During this Time the disconsolate *Felix*, visited the Seat he left, where the first Object he met

met with, was the dying Slave, who had passed to *Carlo* for *Amanda*; the unfortunate Vassal being preserv'd by very Miracle till then, relating the sad Cause of her unnatural Death departed: *Felix*, more perplex'd then ever, directly makes a Journey to his Aunt's, and sternly questions *Amanda*, concerning his Wife's Conduct, viz. how she came first acquainted with this *Carlo*, and what Liberties she had ever observ'd her to allow him, adding with a deep fetch'd Sigh that he found her in the Villains Arms.

Amanda who was very much surprized at the Relation, replied she scarcely could credit what he told her, being well assur'd that *Carlo* in particular was her Aversion, and she could swear for her Sister, that to all Appearance she never had encouraged any Persons Addresses in an unlawful Way, and much less his, by whatever Stratagem he had gained her; for she was conscious it was not with her own Will, and earnestly begging of her Brother to believe the best of his Lady, prudently conceal'd those Truths she knew would be unwelcome, and pleaded strongly for distressed *Elaira*. *Felix* who lov'd his Lady to Distraction, pleas'd, that *Amanda* spoke in her Behalf, ardently wished he could with any Shadow of Reason, believe what he so very much desir'd, viz. That his Lady was

was innocent, and never had consented to this *Carlo*, but imagining himself guilty of the most unmanly Weakness, so tamely to forgive a Crime that he had in a Manner been Witness to, (at least as he then thought) perplex'd himself with all the jealous Doubts of Love, till he was no more Master of his Reason.

But not to leave as yet, the wrong'd *Elaira*, who for some Time patiently sooth'd her Sorrows; sadly reflecting on that Vanity, she had too much indulg'd, and which had made her thought guiltier than she was; finding her Fame at Stake, her Husband gone, the busy World disputing the Event, conscious she'd err'd in many Points of Duty, altho' she was innocent of the Crime she then seem'd guilty of; for she was a deep Gamester, and profuse, and lightly had regarded her own, or her Lord's Reputation and the Coquet tho' free of lawless Joys, *Elaira* knew, too often wrong'd a Husband. In fine the torturing Pangs of Thought and the vast Surprize of the Adventure joined with the Agony of the Wound she had receiv'd from *Felix*, seized the unhappy Lady with Convulsions, which by Degrees growing more dangerous ended her Life, and with it her Disgrace; for oh! how fatal is a thorough Fright, and where's the Pen that can describe *Elaira's*. Waked by the rude Embrace of a bold Villian, just in the Moment of her

P

Lord's

Lord's Return, who witnessed as he well might think his Shame, for what else could he judge, to find her in another's Arms in Bed, undrest, and closely folded to his Bosom; himself at that Time an unexpected Guest, and as he doubtless than surmiz'd an unwelcome one, what would it avail his injured Lady to argue against what he so plainly thought himself assured of, or with Prayers and Tears to attest her Innocence, when to Appearance none could be more guilty. *Felix* well knew, she was not such a Girl as to comply, for fear of Bug-bear Threatnings, nor did the Place or any Incident then visible, look like her being forced by Violence to his Embraces, when she seem'd sleeping and consenting to him; but that the Sight of *Felix* made her shriek, the jealous Husband joining all these criminal accusing Circumstances made no Dispute, but that *Carlo*, had long before then been Master of his *Elaira's* Person, if not her Heart: Her Indifference to him, having been always visible and her unbounded Love of modish Gallantries, and publick Entertainments, such as the Character of a prudent Wife would not admit of, and a Lady that had a true Value for herself would blush to indulge herself in. But how deceitful are Appearances, what mortal Eye can judge of Guilt, or Merit by meer Outside. How often are the Innocent

cent

Innocent thought guilty? and by the Worthless censur'd and lampoon'd, when there's no solid Reason to accuse them, tho' their imprudent Conduct causes it, who like *Elaira* careless of the Event, indulge those Liberties, that blast their Fame and make them to the Worthy despicable. How cautious ought the Fair to be of allowing themselves in those unwarrantable Freedoms, that even when innocent, so deeply stain them, and in the End too often make them wretched, Oh! would the lovely Sex reflect, and think, and weigh but justly the Result of Folly, there would not be the Room there is for Scandal, Coquetry then would be unfashionable, and Merit, and Discretion be the Toast, had the unhappy injured *Elaira*, but prefer'd the Prudent to the Gay, her late Reflections had not been so fatal and she perhaps had not been judg'd so Guilty.

But to return *Elaira's* Death cancell'd her greatest Faults, whose Lord the worthy *Felix*, who lamented his Lady with Tears of true Affection, after her Loss indulg'd himself in a stupid Melancholly for some Time, when suddenly, settling his Domestic Affairs, he travell'd under a Pretext, that he had receiv'd on Account, where to find his Captive Brother, whom as it was now in his Power, he should with Pleasure Redeem. *Felix's* Departure was a very great Grief to the distressed

232 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

Amanda, who was very much concerned for *Elaira's* Death, and her Brothers Melancholly, whom we must now leave on his Journey, to tell you, that during this Time, young *Osmode*, *Amanda's* real Lover, to whom she was contracted, made a Tour to *Italy*. To him, that Fair One, urged by weighty Reasons, had publickly declared, she was a Wife; the serious Face with which she told her Tale, made the busie inquisitive Crowd believe it Truth, and oblig'd the more curious to wait till his Return, should convince them of the Reality.

But not to forget *Luvania*, who was for some Time distressed by pursuing Storms and dangerous Shipwrecks, and drove far distant of *Cicilia's* Coast, that Lady still retaining a sincere Affection for *Amanda*, by the first Opportunity convey'd her the following Letter.

To my injur'd Friend, the ever dear *Amanda*.

TO blame thy just Resentment were a Fault, and to accuse my self would lightly clear me; what an ill-judging Wretch was this *Luvania* to lose a Friend, a faithful worthy Friend, for one, too well I knew to be a Villain; yet know *Amanda*, thy wrong'd Friend was true, sincere as thy own Soul, but basely dealt by. I blush to say base *Carlo's* Property, whom I must
ever

ever name with bleeding Sighs; for, oh my Friend, I still must call thee so, he hath distrest my Peace, and stain'd my Honour, robb'd me of all the Heavenly Joys of Friendship, and made me to Amanda seem a Fiend, yet couldst thou read my seeming Guilt, my real Innocence, with the All-searching Eye of gracious Heaven; you'd pity the impos'd on, lost Luvania, nay you'd excuse her Frailty, and forgive her; for oh, Amanda how I've griev'd for thee, Words can't describe! Gods, what can paint the Agonies of Guilt! with what Reluctance did I give Consent to treacherously betray my dearest Friend, and how sincerely resolv'd to serve, and save thee, even with the Hazard of my forfeit Life; but you, before I could convince you of it, or even inform you that I had design'd it, was gone, and in a Moment, Luvania's Friend no more; tho' you must see my Tremblings, and my Tortures, when I but spoke to try Amanda's Virtue; you must be conscious that I could not wrong you; think then my Friend, how bitter was Reflection, when you was lost, no more to be retriev'd: Oh, think! and shed one Tear for sad Luvania, for I have shed a Million for Amanda; for sure I lov'd thee, as Heaven does the Good, esteem'd thee, as just Kings a loyal Subject, and plac'd thee next my Heart with Lovers Fondness; my Soul embrac'd and lov'd A-

234 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

manda's Virtues, with that warm Zeal we pay to awful Jove, when sick Men pray for Health, or Captive's Ransom. But oh! what have I done? what shall I say? what are Appearances? what humane Foresight? Oh! my Amanda, could I but convince thee of this one solemn Truth, Luvania's Friendship, but at this Distance 'tis a fruitless Wish, Amanda once deceiv'd, smiles at my Folly. Oh! think sometimes with Pity on Luvania; and may Heaven guard and prosper thee: Adieu, remember the unfortunate

Luvania.

P. S. We have been Shipwreck'd during the long Voyage, and are now drove by a violent Storm in View of the Turk's Dominions, and in vain aim to reach Sicily; the angry lowering Heavens seem to forbid it, and something of a secret Instinct that forbodes, I fear, my sure Destruction, tells me we shall land in Spain, and that in vain I shun the fatal Place: Pray for me, my Amanda, for I'm ruin'd if once I set a Foot on Spanish Ground, Farewel. Ten Thousand Tortures rend my Breast! but pity me, I ask no more, Farewel.

This Letter, Amanda, who truly lov'd the Dutcheß, perus'd with Tears, and pityed her Distress, with a Friend's Tenderneß; and as Friendship hath generally much the same Effect

as Love; she one Moment doubted *Luvania's* Sincerity, and the next forgave her all her Faults, and believ'd her faithful; and taking a great Delight in viewing the melancholly Lines, often read them: And one Day, being pleasant Weather, taking a serious Walk upon an open Green, that fac'd the *Villa* where she then resided, pausing over *Luvania's* Letter, Duke *Bellfond* pass'd her, well mounted, and attended, being just then return'd from his Tour to the *Eastern* Kingdoms, which his Grief for the dead *Cleomene* had occasioned at the unexpected transporting Sight; *Amanda* instantly swoon'd, and was taken up for dead; but her being often ill, being now no Wonder, none suspected the Cause and soon after understanding that *Bellfond* enquir'd for a Page to attend on him, she contriv'd, as Love never wants Invention, dress'd as a Youth, to introduce herself as such, where, what a Favourite she prov'd, and how she came at last to be betray'd, you have been told.

Now *Osmode*, her suppos'd Husband, dying abroad, (to meet with whom on his Return homeward, she pretended to leave her Aunts) left the bold and busy unsatisfy'd concerning the Reality of her Marriage, which some disputed, and others believed; till at Length, none hearing any Thing of *Amanda*, all *Cyprus* concluded her dead also; and amongst the rest Duke *Bellfond* was

236 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

was deceived, who really thought her so, till by solid Proof, convinced to the contrary. The Sequel of her Adventures, and how at last she came to be happy, the third Part will fully relate.

Yours,

LOUISA.



THE

THE
Happy-Unfortunate;
OR, THE
Female - Page :
A
NOVEL.

PART III.

*Of all the various Wretches, Love hath made,
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd.*

Row's Fair Penitent.

*Ransack the solid Globe for Wealth, and sweep,
The secret Vallies of the unfathom'd Deep ;
Give all to Love, and bribe him to be kind,
Yet still you'll feel his Fetters on your Mind :
Whate'er you stake, his Value's far above,
And nothing ballances but Love for Love.*

Fair Circassian.

L O N D O N .

Printed by THO. EDLIN, at the Prince's-
Arms over-against Exeter-Exchange in the Strand.

Happy-Unfortunate;

THE

Female - Page.

NOVEL.



OF THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE LATE
MRS. MARY ANNE
MURPHY, WHOSE
VIRTUES AND
TENDERS TO THE
WELFARE OF THE
HUMANITY, AND
TO THE
PROMOTION OF
THE ARTS AND
MANUFACTURES,
WERE
REMARKED BY
HER
FRIENDS AND
ACQUAINTANCE
AS BEING
THE MOST
PERFECT
EXAMPLE
OF
VIRTUE
AND
TENDERS
TO THE
WELFARE
OF THE
HUMANITY
AND
TO THE
PROMOTION
OF THE
ARTS AND
MANUFACTURES
IN
THE
PRESENT
AGE.

Printed by T. Cadell, at the
Corner of Pall Mall, in
London.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Countess of
HARTFORD.

M A D A M,



AS the Sequel of the *Female-Page's* Adventures are design'd as a Defence of the distress'd Fair; and concludes in making the *Unfortunate* truly *Happy*, by drawing them first truly virtuous, (Happiness being inconsistent with Guilt.) Permit me, *Madam*, to flatter my self; that as your *Ladyship* did me the Honour,
when

DEDICATION.

when you subscrib'd to the *Novel*, to read it in *Manuscript*, and to give me some little Encouragement to proceed; that my *Dedication* will not displease; as the last Part of my Book, in a more peculiar Manner, claims a Lady's Patronage. And it being always the Height of my Ambition to merit the Smile of so great a Genius as your Ladyship's, an Indulgence, will sooth the utmost Efforts of my Vanity.

WHERE amongst the *Great*, except in the surprizing Example of your *Ladyship*, and the illustrious Earl of *Hartford*; do we more conspicuously distinguish the Happiness of conjugal Affection; not to mention those almost-unequall'd Beauties, both of Mind, and Person, which you jointly possess to celebrate which, I leave to a skillful *Genius*. My Prayer, shall ever be that *Heaven* may continue that perfect Tranquillity you now enjoy, and that your lovely Heirs may



DEDICATION.

may still increase it, and the blooming
Beauchamp complete the *Happiness* of
his illustrious Parents. I am, with the
utmost Deference,

M A D A M;

Your Ladyship's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Elizabeth Boyd.

DEDICATION.

may still increase it, and the blooming
Benediction complete the Happiness of
his illustrious Parents. I am, with the
utmost Devotion,

M A D A M,

Tom Ladbroke's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Elizabeth Boyd.



T H E
Happy-Unfortunate;
O R, T H E
Female-Page, &c.



N the Beginning of the second Part of this *Novel*, the Reader will be pleas'd to observe, that we left Duke *Bellfond*, with *Amanda*, viz. the Female-Page, at the Peasant's Cottage, and his Brother Count *Beauville*, pursuing his Journey to *Amelia's Villa*, of whom we shall give a satisfactory Account before we proceed any further with the Story of *Amanda*; for altho' the Count had actually ruin'd this *Amelia*, and that she had for some Years indulg'd a Passion for him, and allow'd of his Criminal Vi-
fcs,

sits, yet conscious of her Guilt, she always saw him with that inexpressible Confusion and Disorder, which only those unhappy Persons can conceive, who, like *Amelia*, have been by the Artifice of the only Man in whose Honour they confided, decoy'd into the Crime, they endeavour'd to shun, and by the Influence of a too fatal Affection, over-powered so far, as not only to pardon the Offence, but willingly consent to gratify the Offender, by indulging him in repeated Crimes, even at the Expence of their own Ease and Honour: For, Oh! how bitter's the black Sting of Guilt, how grateful the calm Joys of Innocence.

But to our Tale, you're first to understand the young Lady, we call *Amelia*, is the same Person, that we nam'd *Amira's* Friend, in the first Part of this Treatise, whose Father being just then dead, *Lucinda* was sent to condole, and was the only surviving Child of the *Mareschall* we then nam'd, he being a Native of *Paris*, very rich and powerful; and was at the Time he dy'd Embassador extraordinary from that Court, to the Court of *Cyprus*, on the establishing a Peace between the two Kingdoms, their Princes having been at Variance for some Years: Now the *Mareschall*, who was an able Minister, having gain'd the Esteem and Affection of his Country, and his Monarch, and the Applause of Foreign States dy'd, very much lamented

mented by all that knew him, with the Reputation of a good Subject, a loyal Statesman, and a brave Soldier.

We must now return to *Amelia*, (whose Mother dy'd when she was an Infant,) that Lady was, as to her Person, tall, and graceful; her Face exactly oval, her Complexion very fair, her Eyes blue and languishing, her Hair of a bright Silver Colour, which join'd to an agreeable Swimming in her Air, and an enchanting Sweetness and undefining Innocence in her Look, with a delicate Wit, and lively Vivacity that sparkled out in dazling Sprightliness, and added that inexpressible *Je-ne-scai quoi* of Beauty that insensibly charm'd the Hearts of her Beholders, and made her before she arriv'd at the Age of Fifteen, the most celebrated Toast of the *Parisian* Court.

It was at that fatal Court, the Count first saw her, and soon found an Opportunity to address her, which he did in the most respectful Manner, till his honest Appearance deceiv'd the young Lady, who lov'd him e're she was conscious of the Weakness, which he perceiving, without seeming to do so, pursu'd his Conquest, till he found a successful Hour to compleat her Ruin, which happen'd thus, *Beauville* having courted *Amelia* some Months for a Bride, the Lady confiding in his Honour, and deceiv'd
by

242 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

by the artful Manner of his Behaviour, made no Scruple to receive his Visits in her Chamber, and made her chief Woman her Confident ; *Beauville* for some Time continued his Reserve, and behav'd with the most and distant awful Respect, taking no Advantage from Time or Place, that might look like a Design. Whilst the young unsuspecting *Amelia* was insensibly charm'd with her subtle Undoer, and considering herself as a Maid of Condition, then in her Bloom a celebrated Beauty, and sole Heiress to an immense Fortune, reflecting that her Father was a Man in Power, who had a nice Regard to Honour, that she was his only Child, that he was the most tender and indulgent Parent ; flatter'd herself that Count *Beauville* would not presume to ask any Thing below Marriage of a Maid of her Quality and Fortune ; but alas ! poor Lady, she was wholly unacquainted with her Lover, who was a true Courtier, as void of Principles as Religion, the most abandon'd of his Rank, with the most polite Appearance.

For, altho' he was a younger Brother, at that time unprovided for, excepting a small Annuity, that his Father left him, his Brother being then abroad, by whose Interest he afterwards got his Advancement, he preferr'd a stud roving Life to a Wife like *Amelia* ; and neglected not only the Charms of Beauty, but the

the Certainty of a constant Affluence of Fortune for the debauch'd hazardous Life of a profligate Gamester.

But to return, *Beauville* taking the Opportunity one Evening, when *Amelia* was in a gay Humour, after some pleasant Discourse concerning Matrimony to press her earnestly to compleat his Happiness, by allowing him to bring a Priest he could confide in to marry them the ensuing Night, she having some Time before promis'd to marry him privately; his Circumstances, as she was conscious at that Time, not being equivalent to demand an Heiress of her Birth and Fortune publickly, altho' the young Lady who rely'd upon her Father's Goodness to consent to the Proposal, had often urg'd the Count to intimate his Inclinations to the *Mareschall*, which he as artfully evaded, till *Amelia*, who lov'd him to a greater Degree than she was at that Time sensible of, agreed to his Request, (*viz.* to marry him *incognito*) when the subtle Count caressing her, with all the extatick Rapture of a well-feign'd Affection express'd the most ardent Love, and grateful Transport for her Condescension.

When *Clara*, who was her Lady's chief Confident, coming into the Room, *Beauville* whisper'd *Amelia* not to contradict him, and he would divert her at *Clara's* Expence; the
Lady's

Lady's Silence seeming to give Consent, the designing Count instantly salutes *Clara*, in a grave manner, with the News of her Lady's being married to him that Morning at a Friend's *Villa* of her's, who was a Tenant of the *Mareschal's*, and liv'd in that Neighbourhood: Now the two Lovers, *viz.* the Count and *Amelia*, having been for some Time that Day in the Gardens, the *Mareschal* being absent, the Circumstances of Time and Place, in all Probability, agreeing with the Count's fictitious Tale, and the innocent Lady who never once reflected that her Lover had any other View, than the Pastime that *Clara's* Surprize would create them, encouraging the Frolick, *Beauville's* well-feign'd Rapture, on so gay an Occasion, and *Amelia's* serious Behaviour, deceiv'd the artless *Clara*, who from thence believ'd, that her Lady was actually married to the roving Count, (conscious how very dear *Amelia* lov'd him,) which too unhappy Credulity prov'd her Lady's Ruin; for *Beauville* who had his Ends to serve, did not fail to make his Advantage of so fair an Opportunity, and after tenderly reproaching *Amelia* for her Cruelty, as he term'd it in obliging him to leave her that Night without consummating the Marriage, because the *Mareschal* was expected home, took his leave of the Lady, and instantly whisper'd *Clara*, who attended his Departure, that

that he must speak with her as soon as her Lady was in Bed.

Now *Amelia*, whom her Lover's Visit had kept up late, thinking him gone, was no sooner a Bed then she fell asleep; which early Slumber soon gave *Clara* Liberty to meet the Count in the Garden, where he then waited for her.

Beauville after caressing the Favourite in the most friendly Manner, assur'd her with the most solemn Protestations, that he was her Lady's Husband, and adding to the rich Presents he had made her, a Diamond Ring of great Value prevail'd on *Clara* after some Intreaty, to grant him the Privilege of being her Lady's Bedfellow that Night in her Stead. In fine, *Clara* who credited his serious Falshoods, and thought herself guilty of no Crime in obliging him, introduc'd and left him; when he locking the Door softly, was with a Lover's Swiftness instantly stript, and too close to the Lady, for her to defend herself from his Embraces, who struggled till she fainted in his Arms; and he without Hesitation triumph'd in her Ruin. In vain, the injur'd Fair upbraided him, and prest him tenderly to marry her; in vain was Prayers and Tears, in vain Intreaty; nor could the distressed Lady betray him without exposing her own Weakness, in allowing of his private Visits, and encouraging so dangerous a Jest, as her pre-

tended Marriage, which even deceiv'd the faithful *Clara*, and open'd so ready a Way to her Dishonour: For as she was by that Means intirely in the Count's Power, had she given herself Time for Reflection, she might have easily guess'd what would be the Result. However, the Count to pacify her, assur'd her with a thousand solemn Vows, that he lov'd her to Distraction, that he long had languish'd for that happy Hour, to fold her thus to his fond faithful Bosom; that he would sign a solemn written Contract, wherein he'd bind himself by Oath to wed her, when those Prejudices of Fortune he then labour'd under were remov'd; which hindred him, as he had several Times hinted to her, from making her and himself so truly happy as he could wish; for tho' she had misunderstood him, that he design'd to marry her privately, she had deceiv'd herself, it was what he did not at that Time intend; he could not bear a Father-in-Law's Insults: Should the Marriage be publish'd before it was in his Power to equal Fortunes? begg'd that she'd not expose herself and him, but freely give Consent to his Embraces, and they might often be thus private blest; that he would love her far beyond a Husband, and give her daily Marks of his Esteem; that when in Time his Circumstances answer'd he would with Transport solemnize the Marriage, and own his lovely *Amelia* his Bride; but finding all his Arguments were useless, that
still

still the ruin'd Fair vow'd to expose him, and make her Father privy to his Crime, unless he married her and very soon; observing that the Lady was resolute, and conscious of the *Mareschall's* vast Power; he turned his Tale and grew all Condescension, and with all the sincerest Symptoms of the most ardent Affection, and real Penitence, for the Fault he had committed, begg'd *Amelia's* Pardon for his Rashness, promis'd her faithfully to bring a Priest the ensuing Night, that should actually marry them; assur'd her, that it gave him an inexpressible Pain to see her so uneasy, that he lov'd her to that Excess, he could not live without enjoying her; that it was Height of Love that caus'd his Crime, and sooth'd her with so many artful Lies; that she who really lov'd, too soon believ'd him, and after repeated Vows that he would wed her, agreed to all her Ruiner could ask, and so was by her own Consent made wretched. It soon grew Day, and the Count left the Lady, lest any watchful Servant should betray him; and return'd late that Evening with one of his gaming Companions, habited as a Priest, who in a grave Manner perform'd the Ceremony, and deceiv'd the innocent Lady, who then made no Scruple of receiving the Imposture to her Arms, and so deluded, thought herself for some Months truly happy; the Count behaving himself towards her as the most tender Lover, and deserving Husband; when *Amelia*, who soon grew pre-

Q 2

gnant,

gnant, urged him to declare their Marriage to the *Mareschall*; at which he seem'd uneasy, and still form'd some Reason to delay till the Lady growing visibly big, and telling him in a positive Manner, that if he still persisted to deny her her Request, she would actually betray the Secret to her Father herself. *Beauville* tir'd out with her continu'd Importunity, fearing she would be resolute enough to make her Words good, was prevail'd on, after a long Struggle with himself, to confess the Deceit that he had acted to gain her; which *Amelia* was no sooner made sensible of, than surpriz'd with so shocking a Truth she swoon'd away; and when by the Help of Art she recover'd her Senses, was seiz'd so strongly with inward Convulsions, that she had only Power to upbraid the unworthy perjurd *Beauville* with her Eyes, which visibly spoke the injur'd Fair's Resentment. The guilty Count left the Apartment full of Perplexity, an abortive Birth instantly follow'd *Amelia's* Disorder, of which the distressed Lady was in the most poignant Agonies deliver'd; the unhappy Circumstance had at that Time cost *Amelia* both her Life and Reputation, had not the Affair been silenc'd, and the Lady preserv'd by the Discretion and Fidelity of the experienc'd *Clara*, who had been married tho' unfortunately: During this Time, the Count was seiz'd with Pangs almost as violent as *Amelia's*; for notwithstanding he had wrong'd that Lady, and had so very

Villain-

Villain-like trapan'd her, he lov'd her more than any he had courted, conscious to what a Height she doated on him, how faithful, and how tender she had been, and that which more than all the rest alarm'd him; when busy thought, whisper'd her Father's Greatness, his Love, for *Amelia*, and Taste of Honour, for well he knew the haughty *Mareschall* would punish him who dar'd to wrong his Child; and that to the Extent of strictest Laws, thus to reflect, and think how he'd abus'd her; what Pain, what Torture he had made her suffer, and with what Tendernefs her Looks reproach'd him; that even amidst her Rage, spoke her Affection, and silently call'd her false Lover base; wrack'd the ungenerous Count, with wild Confusion, and made him wish the Marriage had been real; a thousand Times he curs'd the Hypocrite, that first advis'd him to so vile a Fraud; a thousand Times resolv'd to wed the Lady, and so gain Pardon for his past Offence; but when he grew more calm, and more himself, that Resolution vanish'd, and as a Girl that hath been bred to Lewdness, when she is settled well would fain reclaim the fawning Wretches who were first her Ruin; pursue with gilded Flatteries to seduce her, till the unhappy Creature's quite undone, and self-abandon'd, dreams no more of Virtue. So acted the inconstant roving Count, his gay Companions soon amus'd his Grief; and his dear darling Play, employ'd his Hours, and
banish'd

250 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

banish'd every generous manly Thought ; yet even amidst this *Beauville's* blithest Pleasures, the injur'd *Amelia* gave him Concern, for the most profligate esteem the Constant ; the Count in Spite of his Ingratitude, found such a Taste of Heaven in real Love, he could not think of losing *Amelia* ; never to fold her more in his Embrace, and hear her sigh how very dear she lov'd him ; for tho' he was not constant, he was fond, and made it his chief Study to engage ; proud he had Charms to win a Virgin Heart, that only his, refus'd the greatest Offers, if they were propos'd in Opposition to his Love.

The Count, 'tis true, did not then intend to wed this *Amelia*, because his loose Companions and Diversions wean'd him from any serious Thoughts of Marriage ; but every other lure Hymen excepted the artful Lover practis'd to regain her ; try'd every way Wit could invent, to get an Opportunity to see her ; writ her the most submissive, tender Letters, and hourly enquir'd of her Welfare ; but all was in vain, his Arts had no Effect, the injur'd Fair-One would not see the Perjurer ; but with a Resolution scarcely equall'd, return'd his amorous Letters with this Answer, That she was now resign'd, and had forgot him, and was too near her Death to be disturb'd ; begg'd of him not to trouble her Repose ; she was not to be any more deceiv'd, her stern Refusal made the Count impatient,
and

and somewhat piqu'd his Pride as well as Love, and he resolv'd by Stratagem to see her; conscious her Tendernefs in Spite of her Resentment, would pardon him so very kind a Fault; but that Design was quickly frustrated, for the perpetual Watch that now attended on the distressed *Amelia*, made it impossible for the subtile *Beauville* to gain any such Opportunity, and *Amelia's* continu'd Grief indulging the Weakness of her Distemper; she was seiz'd with so violent a Fever upon the Spirits, which join'd to intermitting Convulsions hourly increas'd her Danger, and gave so small Hopes of her Recovery, that she was soon given over by the Doctors; and the good *Mareschall*, her indulgent Father, (whose greatest Concern was for his lovely Daughter) in a Manner inconsolable.

During this Time, a Rupture happen'd in the State, and Count *Beauville*, with many other Commanders being order'd abroad; he writes a Letter to *Amelia*, which he inclos'd in one to *Clara*, and sends it by a strange Porter; in the Letter he begs Pardon in the most submissive Manner, for his Crime; expresses the most passionate Concern for her Illness, and the most excessive Grief for his being the Cause of it; reproaches her in the most tender Manner with her Credulity, concerning the Marriage, when he had so frankly declar'd to her but the Night before, that he could not marry her, till his
Cir-

Circumstances would allow him to ask her publicly of her Father; begs her to believe it was with vast Regret, and Unwillingness to satisfy her Scruples; and make her easy; he was prevail'd on rather than lose her, to act the Villany she so violently repented. In fine, that his Agonies was not less then hers, which the Sting of Guilt render'd intollerable, and which join'd to his sincere Affection, and high Esteem for her, was inexpressible; begs of her out of meer Compassion to his Sufferings and her own; to consent to see him before he leaves the Kingdom; which he assures her will be in a very short Time, he being commanded to a distant Country; with the first prosperous Wind, in Order at his Return to be preferr'd to a more honourable Post; that would, he doubted, not enable him to make her happy in a lawful Marriage; renews his first Proposal, to contract himself to her in writing, and concludes with the most solemn Protestations of Love, and Constancy.

This Letter of the Count's being seriously perused by *Amelia*, rais'd a strong Commotion in her Breast, and very much abated her Resentment; in fine she lov'd him, and Love pleaded for him: The News of his leaving *Cyprus*, soon alarm'd her Softness, and she no longer could support his Absence; but not to be too credulous, as he had deceiv'd her, she sent privately to enquire, of the Truth of what *Beauville*

ville had writ, concerning the State, and himself; and understanding by her Messenger, who was one she could confide in, that the Count was actually order'd to leave the Realm, within a Week, sent him for Answer, that if he would meet *Clara* in the Garden, at twelve a Clock that Night, she would let him know what she designed. *Beauville* did not fail to be at the Time appointed in Waiting, when the faithful Chamber-Maid, who had dismiss'd her Lady's Attendants, under a Pretence that she was better, and had order'd her to sit up alone that Night, introduc'd the impatient Lover, who approached *Amelia*, with the most awful Submission, and kneeling, sooths her with an artful Tale, with all a darling Lover's powerful Rhetorick, till *Amelia* consents to seal his Pardon, and, as a Proof, accepts the written Contract, which *Beauville* signs with Transport, and by Degrees the long sad Fair recovers. *Beauville* was quickly hasten'd to the Wars, the long Campaign kept him abroad three Years, during which Time he writ to *Amelia* the kindest Letters, which made her hope his Promises were real, and that when he return'd he'd marry her; but when he came to *Cyprus* he grew cool, forgot his Vow, and seldom visited her, and at last left her quite, for six long Months, nor writ her one soft Line that might excuse him, tho' *Amelia* had sent him many Billets, to call the solemn Contract to Remembrance, which
she

she declar'd if he was so ungrateful, she would produce, and tell the *Mareschall* the real Truth; who long had wonder'd at her Resolution, never to marry, and often urg'd her strongly to recant it; and introduc'd the noblest Youths of *Cyprus*, to be her Suitors, who had been proud to be so well allied, in Hopes some one among them might engage her, but all in vain; she lov'd too soon, poor Lady, and finding nothing could recal the Rover, the Fair indulg'd a languid Melancholly, and grew so ill, her Life was soon despair'd of; the Doctors straight agreed, 'twas inward Grief, and that some secret Sorrow prey'd upon her.

The *Mareschall* surpriz'd at the Report, and very much griev'd at his Daughter's Indisposition, instantly demands of *Amelia* the Cause of her Disorder, with all the Tendernefs of Fatherly Affection; the distrest Lady, who was very much perplex'd at that Question from him, after some Minutes Silence, told the *Mareschall* in a confus'd Manner, that she had been for some Years contracted to a young Gentleman, who was then abroad, naming a Nobleman's Son, who had been from home some Time, and the Ship being sunk in which he set Sail, was supposed to be drowned; and in a respectful Manner asking the *Mareschall's* Pardon for so great a Breach of Duty, added that she had lately heard he was alive, and on his Return to
Cyprus

Cyprus, which Surprise and Doubt had been the Cause of her Illness; but understanding that Duke *Bellfond's* Brother Count *Beauville*, was the only Person that could satisfy her of the Reality, he having seen the Youth when abroad, and brought private Letters from him to his Parents, and other Relations, who deferr'd their public Joy till his Arrival; she was very desirous to see this Count *Beauville*, and should be very uneasy till she did, but having no manner of Acquaintance with him, more than what publick Ceremony allow'd of, should take it kindly of the *Mareschall*, if he would oblige her in so small a Request, as giving the Count an Invitation to his Seat, that she might by that Means, without any Suspicion of the Cause of her Enquiry, satisfy herself of the Truth of the Rumour: The *Mareschall* heard his Daughter's Story out, without interrupting her, and with a deep fetch'd Sigh, seeing thro' the Artifice, took his Leave, in order, tho' unwillingly, to oblige her with a Sight of the Count.

What follow'd we shall leave at present, to tell you that *Beauville*, after he left his Brother at the Cottage, quickly arriv'd at *Amelia's Villa*, where he was no sooner seated, than he began in the most solemn Manner to tell her, that he was come with a Design to marry her; the Lady, whom he had often tantaliz'd with such Kind of Talk, was neither surpriz'd nor pleas'd

pleas'd with his Proteſtations; but returning his repeated Vows with a Soul-felt Sigh, reply'd, that ſhe indeed could wiſh his Words were Truth; that ſhe was very ſorry to find that he ſtill ſported with ſo ſacred an Inſtitution; that ſhe ſhould eſteem herſelf truly happy did he in earneſt purpoſe to make her his Wife, but had very little Reaſon from his paſt Conduct, to believe it was what he deſign'd: To this *Beauville* return'd, it was true he had often deceiv'd her, but ſhe ſhould this once find herſelf more agreeably miſtaken, his Brother and young *Florio* would be Witneſs, whom he had invited to the Wedding, and expected to be with him very early, rejoyning, that notwithſtanding his continued Rove, he had always diſtinguiſh'd her, by a peculiar Softneſs, from all the other Fair Ones he had convers'd with; that ſhe alone was Sovereign of his Heart, and very often gave him poignant Tortures; that he had many Times purpoſed to wed her, but ſomething of a vicious Inclination ſtill got the better of his Reſolution, and hurry'd him to Acts unworthy of him; but he was chang'd, his very Soul had now another Turn, and to convince her what he ſaid was Truth, they would, the Moment his Brother arriv'd, with her Leave, be married, by her own Prieſt, if ſhe thought proper, to ſatisfy her that he had no ſiniſter Deſign, and that he would from that Hour publicly acknowledge her for his Lady; that he would,
with

with her Consent, give out, they had been privately married some Years past, and that the Marriage had been thus long kept secret, because the *Mareschall* would never agree the *Count* should be own'd his Son-in-Law; that he would make her the most indulgent Husband, and with Pride own her Sons the lawful Heirs to his Estate, for *Amelia* had two Children by *Beauville*, who were living, and Twins, and were then near six Months old.

At this Part of his Discourse *Amelia* interrupted him, and thus resumed, My Lord, you have deceiv'd me, and can you blame me for my Unbelief: Oh! think Count *Beauville*, when I told my Father that I was married to the Sea Commander, and sent you Word by *Clara* of my Project, you know I was then in a Manner dying, and how you sooth'd me with the gratefull'st Falshoods; when my indulgent Father sent for you, and you was for a happy Week his Guest, you know what tender Letters then you writ me, how solemnly protested you would wed me, whilst the good *Mareschall*, speaking of him, rejoyn'd the *Count*, let me intreat of my dear *Amelia*, to tell me what that Noble thought of *Beauville*; say, did he ever give you Cause to think, that he had a Distrust concerning me; oh! you have waked a melancholly Tale, return'd the Fair, but I'll so far oblige you; know then, the Evening after you had

had left me, my Father paid me a short serious Visit, said very little, but seem'd very thoughtful; the next Day when he came he found me better, and gravely ask'd me, what News of my Sea-Lover, if Count *Beauville* had satisfied me of him; adding, if he was living, and was constant, he soon would see the Wedding solemniz'd; that he was very sorry to see my Weakness, but since I was so generous as to tell him, would not reproach me with the Childish Folly, but should my courted Lover prove unjust, I possibly might meet with a Refusal, wish'd me to welcome Health, and Peace of Mind; that much was owing to our Resolution; he too had lov'd but found Time made a Cure. I thank'd my Father for his tender Care, and promis'd him, that as far as was in my Power, I would do my Endeavour to get the better of my Illness, but fear'd it would be to little Purpose, being conscious, by what I then suffer'd, and the wracking Agonies that I hourly sustain'd, it was impossible I could live for any Time: At my repeating these Words, the *Mareschall* forced a Smile, and told me, *Amelia* might be mistaken, I might not be so bad as I conceived; then looking on me with a thoughtful Air, paus'd for some Time, and thus rejoyn'd, you wanted not Person or Fortune, I could have wish'd you had been wiser Daughter; adding, I might have chose a worthier Friend, at least he thought so; if the World talk'd I must

must condemn my self. Fame was full busy with the loose Count Beauville; I redn'd deep, whilst Trembling and Confusion spoke my Guilt; but I could never learn more from my Father, who left the Room with Looks that spoke his Thoughts, and gave me Cause to fear he judg'd the guilty Truth concerning Beauville: I saw you soon, and frequently by Stealth, dreading the Cunning of discerning Age, which hath its Wisdom often from Experience; scarce three short Months had past since my Recovery, for I grew quickly well, rais'd by your Kindness, e'er I conceiv'd, and visibly grew pregnant; 'twas then Inconstant, that I urg'd the Contract, and prest you tenderly to marry me, but you, my Lord, again grew cool, and careless, left me with a warm Vow it should be so, since when I never saw you till this Hour, during the Space of six long tedious Months.

You know I have lost the *Mareschall* my Father, who dy'd, I'm but too sensible, with Grief for my Misfortune, which he plainly saw; he told me he left Lands my Sons must heir, if I had any born in lawful Wedlock; bid me regard the Honour of my House, which had not for an Age long past been stain'd; adding, he fear'd that I was too unhappy, then wish'd me wiser, bless'd me, and departed: Heavens! how his last Words shock'd me, how I wept; for oh! he was so good, so much a Saint, Words
can't

260 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

can't describe him, nor dare I dwell upon the melting Theme: To conclude the Tragedy, the Funeral was no sooner over but my growing Shame bid me in time retire, for which my Father's Death was a sad Mask; nor knows one Friend excepting faithful *Clara* and dear *Amira*, ought of my Misfortunes; say yet Count *Beauville*, have I merited you: Say where is Love, where Constancy like mine; have I not too much Reason to distrust you, that gave you up my early Virgin Bloom, to be thus wretched? Oh! think false *Beauville* what you've made me suffer; I now am scarce six Months past Twenty one, my Fortune's large, my Family is Noble, my Person hath been thought agreeable, yet you have ruin'd me as Traitors sell the Kings, they seem to serve; trapann'd me to your Arms, and there deceiv'd me, robb'd me of Ease, of Honour and of Health, and triumph in the Villany you've acted; made me a Recluse to engage your Love, whilst you abandon'd me to Shame and Grief, and gave me all the Tortures of Despair; kill me deceitful Murderer with your Sword, but do not torture me with gilded Falshoods; I've now no Friend to screen me from Disgrace, my Father dead, my Shame I fear the Cause, cruel Deluder; Oh! I can no more, — here being forc'd to stop by rising Sighs, and Tears, the Fair was silent, and over-power'd with melancholly Thought, very near fainting; when the Count who was
very

very much moved at her Distress, clasping her to his Bosom, with the extatick Rapture of true Love, begg'd her in the most tender Terms to hear him; that he would no more injure *Amelia*, renews his Vow to marry her that Morning, and promises her to be just and constant; begs of her till the Duke and *Florio* comes to indulge Repo se, which the thoughtful *Amelia* refus'd, tho' her Want of Health very much requir'd it, and thus resumed, I never more will sleep, till I am *Beauville's* Bride, or *Beauville's* Victim: Distraction, Doubts and Fears contest within me, and tells me Happiness or Death is near; for oh! my long sad Heart beats as 'twould burst: Cease this, rejoyn'd *Beauville*, my lovely Fair, by all that's Great and Good I won't wrong thee; witness this humid Wet that comes like Blood! here the Count shed some Tears, and thus proceeds, I never thought thy Sex could soften thus: *Amelia* knows I very seldom weep; be calm my Charmer, and this once believe me, but oh! you fear so profligate a Consort will make you miserable and unhappy: But know, I am no more the Libertine that was thy Ruin, the tenderest Friend and most endearing Lover fall short of this *Beauville's* sincere Affection for the deserving lovely *Amelia*, thy Husband shall surprize the wondring World, and my Dear Fair one be her Sex's Envy: Make your Words Truth, rejoyn'd the injur'd Lady, and

R

there

there is no Condition I would change with: To which the Count answered, with fond Carresses, and repeated Vows, that what he had declared was solemn Truth, as she would very quickly be convinced, adds the secret Amour of *Bellfond* and *Amanda*, which very much surprises *Amelia*, who when very young, had been acquainted with that Lady, and assures her that as soon as the disguis'd Lovers arrived, their Marriage should be celebrated; begs of her that *Clara* may attend their Coming, in a small Lodge adjoining the back Garden Gate, he having ordered his Brother to come that Way to the *Villa*, whom he expects, will be there very early, and desires no Servant else may be made privy to the Adventure of the *Female Page* to all which *Amelia* readily consents, nor was it long before the Lovers hailed them; first Ceremonies being over, Breakfast was call'd for, and the Ladies who perfectly understood each others Circumstances, grew very Friendly, and soon renewed their former Acquaintance, and being much of an Age proved very agreeable Companions; tho' *Amanda*, when she first found she was discover'd, reflecting on her Disguise and the Cause of it, blush'd deeply, and was very much confounded; which *Amelia* perceiving, smiled, and told her Red became her, but she would change her Dress, and hide her Blush, and instantly made her the Compliment of a genteel Morning Habit, which being almost
new,

new, she beg'd of her to accept as her own, and advis'd her to keep her *Page's* Cloaths by her, in case any Accident should happen, that might make it necessary for her to appear again, as *Florio*. The Gentlemen observing the Ladies were engag'd left the Apartment, when *Amelia* and *Clara* having dress'd the long eclips'd *Amanda* to Advantage in a handsome Deshabillie, soon advertise the Duke and Count, who hail with Joy, the Fair One's happy Change, and wondring gaze upon her native Beauties ; for it is a certain Truth, that what's most natural is most agreeable and young *Amanda* best. became the Habit of her Sex.

Bellfond, after a warm Salute and some tender Expressions, which he whisper'd to *Amanda* turns himself briskly to *Amelia*, asks Pardon for his Boldness, in intruding so far upon her Goodness, thanks her for her Kindness to *Amanda*, assures her that he is proud to understand, that his Brother hath made so worthy a Choice, that he shall with Transport see the Ceremony perform'd, that entitles him to call so deserving a Lady Sister ; and promises the injur'd *Amelia* his Friendship and Assistance, in whatsoever he's impower'd to serve her.

The Lady, who made the complaisant Duke a suitable Return, in Blushes spoke her Transport, whilst yet she doubted her inconstant

264 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Lover; when to calm her Fears, *Beauville* who had absconded enter'd the Chamber, follow'd by *Amelia's* Priest, and instantly joyn'd her. In fine their mutual Vows were soon receiv'd, and the long suffering *Amelia* made *Beauville's* Bride, a Happiness she long had languish'd for: But, oh! how the gay Scene distress'd *Amanda*, (not even Duke *Bellfond's* Presence charm'd her Sadness,) who with that Lady fix'd the *Female Page*.

We are here to inform you, that Duke *Bellfond's* Dutcheß kept at this Time a Page call'd *Sylvander*, who had a great Respect for the suppos'd *Florio*, and was very much concern'd at the Report of his untimely End: This Youth was then about twenty Years of Age, and was the Son of a Gentleman, who had unhappily reduc'd himself and Family by Luxury and Gaming, from a plentiful Fortune to a very narrow one, which prov'd his Lady's Death, and oblig'd this his younger Son, to serve in Lieu of being serv'd, a Reflection which made *Sylvander* early old, who indulg'd himself in serious Studies, and shunn'd all those [alluring Diversions, that usually delight the young and gay; this Page of the Dutcheß's, judging from the visible Melancholly of the Female Page, that he, like himself, lamented a lost Fortune. *Florio's* Education and manner of Behaviour proving him well-born, (as what we've felt

felt ourselves most tenderly affects us,) had a real Concern and Esteem for *Amanda*, and was whilst she liv'd at Duke *Bellfond*'s the most agreeable Companion she met with amongst the Domesticks.

Now Duke *Bellfond*'s Dutcheß, who was naturally subtile and suspicious, grew jealous, that what her Lord had told her about *Florio*, viz. his Misfortune and sudden Death, was false: Conscious what a great Value *Bellfond* had for him, and observing how very soon he seem'd to forget him, and Prince *Beauclerk* being then ready for his Tour to *Italy*, fancy'd the Duke saw her Affection for his Page, and had therefore sent him privately to travel with that Prince, to be assur'd of which, she sent *Sylvander* to that Prince's Court, with Letters to some of the chief Peers then in waiting, who being her Friends, she made no Scruple, if they knew any Thing of the Youth, would so far oblige her as to satisfy her about him: *Sylvander* one Morning being introduc'd to the Prince's Apartment, in Order to deliver his Lady's Commands to a certain Nobleman, was seen, and distinguish'd by the Prince, who took so extraordinary a Liking to his Person and Manner, (for *Sylvander* was a genteel Youth and well accomplish'd, that he by Letter immediately requested him of the Dutcheß for his Page, (with a Design in a short Time to prefer him) which to oblige the

R 3 Prince,

Prince, the Dutcheſs tho' againſt her Will conſents to. But this was not the News the Fair-One wanted, that ſhe could hear nothing of *Florio* very much perplex'd her.

We are here to remember, that the loyal Peaſant, at whoſe Cottage we left Duke *Bellfond* and *Amanda*, is by this Time full of golden Conceits; arriv'd at Court, where not knowing whom to apply too, he reſolv'd to tell his Buſineſs to the firſt of the Prince's Attendants, he he could handſomely get to ſpeak too; and obſerving that *Sylvander* was in waiting, whom he underſtood belong'd to the Prince, he watch'd to meet him alone, when kneeling to him, and introducing his Tale with a few artful Tears, he begg'd of *Sylvander* to be ſo good as to let him ſpeak one Word with him in private; for that his Buſineſs was of great Conſequence, and was a very great Secret; *Sylvander* obſerving the Peaſant's Concern and Earneſtneſs, was impatient to know the ſeemingly weighty Affair, that gave him ſo much Uneaſineſs; inſtantly bid him riſe, and follow him to an Inner-Apartment, and he ſhould hear what he had to ſay, the Peaſant did ſo, and looking about him very carefully, to ſee if no Body over-heard him; firſt telling his Occupation, added that he was come a long Journey to ſave his Prince's Life, and hop'd his Eminence would conſider his Charge, for he was indeed a poor honeſt Man; that could not
bear

bear with Villany and Treason; and then describ'd *Bellfond* and the Count so exactly, not forgetting *Florio* and the Gentlemen's Talk of his being the Prince's Servant, that the now attentive *Sylvander* was very much surpriz'd, not added the Cottager, that I believe one Word they say, tho' they are fine Folks, for they're certainly all Spies and Traitors, and nothing else, and I'm very zure they design to kill the Prince and rob the State, so they do; do you know what you say Friend, said *Sylvander*? What certain Proof have you, that these Men are Traitors? Answer me justly, or we shall confine you; the Peasant who was extremely frighted, at *Sylvander's* sudden Sternness, trembling and confus'd, begs his Pardon, and after a little pause, weeping I'll tell you, my Lord, for so he styll'd *Sylvander*, if you'll, rejoin'd he, but have a little Patience with me, why I thought so, this same Boy they call *Florio*, for you must know, Ize learn'd the Younger's Name; the t'other two Men, be who they would, had certainly frighted and trapan'd into some Mischief; for the poor young Thing was so confus'd and ill, and blush'd so, I never saw a bashful Maid look like him; and then they told so very odd a Story, and methought they did'nt look like honest Men, adding how the suppos'd *Florio* came to his Cottage in a strange Manner, and look'd scared out of his Senses, and that he sent his Boy for one of the Gentlemen, to a great Place of Duke *Somebody's*,
where

where his poor Child had like to have suffer'd for carrying a treasonable Letter from him, but he shou'd never carry any more Letters; for fine Folks he'd warrant him, be they ever so great, so he shou'd'nt; *Sylvander*, who now fathom'd the Treason, ask'd the Peasant, where the Traitors were and how he came to lodge such Men? And how, if he thought they were Traitors, he durst to let them leave his Cottage, till they were secur'd by the State; adding, that he fear'd the Story look'd like Spleen, for it was a very strange one; the poor Man with a hundred Symptoms of Fear, begg'd Pardon, said he had left a Watch that would know where to find them, they talk'd of meeting at some Lady's House near him, but for his Part, he thought he durst not keep them against their Will, and was very sorry if he'd done wrong; *Sylvander*, rejoind he, was afraid he'd find it so, and giving him a small Gratuity, bid him go to rest, after his great Fatigue, and come to him the next Day about the same Time, and he should acquaint the Prince; away went the Peasant, not a little confus'd and vex'd, and lay for that Night at a Cabaret near the Court, where he waited for the next Day, with as much Impatience, as a happy Lover, for the Hour of Affignation; and fancying that he was to appear before the Prince imagin'd that his Eminence would doubtless receive him, with more Affability, than *Sylvander* did; at whose Sternness, he was very much disturb'd,

but

but, said he to himself, what Wonder is't, great Folk's Servants are always plaguy proud; but Ize ceare not, Ize shall get Money for my News, zure in Spite on 'em; perplex'd with a Variety of mercenary Ideas; the busy Peasant never slept, whilst *Sylvander*, who no longer doubted, but that *Bellfond*, and *Beauville*, were the Persons, who were the Cottager's Guests, was as thoughtful as the Peasant, and from the Dukes thus privately concealing *Florio*, and false Relation of his Death, conjectur'd the real Truth, viz. That his Fellow Page was certainly a Woman, and the Duke's Mistress, and was not much surpriz'd, when he reflected on his Lady's amorous Completion, (conscious of her Passion for the suppos'd *Florio*) and *Bellfond*'s Subtilty, at the Duke's acting in the Manner he had done concerning him, which had given the simple Cottager, this Opportunity to accuse the Duke, and his Brother of Treason; whose zealous Loyalty created *Sylvander* afterwards much Diversion; notwithstanding which, tho' the Peasant's Surmise had no other Foundation, then a secret Amour of *Bellfond*'s, (whose Gallantries had often been the Amusement of the Court) to prevent any ill Consequences that might attend a publick Rumour, of the Duke's being suspected guilty of Treason, (as great Men never want for powerful Foes) *Sylvander*, immediately resolv'd to write *Bellfond* Word of the Peasant's Proceedings, and send the Letter by a Servant of the Duke's, who came from

from the Villa with him, and delude the mercenary Cottager, with Hopes of great Rewards till his Return.

Whilst *Sylvander's* Thoughts were thus employ'd, about *Bellfond*, and the Count, a Negro Boy, who had been presented to the Prince, when he was very young, and who being Subtile and Ingenious, was a great Favourite with him, had unseen by *Sylvander*, over-heard some Part of the Peasant's Discourse, as he waited near the Prince in an adjoining Chamber, the innocent Boy, distinguishing the Word Treason, which was several Times repeated, and understanding that their Talk related to great Persons; observing that the Peasant seem'd cautious, and in Fear, and that both he and *Sylvander* spoke very low, the artless *Moor*, who was honest, and lov'd the Prince, (who had been very kind to him) affectionately, fear'd that both *Sylvander* and the Cottager, were then actually plotting some Treason, against his royal Master, to prevent the Effects of which, he goes directly to the Prince, and tells him in a real Concern, that his new Page, *Sylvander*, was a Traitor, and he was afraid would kill him, for he just now heard him talking of Treason, in one of the royal Apartments, with a Countryman, who he believ'd, he'd hir'd to do some Mischief, that he didn't care to do, for he heard the poor Man was sadly frighted, then told the Prince what few Words he could distin-

distinguish, which were instantly minuted down.

The Prince, who was very much surpriz'd at the Relation, conscious how sincerely the Boy, who told the Tale respected him, commanded *Sylvander* to be instantly seiz'd, and put under Guard, till further Orders, and that the Peasant should be found, and confined also, who was by *Sylvander's* Description soon discover'd and taken, which Surprise, join'd to a strong Fear of Death, almost prov'd fatal to him, who heartily wish'd himself at his own poor Cottage, and that he had never accus'd Gentlemen, that he knew nothing of when *Sylvander* was taken, he was writing a Letter to Duke *Bellfond*, as he had resolv'd, which was seiz'd also, the Words were as follows ;

To my ever-honoured Lord, Duke *Bellfond*.

My LORD,

I*t is with inexpressible Surprise and Regret, that I here assure you, the suppos'd Florio I fear will be discover'd, by the busy Peasant from whose Cottage he sent to you, where you found him ; he accuses both Duke Bellfond, and Count Beauville, with High-Treason, a Report which might have prov'd fatal, but that by Accident, I happen'd to be the first Person he spoke too, and have as yet silenc'd him ; I beg, my Lord, for your*

own

own Sake, you will be cautious, and that both you and the Count, upon the Receipt of this Letter, will hasten to Court directly, that in Case of any Danger, you may be ready to make a Defence; I am at a Loss what to advise about Florio, who hath been exactly describ'd, and will be the first Person you'll be examin'd about; the Dutches sent me to Prince Beauclerk's, where I am at present, with a Design, to -----.

Sylvander had scarcely finish'd these Words, when he was seiz'd, and the Paper rudely torn from him by one of the Guard, just as he was going to inform the Duke of the Dutches's curious Search after *Florio*, we shall leave at present *Sylvander* to his Thoughts, and the Peasant to his Fears, and return to the Prince, who's by this Time at Council, to whom *Sylvander's* half-finish'd Letter is deliver'd, which is instantly order'd to be read, when some of *Bellfond's* Enemies who were then present, term the Letter dark and mystical, and pretend there are strong Symptoms of a conceal'd Plot, in every Sentence of it, that the Duke and *Beauville* were undoubtedly Traitors, and had at that Time some disloyal Design, against the Prince and State in Embrio, which being in Danger of Discovery, by the Honesty of the poor Cottager; *Sylvander*, who was doubtless, employ'd as their Spy, was in Haste to inform them of which, the Letter
before

before them, tho' not concluded, was a convincing Proof.

This being often, and strongly urg'd, tho' a false Construction, which the Prince (who lov'd Duke *Bellfond*) was very unwilling to believe, all Circumstances consider'd, was not improbable, for *Bellfond* who was always publick-spirited and generous, and at that Time very rich and powerful; had a vast Influence both over the Prince and the People, and held a friendly Correspondence with many foreign Ministers, for he was universally esteem'd, and had the Accusation against him been Truth, had been a dangerous Traitor.

But to return, what seem'd to create the most Suspicion, was some particular Phrases in *Sylvander's* Letter, such as the following,

The suppos'd *Florio*, I fear will be discover'd.

A Report which might have prov'd fatal.

I happen'd to be the first Person he spoke too.

I beg, my Lord, for your own Sake, you'll be cautious.

I'm at a Loss what to advise about *Florio*.

*The Dutchess sent me to Prince Beauclerk's, with
a Design, ——— .*

In fine, after many Debates, concerning these and other ambiguous Phrases, in *Sylvander's* Letter, it was order'd, that the Peasant should first be heard, who repeated before the Prince and the Council the very same Story, he had told *Sylvander*, who is immediately sent for and examin'd, and boldly asserts his own and his Lord's Innocence; assuring the Prince that his Eminence would soon be satisfy'd, that the suppos'd Plot was a malicious Falshood, a base Injustice done to his Lord, and the Count, (who were his most loyal Subjects) that had no other Ground than the Ignorance and Curiosity of a shallow mercenary Peasant.

That he thought it his Duty to acquaint his Lord of the Rustick's Villany, and was very sorry that what he thought a Virtue, was esteem'd a Fault, that there was nothing mysterious in his Letter, but what concern'd his Lord's private Affairs, which he was ready to interpret, as soon as the Duke appear'd, that the Letter the Peasant's Boy brought to the Duke, related to nothing but his Page's Indisposition, of which his Lord could easily convince him, that for his own Part; he always paid the most awful Respect to Men impower'd by divine Authority; and should cheerfully submit himself, to suffer whatever

ever Punishment the Prince, or his Council should think proper to inflict; if that would be sufficient to convince them of Duke *Bellfond's* Innocence.

This is well said, *Sylvander*, cry'd the Prince, (pleas'd with a Boldness that spoke Honesty) you are a Servant, added he, uncommon, I like your Value for your late Lord well, I'd willingly believe Duke *Bellfond* honest, and scarcely can surmise that *Beauville's* false; *Bellfond* hath been one of our ablest Statesmen, and both *Beauville*, and he unequall'd Soldiers. But we have many Reasons to believe, that this suspected Plot is not a Falshood; we have resolv'd to go our selves in Person, attended by a chosen, faithful Guard, to find this Duke and Count, our Laws call Traitors, he that accuses them shall be our Guide, and you *Sylvander* must accompany us.

If they are innocent it will be seen, if guilty, they are not to learn their Fate; the noble Brothers shall have a fair Hearing, for much we fear the Peasant is unjust, for the Prince began to fancy from *Sylvander's* Behaviour, and the Cottager's Confusion, who had but very slight Proof of what he asserted, that the Duke and Count had been falsely accus'd and resolv'd if it were so, to punish the indiscreet Peasant.

Now

Now Prince *Beauclerk*, altho' he was then but a perfect Youth, of scarcely eighteen Years of Age, was a most deserving accomplish'd Monarch, and the finest Scholar for his Age, of any Prince in the Eastern Kingdoms, a Character which made him universally applauded, and esteem'd, as his native Goodness made him sincerely lov'd, and being happy in faithful and prudent Councillors, he wisely retain'd, his Grandfathers well made Laws, who was a Prince whose Pride was to excell, in all those humane Virtues, that so laudably distinguish, the Sovereign from the Subject, and makes him a true Father of his People.

But to return, Prince *Beauclerk*, with some few principal Peers, and a select Guard with *Sylvander*, and the Peasant in their Train set forward, as private as possible, for the Cottage, in Order to find the Duke and *Beauville*, where being soon arriv'd, the Peasant's Boy, who had punctually obey'd his Father's Orders, and dodg'd *Bellfond*, conducted them to *Amelia's Villa*, which not being far from the Cottage, they soon reach'd, to the great Surprise of both the Gentlemen and Ladies, who had heard no Whisper of their Accusation; for the Prince had given a strict Charge, that none but those few that he thought fit to intrust, should know he was gone from Court that Morning, upon any such Account, and the Peasant who had been

frighted

frighted into Silence, had not spread the Rumour.

We are here to tell you that *Amelia's* Wedding was now kept publickly, as a Marriage that had been solemniz'd three Years past, and was but then acknowledg'd, by which honest fraud by *Beauville* boldly asserted, the infant Twins who were then living, was own'd his lawful Heirs: But the Prince's unexpected Visit for some Time damp'd the Bridal Joy, who no sooner saw *Amelia* then first asking Pardon for surprizing her so rudely, he added, that he was inform'd, that one of those Gentlemen, he must now term Traytors, was her Husband, which he was very sorry for, signing to the Duke and Count, who are instantly seiz'd, and the suppos'd Youth, call'd *Florio*, strictly enquir'd after; an Enquiry, that join'd to the Surprise of seizing the Cavaliers, very much distress'd the Ladies, but in particular, *Amanda*, who dreaded to be known, and would have preferr'd any Death, to the Infamy of being expos'd.

But to proceed, the Peasant was ask'd, if those were the Gentlemen he had accus'd as Traytors, who answer'd in the Affirmative, which the penetrating Count observing, was at no Loss to conjecture the Reason of their Attainder, and smiling resign'd himself to the Prince's Guard.

But the Duke, who was very much perplexed about *Amanda*, and feared she would undoubtedly be discover'd, which conscious of her nice Regard to Honour, and his Lady's violent Disposition, (whose darling Idol was Revenge,) he dreaded might prove fatal, these Thoughts made him betray an irresolute Confusion, and seem very melancholly, Symptoms that at that Juncture were observ'd as Tokens of Guilt, which to add to, both the Duke and Count seem'd to excuse *Florio's* Appearance, who, as the Brothers jointly asserted, lay at that Time dangerously ill, and was oblig'd to be sent from thence to a Relations, but Where, as he was then thought dying, they beg'd to be excused, and artfully evaded declaring; which Circumstance appearing Criminal, the Prince instantly commands that the Noble Brothers should be privately guarded to the *Palace Royal*, there to be examin'd before the Council, and from thence convey'd by Night, to prevent any Tumult to the capital *Tower*, and upon Penalty of Death to produce *Florio*, who was the principal Person describ'd by the Peasant, and whom Prince *Beauclerk* was very desirous to see, imagining if the Youth was so very uneasy and so much frightened, as the Cottager had related, if the Duke or Count was engaged in any Plot against the State or himself, that this *Florio* was conscious of, the Youth would, to save his own Life, doubtless betray it.

But

But first thinking it Prudence to secure the Nobles all are order'd to prepare for Horse, which the Soul-stung *Amanda* heard with bitter Anguish, and with a Heart-breaking Sigh, and visible Confusion, shew'd the most tender and unaffected Concern; when *Amelia*, who was in Tears, resuming her native Presence of Mind, and suddenly laying Hold of the Prince's Robe, begg'd of his Eminence to have a Moment's Patience, and she would satisfy him of the Plot. The just good-natur'd Youth, could not refuse her, who was almost in Love with such uncommon Charms, and raising the Lady, who was kneeling, he tenderly embrac'd her, saying, if here is Treason it is lovely: Oh! fear not me, return'd the confus'd Fair One, I love your Eminence too well to wrong you, and pay you that Respect Priests pay the Gods; nor hath Duke *Bellfond* or my Husband wrong'd you, they never design'd it: Look on that Lady, (signing to *Amanda*, and speaking low) that Lady was sometime suppos'd a Youth, disguis'd for Love, Love of engaging *Bellfond*, and is, the Stripling *Florio*, that you look for, who was Duke *Bellfond*'s Page, that you admir'd: This is the Plot, this the imagin'd Treason; oh! hear the injur'd speak, secrete the Fair, and be not thus severe on Innocence, the Dutches loves this Charmer; as a Boy, is jealous, amorous, subtle, and revengeful; oh! there are many Reasons claim your Pity; but hear Duke

Bellfond, hear the suffering Fair, hear my *Beauville*, and be convinc'd that what I say is Truth, let a strong Guard wait nigh to calm your Fears; but, oh! be just, and hear the wrong accus'd.

During this Time, the Prince, who had order'd the Guard to halt, and whom the Story of Duke *Bellfond*'s Page had made attentive, strictly view'd *Amanda*, and fancy'd he could in that Lady trace all *Florio*'s Features, whilst the distress'd Fair One, who imagin'd she was the Subject of *Amelia*'s Discourse, observ'd the Prince with visible Disorder, when the Royal Youth revolving in his Mind the Duke's Confusion, when he named this *Florio*, *Sylvander*'s Letter who fear'd his Discovery, nay the very Peasant's Description of the Stripling's Behaviour, prov'd his Accusation false, and that this secret Amour of the Duke's was undoubtedly the suppos'd Plot; notwithstanding which, to be satisfied if what he surmised was Truth, he desir'd of *Amelia*, that he might see the suppos'd *Florio* in her Page's Cloaths, and if that Lady was the same Person that he had seen with Duke *Bellfond*, he should be convinc'd that the Duke and *Beauville* were innocent, and the Peasants Accusation an impudent Falshood, for which he should suffer the Punishment their Laws inflict-ed on such bold Offenders, *viz.* to be made a Galley Slave, during the Remainder of his Life.

Amanda

Amanda was soon dress'd as *Florio* of which the Prince being inform'd, order'd all to abscond, and leave the Prisoners with him, alone, when *Amanda*, who then appear'd as Duke *Bellfond*'s Page enter'd the Chamber, led by *Amelia*, and was instantly known by the Prince, who saluted her with repeated Assurances of his Friendship and Favour, whilst the Fair-One who was very much confounded, at the Prince's being let into so dangerous a Secret; bowing low, in Answer to her Monarch's Compliment, with Silence and a Blush, spoke her Concern; which the Prince perceiving, tenderly caress'd her, and begg'd she'd lay aside her Fear of him, that he would guard her and secure her Fame; he pity'd fatal Love, and had Compassion, for the young, unhappy, She must recall her Spirits, and be Gay; the Duke nor Count was now no longer Prisoners, intreated her that Day to wear that Dress, and to appear in Publick the Duke's Page, since it was only in her Power, to clear her Lord and *Beauville*, adding, that there were but a few Nobles in his Train, in whose Honour he was well assur'd, she might confide; he'd give his Royal Word they'd not betray her, in Case they were acquainted with her Story; but she perhaps might find some Way to amuse them, for him th'Amour, should always be a Secret.

In fine, to free Duke *Bellfond* and his Brother, from the Imputation of Treason; *Amanda* was

oblig'd to obey the Prince, and put on a smiling Look, when her Heart was full of a thousand perplexing Ideas, the wracking Distress of Guilt, and tort'ring Dread, of publick Infamy,

To proceed, the Prince's Attendants being now admitted, the Peasant was call'd for, and ask'd if that was the Youth he had describ'd, that was call'd *Florio*; he answered it was, for he could swear to the Person; the Prince at these Words paus'd, and of a Sudden, as if he was just rous'd from some deep Thought, ask'd the Peasant calmly, how a Golden Dream could make him such a Villain; and instantly commands the Guard to seize him, and bear him thence, a Prisoner to the Gallies; adding, that he was now fully convinc'd by his own Words, that he was perjur'd, and that the Duke, and Count, whom he had falsly accus'd; were innocent of any trait'rous Designs, against his Person, or Government for which Reason he should suffer the Law, to deter such mercenary Wretches, from daring to defame the Great, and Worthy. The Peasant would fain have attested his Innocence, and begg'd for Pity's Sake, now he was old, that he might not suffer so very hard a Fate; what would become of his poor little Boy, he must be starv'd, and be a Vagabond; to which, the Prince reply'd, in a stern Manner, His Boy who was but young, should be kept strictly aboard his Fleet, and frighted from such wicked Practices;

Practices, but for himself, his Pleadings were in vain, there was no Pity due to such base Miscreants, and he would hear no more; and giving a strict Charge for the Peasant to be carry'd directly aboard the Galley, and there kept during his Life to hard Labour, dismiss'd him with a Frown.

When turning to his Nobles in a pleasant Manner, he compliments *Bellfond* about his disguis'd Mistress, and thus rejoyns, my Lords this dangerous Treason, this Plot against us, hath prov'd at last to be nothing but an Intrigue of this gallant Cavalier's signing to Duke *Bellfond*; he hath always the good Luck to be a Favourite with the Ladies, 'tis a subtile Piece of amorous Gallantry, and may amuse you: That Youth, added the Prince, signing to *Florio*, being his Lord's Confident, can give you a pleasant Account of the Particulars.

Bellfond, who during this Talk, observ'd *Amanda's* Confusion, and fear'd that if she told the Story, her visible Disorder would betray her, took the Word himself, and entertain'd the Company till Supper was ready (to which *Beauville* and *Amelia* had invited the Prince and his Attendants,) with an invented Story of a Lady that he had for some Time held a secret Correspondence with, of whom his Dutcheß, in whose Apartment he first saw her, growing jealous, to prevent

prevent the Effects of her Resentment, her Temper being very violent ; the young Lady often visited him in Masquerade, as he usually did her, and as the most safe and secret Disguise ; he at last contriv'd to dress His Favourite Charmer, in a Suit of Cloaths exactly like *Florio's*, who was his Page, and in that Dress generally call'd her *Florio*, that in case of any Surprize she might not be discover'd which she was in great Danger of. That Night she came to the Peasant's Cottage, from whence she sent him a Note by the Cottager's Boy, when one of his Servants, to frighten the Lad, told him there was Treason in the Letter, which join'd to the young Lady's Confusion, (who had been very much frighten'd by some young Noblemen she met with in that Disguise, who she fancy'd knew her) doubtless had put the Peasant in the Head of a Plot, who certainly imagin'd he should be made a rich Man for his Loyalty ; adding, that the Lady being about the Size of *Florio*, and in the same Dress, the Cottager had only made a Mistake, and sworn to a wrong Person.

This Adventure being told by *Bellfond*, in a gay Manner, created the Courtiers a great Deal of Mirth, and caus'd many witty Remarks, which joyn'd with the happy Occasion of Joy, on *Beauville's* declar'd Marriage, made the Prince
and

and his Attendants, who stay'd that Night at *Amelia's* Villa, pass the Time very agreeably, when to more gratefully amuse the Royal Train *Amelia's* infant Twins, *Theodore*, and *Antonio*, were produc'd and publickly own'd the legitimate Sons of Count *Beauville*, who liv'd to joyntly Heir his Revenue, which was greatly augmented, by his Marriage with that Lady, who was very rich.

Now the Prince, who had given out before the Nobles, (to prevent any one's surmizing the Truth of the Amour) that Duke *Bellfond's* Page, was a pretty Boy, and should travel with him; assur'd *Bellfond* in private, that the Secret was safe in his Breast, and that whatever he should find himself oblig'd to do, or say, to conceal the suppos'd Youth, if naming him would be of any Service, to let him know by Letter, and he would answer in the Lady's Stead; and charging his Attendants, that they never should mention the Mock-plot, or *Bellfond* concerning it; early next Morning he left the *Villa* and hastens to Court, and a few Days after went aboard the Royal Yatcht, and set Sail for *Italy*, taking *Sylvander* with him.

We are here to inform you, that there was amongst the Nobles, who attended the Prince to *Amelia's* Villa, a young Count, who was a great Favourite with *Bellfond's* Dutcheß, and
with

286 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

with whom she had, for some Time, held a criminal Correspondence; this Lord happening to be one of those, to whom the Dutcheſs had ſent *Sylvander*, to enquire about *Florio*; the Cavalier, to oblige the Lady, ſtrictly obſerv'd the ſuppos'd Youth, during *Bellfond's* witty Relation of his Amour, and was quickly convinc'd from *Amanda's*, but ill conceal'd Diſorder that the Duke's Page was in Reality his diſguis'd Miſtreſs, of whom he imagin'd the Dutcheſs was jealous, which had doubtleſs been the Cauſe of her ſollicitous Enquiry about him; he reſolving to ſatisſie her, writ her immediate Word of his Thoughts concerning him, and in his Letter gave her a brief Account of *Amelia's* Marriage, the Duke and Count's Attainder, and the Variety of ſurprizing Adventures it had occaſion'd; for this Lover of the Dutcheſs's had not an Opportunity to ſee her, he being oblig'd to attend the Prince to *Italy*, and had it not been for this buſy Fop, the Dutcheſs had poſſibly never more heard of this *Florio*; for the other Noblemen who were preſent, ſaw as far into the Intrigue as this young Lord, but were too generous to betray the Fair One, and had reſolv'd never to mention her.

The Dutcheſs had no ſooner read the young Count's Letter, than wild with a thouſand diſtracting Ideas, ſhe gave a Loofe to all the Violences of the moſt outrageous Paſſions, Jealouſy, Rage, Shame,

Shame, and Despair, by Turns resumed their Empire in her Breast, and made her for some Hours act more like a Lunatick than a Rational Person; one Moment she curses *Bellfond* and the next blames herself, then curses *Florio*, *Amelia*, and *Beauville*, and vows to be reveng'd on One, and all; one Minute thinks the Letter solemn Truth, and the next swears 'tis all a Lye, a Fable, caus'd by the Author's Jealousy of her; now she's half drest to go to *Amelia's*, and in a Moment throws her Robes aside, and vows she'll never more leave her Apartment. In the Midst of this Chaos, a Page of *Beauville's* brought her a Letter from *Amelia*, in which that Lady invites her in the most friendly Manner, to her *Villa*, to be Partaker of the publick Joy, assures her that it was not for Want of due Respect or Affection, that she'd so long deferr'd the Happiness, she propos'd to enjoy in her Conversation; adding, that a surprizing Adventure had happen'd at her *Villa*, with which, when her Eminence was made acquainted, she would be convinced that it was not her Fault, for that she had design'd her to be the first Person at the Entertainment; begs of the Dutchess not to delay coming, and concludes with a Compliment from *Beauville*, and all the Ceremony of a new-own'd Relation.

This Letter the Dutchess read eagerly, and in a Moment, reflecting, that she might possibly see

see her Lord's Page at *Amelia*, or be satisfied concerning him, grew more compos'd, and resolv'd to go, and assuming a gay Air, bid the Messenger tell his Lady, that she wish'd her all the Joy so happy an Occasion seem'd to promise her, and would certainly be with her that Evening.

Drest herself immediately in her richest Habit, order'd her Chariot, and drove directly to *Amelia*'s Villa, who whilst she sent to the Dutcheß, privately remov'd the *Female-Page*, (who was now once more drest as *Amanda*) to an Aunt's of *Clara*'s, who liv'd at a small Distance from her Seat, where she was to remain *incognito*, till the revengeful Dutcheß's curious Search was over, where the Duke, who was then imagin'd to be at Court, he having attended the Prince aboard, stay'd with her for the Space of a Week; and afterwards visiting her in Disguise, pass'd in the Family for the young Lady's Husband, who, 'twas whisper'd among the Domesticks, was a stoll'n Heiress, and oblig'd to keep her Marriage as yet a Secret.

Now the subtle *Beauville* had observ'd, that when *Bellfond* related the History of the Lady in Masquerade, the attentive Nobles fixed their Eyes on the disguis'd *Amanda*, and eagerly watch'd her Looks and Motions, and told the Duke the next Day, that in his Opinion, he
had

had betray'd his Mistress very genteely, for if he was not mistaken, his Fair-Page was judg'd by all the Prince's Attendants, to be the real Heroine of the Romance, which he might have easily seen himself, had not his Passion blinded his Senses; adding, with a more serious Air, there was at that Time a certain Nobleman in Company, he had some Reasons to believe, had so particular a Regard for the Dutches, as to let her into the Secret; and that except he had Wit enough to defend himself, and his Mistress, from his Lady's Resentment, he fear'd poor *Amanda* was infallibly undone.

The Duke who was at first very much surpriz'd at his Brother's Words, began seriously to reflect, on the visible Confusion himself had observ'd in *Amanda*; when the mask'd Amour was related, and from thence conjecturing that *Beauville's* Fears, were Just, return'd in some Concern; that he thought himself very much oblig'd to him, for his so friendly Care of the suppos'd *Florio's* Reputation; and at the same Moment desir'd he would be so good as to give him his Advice, how he might with Success, deceive the Dutches concerning her, after some Consultation; it was agreed on, betwixt the politick Brothers, that to prevent *Amanda's* being discover'd, and blind the Dutches; the Female-Page should be represented as a Mistress of Prince *Beauclerk's*, and the Daughter of a foreign Minister; of whom
there

there should be a particular Account given in a private Letter from *Bellfond*, to *Beauville* ; which the Duke should write, whilst he was *Incognito* with *Amanda*, and date from Court, where he was then suppos'd to be ; this Letter was to be so order'd, as to be deliver'd to the Count by an old Servant of *Bellfond*'s just before the Dutcheſs arriv'd at the Villa ; which *Amelia*, (who was to be let into the Secret,) should contrive when she introduc'd her new Sister-in-Law to surprize him, as he was reading ; that his Transport to see the Dutcheſs, whom he was always to appearance very fond of, should make him leave reading, and hastily pocket the Letter, which he should in his Hurry drop, that *Amelia* should take that Opportunity to whisper *Beauville*, who should feign a great Surprize at what she told him, ask the Lady's Pardon, and abruptly leave them ; when *Bellfond*'s Dutcheſs, who was naturally curious, a finish'd Coquet, and very quick-sighted, would undoubtedly catch up the Letter and conceal it, till her Curiosity was satisfy'd ; that *Amelia* should after some Time be call'd from the Dutcheſs, by a Servant, as tho' her Lord wanted her ; and by that Time the Dutcheſs could have read the Letter, and made her Remarks on't, come to her again, and seem very uneasy, about a Letter of her Lord's that was lost, which subtle Proceeding, would be the only Way to learn the Dutcheſs's real Sentiments about *Amanda*.

The

The Letter was accordingly drop'd, and taken up as 'twas imagin'd it would be, by the curious Dutcheſs, and read as follows,

To Count B————e.

My dear Lord, and ever well-respected Brother,

I Conjure you by all that's Great and Solemn to keep the Secret inviolably, that I'm now going to entrust you with, for I'm ruin'd for ever with the Prince, if you divulge it; know then, my late Page Florio, hath at last prov'd to be a young Lady, disguis'd for Love of Prince Beauclerk; who, when we hunted last in Beauchamp Forrest, (and the Boy, for I then thought him one) was taken ill, fancy'd he knew her Face, and singled her out in particular for his Attendant; that Day the Fair-One betray'd herself to the Royal Youth, what follow'd I leave you to judge ----. But in a Word, the Prince was so Generous, as to return her Love for Love, and she's really a pretty Lady when drest as such; you must remember her, she's a certain great Man's Daughter, we both know, viz. Monsieur Ch——n.—I was very much surpriz'd at the Discovery, but much more astonish'd, when I was told that her swooning away in the Dutcheſs's Apartment; when I told her, she was to travel with the Prince, was
owing

owing to her being over-power'd with an Excess of Joy; at the News, you may easily recollect it, we were all at Ombre, to be as Brief as possible; I was the first Person his Eminence entrusted with the Amour, which occasion'd me about that Time, at his Request, to publish the Report of Florio's Misfortune, and untimely Death; to prevent any Suspicion of her Sex, or Enquiry after her, which well-concerted Piece of Policy, was prov'd a Falshood, by the busy Peasant, whose ignorant Impertinence, created us so much Confusion. Its now a publick Report that the suppos'd Youth's gone to Italy with the Prince, tho' all his Attendants must know to the contrary; I'm at a Loss to understand, of what Service so shallow an Artifice can be, and should be apt to Judge it, a direct Contrivance to betray the Lady, instead of concealing her; but that I believe there's a Lime-Twigg at the Bottom on't, design'd to ensnare more Birds than one.

Take Heed, my Lord, we've secret Enemies, the good young Prince is prejudic'd against us; and just before he went abroad, of a sudden remov'd the Fair-Page unknown to me, to some Place incognito, but where I can't learn: Its the new Favourite's Act, I presume, a certain Envoy — you guess who, — I wish he don't play the Traitor in Earnest he's wondrous active and more than I think

think becomes a Stranger, — I'm however very uneasy, at losing the Prince's Friendship, just at this Juncture, and don't like my being left in the Regency, for when the State's once jealous, every Step's a false One; dear B——e be cautious how you act, I hope to be with you within three Days; burn this Paper, as soon as you've read it.

Your affectionate Brother,

B——d.

When the Dutches had read this Letter she was very much surpriz'd, and reflecting seriously on some Passages in the Letter, (which she knew was her Lord's Character) and presently recollecting the suppos'd Florio's Behaviour, his obliging Assiduity to the Duke, and perpetual Applauses of the Prince; for *Amanda* always paid the young Prince a particular Esteem, and spoke with an uncommon Warmth in his Praise; he having greatly prefer'd her darling Brother *Felix*, for whom that Prince had all the Affection of a Royal Master and real Friend; when the Dutches recall'd that Prince's uncommon Complaisance for *Bellfond*, and of late frequent Visits to his Villa, for the Prince who design'd *Bellfond* to be the principal Person in the Regency, during his Stay abroad, ten chief Peers being nominated to act as Prince in his Stead, for the Time of his Absence, made the Duke in a Man-

ner his constant Companion, and kept him almost perpetually at Court, where he shower'd on him publick Honours, and private Favours; and would often, when in Pursuit of publick Diversions be his Guest at his Villa, these great and uncommon Favours, which created the Duke much Envy, beginning to be publickly taken Notice of about the Time that *Florio* was first missing, when the Report of his Death was rais'd, which happen'd to be just after a great hunting Match in *Beauchamp Forrest*, where the Prince was present, as mention'd by the subtile *Bellfond*, made the Dutcheſs with some Reason believe the Duke's Letter was actual Truth, and that her young Lover, deceiv'd by Appearances, or perhaps byas'd by Jealousy, had misinform'd her.

And judging from what she had experienc'd herself when she heard that her first Lover was return'd from his Travells, and desir'd to see her, that the Fair-Page's fainting away in her Apartment, was not impossible to be caus'd by a Surprise of Joy; she knew the Prince was young, and amorous, and that her Lord was his principal Favourite had guess'd the Peasant's Accusation would wake his Enemies Spleen, and for a While make the Prince seemingly his Foe, was conscious the Cavalier hinted at in the Letter; for the disguis'd Lady's Father, had a Daughter then living, who was reported to be

be at *Paris*, and knew the certain Envoy mentioned as a Favourite with the Prince, was a Man in Power, that the State paid a great Deference too, because he should not prove a dangerous Enemy; 'twas possible the Lady might be mov'd, and lodg'd incognito, unknown to *Bellfond*, and smiled at the Report of her travelling with the Prince, which as the Duke seem'd to intimate, was but a silly Fraud to blind a Court. In fine, all Circumstances of Time and Place, that the curious Dutcheſs had remark'd, seem'd to agree with her Lord's Letter, which together with the solemn Secrefy enjoyn'd in the Beginning of it, and the serious Caution given to *Beauville* at the Conclusion, remov'd her Scruples, and ſatisfied her of its Reality.

Before ſhe'd digeſted theſe Reflections, *Amelia* as 'twas concerted by the Duke and Count, came to her again, and ſeem'd very ſad, and thoughtful, the Cauſe of her ſo ſudden Change; the Dutcheſs who was then very gay, enquiring into, *Amelia* reply'd in a dejected Air, the Count had ſomewhere loſt a dangerous Letter, and tax'd her with finding it, and that ſhe fear'd ſome fatal Conſequence would attend the Loſs of it, for her Lord was in a great Concern and very melancholly about it; adding, that he was juſt like a diſtracted Perſon, and raved

296 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

about *Bellfond* and the Prince, but what he said he could not understand.

At the End of these Words, *Amelia* let fall a few artful Tears; which the Dutchess perceiving, smil'd, and ask'd her in a gallant Manner betwixt Jest and Earnest, what she would give for a Sight of that Letter, with a Proviso it was in her Power to shew it her: *Amelia* reply'd hastily, she would willingly make any Person a Present of five Hundred Crowns that would produce the Letter; and beg'd of the Dutchess, if she knew any Thing of it, to be so good as to satisfy her, that the Count might but have it again, and there was nothing in her Power that she would not in Return as readily oblige her in, the Dutchess who was more fantastick than ill-natur'd, thinking *Amelia's* seeming Distress was real, instantly gave her the Letter: On the Sight of which, that Lady acting a well-feign'd Rapture, wholly deceiv'd the Dutchess, who with a great Deal of Intreaty scarcely prevail'd on her to stay so long from satisfying the Count as to read it, which when she had perus'd, she seem'd so very much surpriz'd, that her Astonishment created the Dutchess a great deal of Mirth, who assur'd her, with the Air of one who assum'd the Authority of understanding the World much better than *Amelia*, that those Disguises, which Love was generally the Cause of, tho' a Wonder in *Cyprus*,
were

were very far from being esteem'd so in Foreign Countries, where it was common for one Sex to dress in the Habit of the other, to disguise a secret Amour, or gain an admir'd Lover; adding, that she had indeed for some Time suspected *Florio* was a Woman, and was at first jealous of her Lord, but thought herself now fully satisfied; and was very glad she'd been so lucky, both for her own Sake and the Count's, as to find the Letter. This was the News *Amelia* wanted, with which, and the Letter, she hasten'd to *Beauville*, the Ladies having first agreed not to own they'd seen it, but that *Amelia* had just then found it in her Bed-Chamber, a Subtilty that silenc'd it at once; when *Beauville* assuming his native Gallantry, instantly paid his Compliments to the Dutchess.

Duke *Bellfond* was quickly inform'd by *Clara* of the whole Affair; and that Evening, in a Riding Dress, as tho' he had but just left the Cabinet, came to his Brothers, and seem'd more complaisant and indulgent to his Lady than usual; three Days were scarcely past, before *Amira's* Wedding was, at *Bellfond's* Request, publicly acknowledg'd; for the Duke had as a Secret desir'd that Lady, who was with *Lamotte* at *Beauville's*, to directly own her Marriage to oblige him, and invite the Company who were at *Amelia's* to his Villa, and he

T 3

would

298 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

would be at the Expence of their Entertainment; which was propos'd by *Bellfond* to gain him a better Opportunity to see *Amanda*, than he could possibly expect, during the Time of *Amelia's* Feast, when the watchful Dutchess was so near.

In fine *Amira* willingly obey'd her Guardian, and the double Marriage was kept at the Duke's in a very splendid Manner. Six Weeks were now wasted in Feasting, Mirth, and all polite Diversions, (For *Bellfond* spar'd for nothing that was magnificent or noble, which might express his real Affection for the new married Lovers) when all prepar'd for home, and left the Seat.

Beauville and *Amelia* now at their Villa, and *La-motte* and *Amira* soon fix'd by the generous Duke; in a Being of their own; the two Ladies, who then thought themselves truly happy, made it their chief Study, as far as was in their Power, to make *Amanda* so, and sooth'd that Lady with all the endearing Arts of social Friendship, and all the engaging Charms of witty Conversation; for young *Amira* really lov'd her; and *Amelia* from a sympathetick Feeling, (conscious of the secret Unhappiness of Guilt) truly pity'd her.

Now

Now *Amelia's* Seat, where she then resided, (for she had several) was a pleasant Retirement, situated near a populous City, which lying some Distance from the common Roads, made it an agreeable Solitude, where many Times the Mareschall had thought himself happy, when he was releas'd a few Days from the Hurry and Fatigue of the distinguish'd Great. Much Ground and many Waters compass'd it, whose grateful Murmurs made even Woods delightful some Distance from the Mansion-House, which was a beautiful old Building, at the west End of a spacious Park, stood a low but neat Lodge, that had been for some Years untenanted, and was at that Time very much out of Repair, being hid by a Wilderness of ill-rang'd Trees and shaded by a wild uncultur'd Vine, this little obscure Lodge, was by *Amelia's* Order new re-built, and very much enlarg'd, which when finish'd, with some adjacent Fields, and a pleasant Garden, that was bounded by a Navigable River: That Lady presented *Amanda* as a free Gift during her Life, and that of her Heirs after her, a Being, Duke *Bellfond* would gladly have purchas'd, but that the generous Fair refus'd the Bribe.

Here 'twas, *Amanda* shunn'd the dangerous Dutcheffs, here found just *Amelia* a faithful Friend, and the deserving *Amira*, a useful one, the only two,

two, the *Female-Page* convers'd with, whilst she was oblig'd to live thus retir'd.

Now *Amelia* had at that Time, a Page call'd *Wilmot*, who was a sprightly Youth, and very trusty, for which Reason, that Lady preferr'd him to *Amanda*, who with two Maid-servants that were hir'd from *Clara's* Aunt's, were all her Retinue; the amorous Duke, who made Affairs of State the pretence for his frequent Absence from home, when his real Business was to see *Amanda*; of whom he grew passionately fond often gave whole Nights to Love, whilst his gallant Dutchess, who was a true Court Lady, was for some Time too much busy'd with her own Intrigues, to enquire into her Lord's; during whose Indolence, the *Fair-Page* was as happy as 'twas possible for her to in be indulging a guilty Amour, where the inexpressible Perplexity of Mind, that naturally attends a known Sin, embitters even the secret Pleasure of being belov'd by a darling Lover. In fine, with the Duke's constant Visits, and repeated Endearments, *Amanda* prov'd soon pregnant, and seriously reflecting on the Infamy of the young *Embryo*, very melancholly, which the generous *Bellfond* did his Endeavour to remove, by all the soothing Arts of Argument, and Protestations of sincere Affection; When it chanc'd one Evening, when the Duke had design'd *Amanda* a Visit, a Pacquet from the Prince in earnest stay'd him, and just as he was going to send his Page to that Fair

One to acquaint her with it; he observ'd Count *Beauville*, at the Gate of the Villa, alighting off his Horse, at the Sight of whom *Bellfond*, who did not expect him, stopt the Messenger, imagining his Brother's sudden Visit might relate to Business, which might prevent his going so soon to Court, when the artful Count who had for some Time watch'd all the Duke's Motions, coming up to him, told him that he heard there was a Courier arriv'd, ask'd what News from the Prince, and if he could serve his Eminence in any Thing relating to the Publick, if not, he was just come from Court, and going directly to his Villa, where if the Duke had any Commands, he was ready to oblige him.

Bellfond, who had left all jealous Thoughts of *Beauville*, told him that the Prince's Pacquet related to Affairs of Moment, that must be very quickly dispatch'd, in which he could not at that Time be Serviceable, thank'd him for his kind Offer, and rejoyn'd, that having so short Time to write to *Amanda*, he was very glad he was so lucky to meet with him, that he might from him, by Word of Mouth, assure that Fair-One, not all the gilded Splendours of a Court, nor all the painted Joys of gay Ambition, could equal one short Moment in her Arms; that he could not possibly be with her that Evening, but early the next Morning would satisfy her, what delay'd his Visit, that he was never easy when absent

sent from her in whom his earthly Happiness was center'd.

The Count promis'd the Duke, that he would faithfully deliver his Commands to *Amanda*, when the Brothers instantly parted, and took different Roads; *Bellfond* hastn'd to Court, and *Beauville* to the Villa, where before he arriv'd it was late, and *Amelia* who was often indispos'd, gone to Bed, which being told the Count, he before he visited his Lady, prepar'd to deliver his Brother's Compliment to *Amanda*.

The Fair-Page, who was very pensive, and thoughtful about the Duke, whom she then expected, *Bellfond* having sent her Word but the Day before, that he would certainly be with her that Evening, to amuse herself, it being Moonlight, and the Summer Season, took a serious Walk in the Garden, with her upper Maid, who was a Person of admirable Sense, for one in her Station, and lov'd her *Lady* who was of an affable engaging Temper, and whom she was very assiduous to oblige, with all the Sincerity of a real Friend, and the Respect of a faithful Servant.

Amanda, no sooner saw *Beauville*, whom she distinguish'd at a Distance, (then dreading some Disaster had befall the Duke, which he was sent to acquaint her with) she trembled, and grew very much disorder'd; the Count having never
attempted

attempted to see her alone, since the fatal Night that he surpriz'd her in the Duke's Arms, which caused her ramble to the Cottage, a Reflection that made her always see him with Confusion. In fine *Amanda* met him, having first order'd her Woman to retire, but not to be out of Hearing; for something of a secret Dread, she could give no Account for, still made her fear, th' observing, subtile *Beauville*.

The Count soon deliver'd his Embassy, rail-
lied the Fair One's Melancholly, told her it was
a fine Evening, and begg'd of her to oblige him
so far as to take a Walk with him, in the Wil-
derness that adjoyn'd the Garden, for he had
something of Importance to acquaint her with:
Amanda return'd they were alone, if he had any
Thing particular to say to her, and she was in
no Humour to walk farther than the Garden at
so unseasonable an Hour, (it being then near
one a Clock in the Morning,) and asking slight-
ly after the Prince told the Count, she was now
ready to hear his earnest Business, when *Beau-
ville* warmly caressing her, thus resumed,
“ Know then my lovely Fair, *Beauville* adores
“ you, loves this *Amanda* to Excess of Passion,
“ with all the Rage of Fondness and Despair;
“ your naming young Prince *Beauclerk* hath
“ undone me; I know, my Charmer, that he
“ dies for you, and much I fear the Royal
“ Youth's too happy; the Duke you see grows
cool

" cool and indolent, Variety best pleases his
 " dull Taste, and for the Court he now can
 " leave the Cottage, he is already weary of
 " *Amanda*; but would you, Madam, could you
 " love this *Beauville*, seizing her Hand, on
 " which he fix'd some Kisses, with all the well
 " feign'd Rapture of a Favourite Lover, when
 " assur'd of Conquest." Love thee, cry'd the asto-
 " nish'd Fair, who had till now heard him without
 " Interruption, " Forbid it *Honour, Honesty, and*
 " *Virtue*; what love Duke *Bellfond's* Brother,
 " Villain hence, *Amelia's* Husband this, for
 " Shame, my Lord, is't you that would abuse
 " th'undone *Amanda*? Oh! think Count
 " *Beauville*, seriously reflect how solemnly
 " you're vow'd to *Amelia*; recall, base Per-
 " jurer, how that Lady loves you, how dear to
 " her: Is this deceitful *Beauville*, and cease to
 " thus endeavour at my Ruin; in vain you
 " make your Brother despicable; in vain accuse
 " we with the good young Prince: Know I
 " with Pride repeat the lovely Youth, to tell
 " thee, I have more Esteem for him, than hath
 " the false ungenerous *Beauville* Merit. Is this,
 " my Lord, your Friendship, mean-soul'd Man;
 " go tell Duke *Bellfond* I am false to him; but
 " tell him my Seducer's Count *Beauville*:
 " Know I am only *Bellfond's*, generous *Bell-*
 " *fond's*, and happier in the dear-lov'd Man's
 " Embrace (tho' tortur'd with the conscious
 " Sting of Guilt) than the deluded Fair, that's
 " *Beau-*

“ *Beauville’s* Bride: Kill me, my Lord, but
“ to my Fame be just, for by the awful God
“ our *Cyprus* worships I wonnot wrong thy Bro-
“ ther for a Kingdom; bravely resolv’d, why
“ this is rare Heroicks, return’d the Count,
“ who thinking her entirely in his Power,
“ smil’d at her Scorn; but you are mine,
“ my Charmer, added he, in spite of all this
“ Woman’s Affectation; *Beauville* can ravish,
“ if you’ll have it so, tell that, and make the
“ Story sound a Rape; ’twill be but modest to
“ disguise the Rapture; let me, my Fair, be
“ happy in these Arms, wild with Delight
“ taste thy extatick Kisses, die on thy Bosom
“ with Excess of Bliss, and mask the Heavenly
“ Joy as you think fit; know I am resolv’d,
“ and shall not wait Consent.” Here the un-

generous Count, who during the Time of this Speech, fast embrac’d the Soul-shock’d Fair, forc’d some rude Kisses, and strove with all his Might to trip her down; when *Amanda*, who, to get from him (after some Struggle) seem’d half-consenting, gave a sudden Spring from his Arms, and call’d aloud for Help; *Artesia* her Woman, and *Wilmot*, who were in the Garden, instantly appear’d to her Assistance: That Lady told *Artesia* she had been frighted by a Snake, and was taken so very ill with the Surprise, that she must directly go to bed, and would have her sit up with her that Night, and let *Wilmot* be in Waiting; and wishing

Beau-

Beauville coolly a happy Repose, left him to talk with Trees, or visit the Villa as he thought fit.

The Count, who was very much surpris'd and confounded at the Constancy and Resolution of the Fair Page, grew thoughtful and blam'd his foolish Curiosity; and when he reflected how ungenerously he'd acted by *Amelia* and how the Duke his Brother would resent so base a Proceeding, was very pensive, to prevent the Effects of *Amanda's* Anger he instantly writ to her; and in his Letter, in the most submissive Terms asks Pardon for his Offence, and begs she'd not expose him to his Lady, and he would for the future endeavour to deserve her Esteem, and act as became Duke *Bellfond's* Brother and *Amelia's* Husband; this Letter he directly sent by his Page to *Amanda*, who return'd it un-open'd, bidding the Servant tell his Lord that she was very much oblig'd to him for his Kindness, but was too ill to read: The Count receiv'd his Billet with a great Deal of Perplexity, and to amuse his Disorder pass'd the Night with *Amelia*, but was very restless and uneasy, he rose the next Day earlier than usual, walk'd in the Gardens, and watch'd his Brother's Coming, who as he had promis'd was at the Villa by Breakfast Time; the enamour'd Duke instantly ask'd the Count after *Amanda*, whether she was in Health, and he had excus'd his last Night's Visit;

Visit; *Beauville* return'd, the fair *Incognito* was well, but he believ'd very much disturb'd about him; that last Night when she found she was disappointed of seeing the Man she expected, he observ'd she was very Spleen-sick, and that his Visit was a very unwelcome One; that he to divert her, had in a gallant Manner talk'd to her of Love, when she like a true *Prude* flew in Woman's Passion and absconded, which very much astonish'd him, for that he'd no Design but to amuse her Melancholly: The jealous Duke who heard his Brother's Tale, with in-burnt Choler grew Pale, and Red, by Turns, with choak'd Resentment; and thus resum'd, "I am concern'd, my Lord, you
" should deceive me, I thought Count *Beauville*
" now was past a Boy, and might have been
" entrusted with a Secret; but I shall quickly
" move the fair *Amanda*, where none so base
" as *Beauville* shall disturb her."

The Count observing the mov'd Duke was stern, and seem'd seriously to resent his Conduct, knowing his Temper when provok'd was resolute, and his Words few, assum'd a more submissive Air, and told him in a real Concern; he was very sorry that he thought his Tryal of his Mistress's Virtue so unpardonable a Fault, when he imagin'd he was doing him a grateful Piece of Service, for his Part he own'd he was curious and diffident of the Fair-Sex, by whom
he

he had been often jilted and deceiv'd, and should
 have thank'd a Friend for doing the like by him :
 The Duke told him he thought the Women had
 acted by him as he deserv'd, for rejoin'd *Bellfond*,
 ' Were I a Lady, and had so capricious a Lo-
 ' ver; I would certainly make him jealous for
 ' something, but you mistake *Amanda*, (Brother)
 ' widely, she is the best, most virtuous of her
 ' Species, and but by real Love, for *Bellfond*
 ' stain'd, I'm griev'd you should attempt her
 ' Honour thus, and wish 'twere in my Power
 ' to make her happy; what have you
 ' done? she'll doubtless think I knew it, and
 ' have consulted with you to abuse her; and by
 ' yon Heaven, I would'nt be that Villain, for all
 ' that *Cyprus*' Crown hath Power to give! Dare
 ' thus again, and by this Sword, thou dy'st!
 ' Sure as thou'rt Count *Beauville*, *Bellfond* hath
 ' swore it; Oh! she is good, and true as Guar-
 ' dian Angels, to doubt her, were to doubt a
 ' *Jupiter*; read that, resum'd the Count, she hath
 return'd it, (giving the Letter he had sent *A-*
manda which the Duke read,) ' And if I mean,
 ' not added *Beauville*, what I here protest, may
 ' I this Moment dye unnam'd, unpity'd: Oh!
 ' thou has injur'd my *Amanda*, basely, ungene-
 ' rous Lord, rejoin'd the just *Bellfond*, return-
 ' ing him the Lines with a stern Brow; Dar'st
 ' thou hope Pardon! Dost thou think I'll plead
 ' it with these Words! the Duke turn'd from
 ' *Beauville*, in a resenting Air, and hasten'd
 ' thought-

‘ thoughtfully to wrong’d *Amanda*, whither the
‘ Count who vow’d he would be heard, and
‘ dreaded the Fair-Page’s exposing him to *A-*
‘ *melia*, follow’d him, and on his Knees implor’d
‘ *Amanda*’s Pardon, whom generous *Bellfond*, for
‘ the Sake of *Amelia*, Seconds, and with all the
‘ softning Arts, with which the lovely Sooth,
‘ pleads for the now penitent Count, nor pleads
‘ unheard; *Beauville* well knew the Duke would
‘ gain his Pardon, and charm the Fair’s Resent-
‘ ment; who finding herself oblig’d to speak,
‘ told the Count she was surpriz’d, that he had
‘ Assurance enough after his last Night’s Rude-
‘ ness to visit her, beg’d of the Duke not to impor-
‘ tune her any more on his Behalf, but instantly re-
‘ move her from *Beauville*’s Villa, or she’d remove
‘ herself, adding that if the Count ever design’d
‘ to oblige her, she was now his Suppliant, that
‘ he would leave her, or she never would for-
‘ give him; *Beauville* reply’d, he was at her
‘ Command, and should obey, but had some
‘ Hopes his Advocate had Power, and she would
‘ yet record him *Bellfond*’s Brother. ‘ Yes, I re-
‘ cord that Truth, rejoyn’d *Amanda*, but ’tis with
‘ anxious Thought I name you so; can *Beauville*
‘ write him that, and thus befriend him; and can
‘ my Lord, my *Bellfond*, love this Brother? Here
‘ urg’d by the good Duke the Count withdrew,
‘ when thus the Fair, now my lov’d Lord resum’d
‘ she, where’s *Amanda*, the Scorn of all, detested
‘ by *Bellfond*, or sure he would not thus plead for

the Villain; but that I'm conscious if you did not love me; *Bellfond's* too generous to consent to Acts that are so base, and so unworthy of him; *Beauville's* Attempt had certainly prov'd fatal, for did I know deserving *Bellfond* less, I had my Lord accus'd you with his Crime, and fancy'd you were weary of *Amanda*, and had with *Beauville* plotted to abuse me, a Thought which would have broke this faithful Heart; surely, my Lord, the Count esteems *Amanda* to be a common Jilt thrown to Contempt, a base, lewd Creature, that's to be woo'd and won, by every Asker; oh! *Bellfond*, had you heard how he insulted, how vile he made me, how he threatn'd Force, nay even dar'd to attempt it, but that my faithful Servants interpos'd; oh! think where then had been *Bellfond's Amanda*, did I not always dread this dangerous Count, you know him not, *Beauville* is not *Bellfond*; place me just Gods in some remoter Safety, wild Roots and Water, were a happier Being, than to be thus the Jest of brutal Love.

The Duke, whom *Amanda's* Discourse had charm'd to Silence, now begs the Fair, that she would calmly hear him; his Brother was of a suspicious Temper, capricious, jealous, amorous, and subtle, and from the Affectation of some Prudes he'd been acquainted with, grew thus familiar with her real Virtue, judging, as Men like him, made small Distinction; that when a Woman had been once won, she must of Necessity,

sity, to shade that Frailty,) consent to the Man's Embraces who was so much her Friend as to conceal it; an Argument that sometimes made the Weak the Conquest of the Crafty and Designing; that as for *Beauville*, he would have her easy, he was order'd abroad within 3 Days, the *Persian* having newly declar'd War against *Gallia*, which Kingdom being a strong Ally, *Cyprus* was engag'd in Honour to assist, that if she was remov'd, *Amelia* would doubtless suspect the Cause, and make herself very uneasy; that he should be her Guard till his Brother departed, and therefore begg'd she'd lay aside Resentment, and seem at least to pardon the Count, and by that Time he return'd from the Army, she might possibly be fix'd more to her Satisfaction.

In fine, *Amanda* agreed to the Duke's Request, and the Count who was soon inform'd of it, with real Transport sign'd the Reconciliation on the Fair-One's Lips, whom from that Hour, the Count esteem'd as a Sister, and paid her all the Friendship and Respect of an indulgent Brother.

The Evening before *Beauville* departed, a magnificent Supper was provided by *Amelia* to entertain the Duke and his fair Mistress; when all being very gay and pleasant, *Amanda* was of a sudden taken so ill, that she was oblig'd to be instantly put to Bed; *Belfond* who was very

312 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

much concern'd at her Indisposition, coming into her Chamber soon after, enquir'd of her Health with all the Tenderneſs of a real Lover; the Lady who was in Tears, deſir'd him to ſit down by her Bed-ſide, and ſhe would tell him, which when he had done, *Amanda* thus reſum'd, giving the a Duke a Billet: "See here, my Lord, how little Fraud avails us; this is a Letter from your Lady's Page to my *Wilmot*, who is it ſeems his Brother; and think dear *Bellfond*, are we not betray'd;" the Letter was read, as follows,

Dear Brother,

M*Y Lady hath ſome earneſt Buſineſs with you, and wants ſadly to ſee you; make ſome Excuse to get Leave to come, and be at the Duke's Villa, by three a Clock To-morrow; I don't know what the Buſineſs is you're wanted about, but my Lady ſays ſhe'll reward you well, if you can do it; burn this Letter, and don't let any Body know you had one; come the Back-way into the Orange-Garden, where I ſhall wait for you, from dear Wilmot.*

Your loving Brother,

LUCIUS.

Bellfond

Bellfond read this with Wonder and Surprize, and was for some Time silent, when *Amanda* resum'd, ' Now judge, my Lord, what Business hath your Lady with my Page, or *Amelia's*, as she pretends to think him ; I light of this Note, by meer Accident, *Wilmot* taking a Handkerchief out of his Pocket hastily, as he went out of the Room dropt it in my Apartment, I took it up, read it, and gave it him; the Youth with Blushes own'd it, at my Request deferr'd the Post haste Visit, and writ to *Lucius* just what I dictated ; for I must say he's an obliging Boy, and I think faithful, I made him return me the Letter, and told him I'd burn it; my dearest Lord, what is it you advise? Should the inquisitive Dutcheſs bribe these Boys? They both are young, and doubtless fond of Money, Innocence wrongs us when it ne'er designs it, what will be the Result I dread to think: " Oh! fear them not, rejoin'd the thoughtful Duke, Count *Bellfleur* goes within a Week to the Prince, (the state *Amanda's* busy) he begs this *Lucius*, having known his Parents to travel with him, for the Boy's Advantage, and gives the Dutcheſs in Return an *Indian* he bought abroad, whom she seem'd to fancy ; *Wilmot's* ambitious, I can bribe him highest, let *Wilmot* go with me To-morrow to the Villa, as *Amelia's* Page, whom I having told of his Brother's going abroad he's desirous to see; I'll tutor him ne'er doubt, and secure you ; his going

314 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

with me will be the likeliest Means to kill my Lady's Suspicion, for she'll never think, if she hath any Surmize concerning you, that I'd be so shallow as to bring your Servant in her Way; oh! don't receive me thus, with Sighs and Tears, I cannot bear the weeping Scene *Amanda*; Why do you thus perplex your self with Dread, you may be assur'd I'll guard you from the Dutches's Resentment; what doest thou fear? Unbosom thee to *Bellfond*! My dear lov'd Lord, resum'd the weeping Fair, forgive these Tears I cannot help a Dread; Oh! I have many, and increasing Fears, your Story of the Prince to blind the Dutches, gives me Confusion and Anxiety, I fear by many Symptoms I observ'd, when the Royal Youth was at *Amelia's*, he did but well disguise a smother'd Passion, when he gave *Bellfond* Leave in Case of Danger to call me His; he'll soon return, I visibly am pregnant; How much should he assume to play the Lover? Is the undone *Amanda* in his Power? Sure I'm to live always in Frights: my Lord, there is no Safe abode for guilty Lovers, witness your Brother and the busy Peasant, the unborn Infant's Shame distracts my Sense; What do we hazard when once Love's our Ruin? Yet I could bear the Loss of Ease and Health, and all the World calls Dear, for generous *Bellfond*; for sure it cannot be a Sin to love Thee: But oh this Guilt! This marriage Guilt! My Lord, and the perpetual Dread of Infamy! Oh! there's a Sting in the
the

the Soul-torturing Idea, that when we think, convulses every Sense the dangerous Dutcheſs; Oh how ſhall I ſhun, and ſure I think the Sight of her would kill me! Oh make not theſe wild Ideas, cry'd the Duke, the Cauſe of Tears! they are meer ſickly Vapours, the treacherous Peaſant is a Galley-Slave, his Boy's aboard the Fleet, the Prince's Servant; my Brother's abſent, and for the young Prince, make your ſelf eaſy; he'll not yet be here, we have Employment for him where he is, when he comes back, I ſhall obſerve and watch him but if I know him, you may reſt aſſur'd; tho' Prince *Beauclerk* hath Eyes, and loves *Amanda*, he is too generous to wrong Duke *Bellfond*; reſume your ſelf, my Fair, and be compos'd; oh! grieve not for the Babe, and loſe the Birth; I have no lawful Heir, my Charmer's conſcious, and ſhall eſteem it, as I love *Amanda*; paſt Words, paſt any Thing but fondeſt Thought; my deareſt Lord, rejoin'd the generous Fair, your Tenderneſs can't equall your *Amanda's*; you know I'm naturally too fond of Children to wrong the Babe, too much *Bellfond's*, to injure *Bellfond's* Off-ſpring; How could I lull the Infant to this Boſom! with what dear Rapture claſp it in theſe Arms, did I but dare to own it lovely *Bellfond's*; ten thouſand Kiſſes would declare it yours, in Extaſy that I want Words to tell: But oh, how are our happi'eſt Hours embitter'd! Oh! the Anxiety of a known Guilt, when 'tis indulg'd; Juſt Gods, where will it end?' To
this

this the passionate Duke answer'd, with fond Carresses, and urg'd that real Love was never Sin, they lov'd sincerely, and Marriage liv'd in Hearts, in Looks, in Smiles, in Sympathy of Soul, in every dear Obligation, generous Accent, in every Readiness to please and serve, nor could consist in Form and Ceremony, that join the Hand for Title, or for Wealth, or perhaps Ends more vile; and tye a Person where there wants a Soul, or even the social Love of Fellow-Creatures, as he had prov'd by Marriage with the Dutches, whose Conduct gave him all the Wracks of Shame: How vast an Influence hath the Man that charms us? *Amanda* heard her Lover and grew calm; Gods! what is Love, that it assumes such Power? *Amanda's* Scruples vanish'd, sooth'd by *Bellfond*, who whilst the Duke was present, lost her Fears.

But to proceed, *Beauville* next Morning left the Kingdom, and *Bellfond* hasten'd to Court, where, tho' he was constantly busied with State Affairs, he made it his chief Study to deceive the Dutches, and secure the *Female-Page* from her Resentment; for one of *Amelia's* Maid Servants being a near Relation of *Bellfond's* Under-Gardiner, had very strictly observ'd *Amanda*, and having seen her in her Page's Dress, fancy'd her to be the same Person that was call'd *Florio*, and had inadvertently without a Design, dropt some Words that awak'd the Dutches's

Dutchess's Spleen and Suspicion, which had occasion'd, by her Orders, young *Lucius's* Letter to *Wilmot*, and had certainly prov'd fatal to *Amanda*, had not that Lady's loose irregular Life, thrown her of a sudden, into so dangerous an Illness, and with it so deep a Melancholly that the *Fair-Page* had no Reason to fear her Resentment; who being now six Months gone with Child, charm'd the Duke more than ever.

But not entirely to forget the beautiful *Luvania*, we are to tell you that one Evening as *Amanda* was repos'd, in an Art-made Grove, near her Retirement, *Amelia's* faithful *Clara* gently wak'd her, with the surprising News, that there was come with her from the Villa, a genteel Youth, in deep Mourning, who ask'd with Earnestness to speak with *Amanda*; adding, that he was attended like a Man of Figure, and was very Beautiful, but seem'd as tho' he had come of a long Journey and was very melancholly: *Amanda* at first imagin'd the sad Youth to be her Darling Brother *Felix*, who being return'd from his Travels, had certainly found out her Retirement, and who in the Circumstance she was then in, viz. Great with Child, she knew not how to receive, a Thought that gave her much Perplexity, and painted a visible Disorder in her Face; but when that Lady saw the young Cavalier, he was a perfect Stranger to her, and so very hand-

handsome, he seem'd to be the Son of Sea-born *Venus*; to add to which, he had a Look so Noble, it spoke him to be of no common Rank; but with it so dejected an Air, 'twas but to look at him, to see he felt some great and weighty Sorrow. At the Sight of this Youth *Amanda* was very much astonish'd, and at a Loss what to conjecture, when the Noble Stranger, bowing low, and offering to kneel, which the Fair one prevented, deliver'd her a large Letter, which *Amanda*, the Moment she read the Superscription, knew to be *Luvania's* Character, and judging by the Stranger's Dress and Melancholly, that *Luvania* was doubtless dead, and that the beautiful unknown Cavalier was her Son, she almost fainted; when demanding of the lovely Youth, if her Fears were true, he instantly answer'd the fair *Luvania* was indeed his Mother, but she was now dead, having first commanded him to give that Letter with his own Hands, to the dear, deserving *Amanda*; which he should have found a great Difficulty, not knowing, when he was in *Cyprus*, where to find her, had he not accidentally light of a generous Cavalier, at a Cabaret where he lay on the Borders of that Kingdom, who was call'd Count *Beauville*; he observing his Melancholly ask'd him many Questions, seem'd very much concern'd for him; and at last told him as a very great Secret the Place of her Retirement, which as it was a Favour desir'd of him, he

was

was bound in Honour to conceal. At this Relation, *Amanda* who was very much concern'd for that Lady, whom she really lov'd, shed some Tears; and calling for Lights and Attendants, conducted the young *Dizanga* to her Apartment, and opening *Luvania's* Letter, read as follows.

Luvania, to the Dear, the Good *Amanda*.

MY dearest Friend, read these sad Lines with Pity; they are the Last, distressed *Luvania'll* write you; I have not Time to dwell on Ceremony, but oh! forgive the Wrong you think I meant you, which I sincerely grieve for, and repent of: Believe *Luvania* was *Amanda's* Friend; for I am now condemn'd to suffer Death, and shall be soon judg'd at the dread Tribunal, Heaven guard *Amanda* from *Luvania's* Fate; I die the most undone, aspers'd lost Creature, black Angels ever curs'd, or white ones shunn'd: And if there is a more malignant Star, I've felt its bitterest, fatallest Influence; the rash, censorious, undiscerning World, sees with an envious Eye, our smallest Failings; we die what the ill-judging please to make us, whose Pride is to reproach us after Death with Falshoods, that stain those we leave behind us.

'Tis

*'Tis that Amanda gives the parting Sting,
 and makes us feel worse Agonies than
 Death; you will be just my Friend, nor
 wrong my Fame, 'tis too severe to judge by
 meer Appearance; who is't from thence can
 know the Heaven-born Soul? I've sent Aman-
 da in the inclos'd Pacquet, a brief Account
 of her Luvania's Sufferings, from thence
 you'll learn my too unhappy Life, and that
 it is not good to be secure; we're guilty
 when we once presume we're safe; I found
 it so, and never was so soon decoy'd to Sin,
 as when I fancy'd I was past Temptation,
 and yet I was not what I seem'd to be, nor
 half so guilty: I lov'd involuntary; Heaven's
 my Judge! and thought at first I'd fix'd my
 Love on Merit, when it prov'd otherwise,
 and my Undoer was declar'd a Villain;
 I pray'd, I wept, I strove to shun my Ruin,
 detested as I thought the unmatched Mon-
 ster: But oh! when he pursu'd me with
 Endearments, with the most artful serious
 Protestations, my too fond Heart rebell'd;
 and spite of me I was no more than Woman;
 for sure I lov'd base Carlo to Excess, with
 all our Sex's softest Tendernefs, with a most
 constant and sincere Affection, nor e're in-
 dulg'd a Passion but for him; 'tis true I
 well respected Lord Osorio, and paid him
 a particular Esteem; I lov'd him too, and
 he deserv'd my Love, but it was with that
 Love I'd give a Brother, a generous social
 Friend-*

Friendship, but no more, not with a Lover's Fondness, those ravishing inexpressible Sweetnesses we taste in the Man's Embraces we doat on; the Happiness of conjugal Endearments, were vanish'd in the Arms of good Osorio; and yet I wish'd to love him tenderly, paid him the Duty of a faithful Wife, and to my Knowledge never injur'd him.

I had a just Regard for Duke Dizanga, and lov'd him as a Father and a Friend; was sorry I had wrong'd him, and truly griev'd at his strange sudden Death, when I reflected I had been the Cause on't: But that was simple Gratitude, meer Pity, I knew he was a worthy Man, and loved me; I then was young, and acted as a Girl, and thought my self no Wife to that Great Man, who was of so unequal Years to me, nor thought it any Crime to love another; but Heaven hath scourged me for the Wrong I did him, with the Severity of angry Justice. I'm now accus'd by the black Villain Carlo, for leaving by Consent the sacred Convent, when he had fir'd it to get me out on't, when the just GOD's my Witness I ne'er had condescended to go with him, had it not been to save the Miscreant's Life, I could not bear to see the Man I lov'd, suffer the Torture and a shameful Death, and I the Cause; for I must have accused him, I knew Dizanga's Heir was Carlo's Son, and my Heart

Heart yearn'd for him, and but for the Child's Sake had own'd him Carlo's; yet this inhumane Wretch sold me to Persia, when great with Child, by him, expos'd me to the Seas, and the Brutal Captain; and forc'd me to a Life my Soul abhorr'd; and now to sum up all, condemns me to a shameful Death.

*I have two Children living in East Persia I durst not own, and very rare can hear from: Now judge Amanda if th' undone Luvania is half so guilty as unfortunate; I'd never married the good Lord Osorio, but that the young Dizanga's Guardians dyed, and the Duke's Relations who question'd his Birth began to seize on his Revenue. I'd then no Friend (my Brother being dead) to do me Justice, or defend the Youth. Osorio was my Fellow Voyager, and first betray'd vile Carlo's base Trapann; 'twas he redeem'd me from my Persian Exile, even with the Hazard of his Life, and Freedom, and by so many generous Actions commanded my Esteem: I was convinced so just a Friend would make a worthy Husband, and soon cease the Dispute about young Carlo; you know then how his Villain Father sued me at Cyprus to undoe my dear Amanda; the Monster threatned me then with Disgrace and shameful Death, if I refus'd his Suit: I dreaded my Osorio
made*

made a Foe, a Man who ne'er had heard
Half of my Frailties, I lov'd Amanda with
the sincerest Friendship, and fear'd the Rage
of disappointed Carlo, for I'd resolv'd to shun
him and acquaint you of the Villany, when
chaos'd with perplexing Agonies, I wanted
Courage to betray my self, and so ungener-
ously try'd my Amanda, which you resented,
and without seeming to see into, slyly left
me. Gods! when I found you gone, how
Guilt Heart-stung me, when Carlo came
and I deceiv'd the Villain; how my Heart
bleeds when I but name the Monster, the
Murderer of my Honour and my Peace; my
Off-Springs Curse, and both my Husbands
Scourge, for bitterly the good Osorio mourns;
and oh! how fatal was Dizanga's Grief?
a Name I cannot pen without a Tear, and
should weep Blood to do his Conduct Justice.
But I grow tedious and my Time's but short,
the rest you'll hear by my dear Son Dizanga:
I die, and am no more; pray for me, Fare-
well, thine to my Death, Distress'd

LUVANIA.

P. S. Accept the Ring young Carlo brings
you from me, as a Memorial of your injur'd
Friend.

This

This Letter made *Amanda* melancholly, and gave her the last Pang of parting Friendship, she wept *Luvania* as a real Friend, and was very much grieved that her jealous Fears had wrong'd her; now tho' too late assur'd, 'twas but a seeming Injury she resented.

To proceed, *Amanda* strait desir'd young *Dizanga*, to tell her how *Luvania* dy'd, and Where; when thus the Noble Youth, 'Ah! Madam, you've recall'd a fatal Day, the blackest Hour my yet green Years e'er witness'd I had a Mother; Heavens! so Fair, so Good, so very dear to this unhappy Boy, my Heart drops Blood when I reflect on her unequall'd Sufferings; know Madam, when *Luvania* left *Cyprus*, she was drove by a violent Storm into a small Creek, which border'd on the *Turks* Dominions, where the Ship she was then in, bulg'd against a Rock, and stay'd to Pieces; my Mother with her Lord *Osfario*, the Captain, a few Mariners, and three or four Passengers, were miraculously preserv'd in the long Boat, where they were for three Days, and three Nights expos'd to the Mercy of the Winds and Waves, not being able, by Reason of the continued Storm to make Land, when a *Spanish* Corfair, who had with much Difficulty stem'd the Fury of the Seas, observing their Distress, and the Violence of the Tempest being asswag'd, sent out the Ship's Yaul, and took them aboard, when the fair *Luvania* being then
great

great with Child by her new Husband *Oso*rio ; who was very indulgent and tender of her, the Roughness of the Weather, and the thorough Fright had seiz'd so fatally, that she was taken dangerously ill, which was a great Grief to her noble Lord; to add to whose Concern, tho' he promis'd the Captain a vast Reward, if he would land them in *Sicily*, the *Spaniard* who was stern and resolute, would not harken to his Proposal, (knowing my unhappy Mother) on whose Head, there was at that Time a great Price set by the King of *Spain*, to be paid to those who produc'd her; and the Villain *Carlo*, who had been her Ruin, being then condemn'd to a base, cruel Death, for many heinous Crimes that he had acted, had accus'd my dear unfortunate Mother of being his Accomplice in firing a certain Convent; where she then resided, and falsely swore that her Escape from thence was Voluntary, and premeditated, to be short the Sea Monster put her ashore in *Spain*, having first given Notice to the State of her Arrival. In fine, the shock'd Fair-One was instantly seiz'd, examin'd, and kept under Guard, till her Delivery, when the Child, which was a Son, and Still-born, made her ill longer than usual, and she was three Months before she was able to leave her Chamber, when she grew well, and was condemn'd for Death with the Villain *Carlo*.

Their Punishment indeed was very different, for the wicked unmatch'd *Carlo*, was sentenc'd to a very barbarous Death; He was first as a per-

326 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

jur'd Wretch to *Jupiter*, to lose his Tongue and Ears, next as a Traitor to his Prince, whom he had basely injur'd to suffer the Torture of the Rack; and lastly, for his impious Sacrilege in boldly firing the religious House, and forcing a vow'd Nun from holy Orders; a Villany our Laws are never mild too, he was to be led thro' the publick Streets to a Stake, that was fix'd on the highest Part of a lofty Hill, and wall'd in with Spikes to keep off gazing Crowds, and there to be burn'd, whilst Drums and Trumpets beat a mournful Clangour, and with their loud continued Noise, stifled his Cries, and barr'd the People's Pity; distrest *Luvania*, was condemn'd to walk wrapt in a Sheet, branded with the vile Name of an Apostate, with lighted Tapers, naked legg'd and footed, three tedious Miles, by the Priest's rigid Sentence, o'er snowy Mounts and Bars of burning Steel, but that the Royal Goodness would not suffer; in Lieu of which, she was adjudg'd to walk thrice three Times slowly on snow-cold Irons, and repeat her Crimes, the Circuit of the Courts of Judicature, from thence was to be led to the left Convent's Altar, there to be stript and excommunicated, then to be drest as an Apostate Nun, in Black and Veil'd, which as a Hieroglyphick of her Choice, was stain'd with Blood of the most Salvage-Wolves, then to be drove in a black open Chariot, to a retir'd Palace of the Kings there on a Scaffold, hung with mournful Sables, with a sharp Axe to lose her Head; and Being; after which her Body was destin'd

fin'd to be burn'd to Ashes, and mingled with inhumane *Carlo's* Dust, scatter'd over some wide, unfathom'd Sea, and be deny'd the sacred Rites of Burial; to add to which Barbarity, I was forbid on Penalty, to erect her Monument, or engrave any solemn Inscription, that might record (once liv'd in *Spain* th'unhappy, fair *Luvania*.)

The Day soon arriv'd which the Law had fix'd for the distrest *Luvania's* Execution; when my dear Mother who had desir'd first to see vile *Carlo*, met him on the Scaffold, he was design'd that Day to be wrack'd on, when I must blush to say, the Monster even in his last Minutes ly'd, deny'd that he'd accus'd her, and seem'd fond; pardon me Madam, Tears will have their Way, I cannot help the Weakness;— here the Youth wept, and thus resum'd, m'unhappy Mother shunn'd the loath'd Embrace, and swiftly snatching a Sword from the next Guard, sheath'd it in *Carlo's* Breast, and thus resum'd; know monstrous Villain I abhor thy Love! Thus I revenge myself on my Undoer; I owe thee this, for thy base Perjury! Die Villain by the wrong'd *Luvania*, die, and know I save thee from the destin'd Flames! *Carlo* but groan'd and dy'd, being stabb'd with Force, when the astonish'd Guard seiz'd on *Luvania*, who laugh'd aloud, and wildly ask'd, where was her Lord *Otorio*, whom a hot Calenture and Grief had kill'd three Days before, altho' unknown to her, that fatal Moment, she saw, and seiz'd on me, for I attended her,

328 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

she clasp'd me eagerly, kist, and embrac'd me, with an uncommon Agony of Fondness; when I who was very much surpriz'd, observ'd, that she suddenly chang'd and trembled, when oh! forgive my Tears m'unhappy Mother, stagger'd and fell backward, spite of the Guard, who suddenly she sprung from, a Giddiness suppos'd to be the Cause, and a mercurial Potion she had taken, that join'd with her Sorrows had distracted her; for all allow'd the lovely Fair was poison'd, who spoke no more, but dy'd upon the Spot: This Madam, is the Tale I had in Charge, this the true Meaning of my tedious Journey, which with this Ring, a Token from the dear, the dead *Luvania*; and I have done, 'twas my fair injur'd Mother's last Desire; whatever is the End of lost *Luvania*, besure to inform *Amanda* faithfully, I, Madam, have been Just in the Relation, and have, I hope, been Satisfactory, tho' 'twas to me, but an unwelcome Talk; I've one more Letter from my deceas'd Mother, to an unfortunate Brother, and Sister in *Eastern Persia*, whither I soon intend to make a Voyage; and then rejoynd the Youth with a deep Sigh, Heaven only knows what will become of Duke *Dizanga's* Heir, this wretched *Carlo*! For sure resum'd he, there's in my dark Birth some black-spun Thread of Fate, that wants unrav'ling, I am its said, the lawful Child of Wedlock, yet stigmatiz'd with an illegal Stain, my Title question'd, and my Father's doubtful; if I am *Carlo's* Son, I mourn for *Carlo*, and saw him dye with Horror,

ror, and Concern, yet something of uncommon Tendernefs, like Natures instinct, make me pay that Esteem, even to the Name of the unknown *Dizanga*, as sometimes flatters me; I must be his, tho' if I am his Son, I'm too unhappy disown'd by all my Kin, and stil'd a Bastard; All-seeing *Jove* alone can satisfy me! and will, I hope in Time make known my Sire, for something of a Dread, I fear too fatal; tells me I'm the Man's Son, whose Name I bear, and shall be wretched, for nothing good comes of so base a Villain; here ceas'd the Youth, faint with the dire Reflection, whose thoughtful Melancholly stiff'd Tears, and almost over-power'd his vital Spirits; so true it is, that silent Grief's most fatal, the Bold, nor Brave are Proof against deep Sorrows, that soften the most Manly and Heroick.

In fine, *Amanda* mix'd her Griefs with his, and mourn'd *Luvania* with the tenderest Pity, the Youth's Relation was scarcely ended, and *Amanda* compos'd enough to order Supper; which young *Dizanga*'s Faintness seem'd to call for, before Duke *Bellfond* enter'd, who was very much surpriz'd, to see a Youth of Figure, for such his Look, as well as Servants distinguish'd him to be, in the Fair-Page's Apartment, and on the Sight of young *Carlo*, instantly chang'd his Address of Fondness to *Amanda*, and in a polite Manner, complimented the strange Cavalier, who with an agreeable Complaisance, return'd the Duke's Ceremony, when *Amanda*, calling

Bellfond her Uncle, (who instantly took the Word, and appear'd as such) briefly relates the History of *Luvania's* Death and Sufferings, and discovers the young *Dizanga* to be her Son, producing as a Proof the dead Beauty's moving Letter, which forced some generous Tears from Duke *Bellfond*, who knew the celebrated Fair, *Luvania*, when she was very young, before she married the good Duke *Dizanga*; he mix'd his Sorrows with the unhappy *Carlo's*, whom he embrac'd, with the sincerest Friendship; when Supper being serv'd up, (of which but little was eat) and the Discourse chang'd to indifferent Subjects, all being more compos'd, *Bellfond* in a friendly Manner, advis'd young *Carlo* to forget his Grief, and try youthful Diversions, adding Time would wear off his Melancholly, that Nature bid no more than Nature's Due, he'd paid the Rites of filial Piety; It were a Sin to sleep away his Youth, excessive Sorrow fainted not the Dead, nor had we Faculties to stupify them, that old as he was then very near Fifty, he'd been that Evening at a Hunting-Match, and was reckon'd a tolerable Sportsman, but that having straggled from his Company, past the Echo of the Horn, and being very much tir'd, he design'd to repose himself at his Niece's Lodge for that Night, and should be proud that he'd share a Bed with him, and he'd provide that his Servants and Cattle should be well lodg'd and accommodated, rejoining that the next Day, if he thought convenient, to accompany him to his Villa,

Villa, which was large and commodious, he was welcome to command it during his Stay in *Cyprus*, adding carelessly, the better to prevent any Surmise of his Amour, that his Dutcheſs being very much piqu'd at his Siſter's Marriage, ſcarcely own'd *Amanda* for her Niece, and but ſeldom viſited her, for which Reaſon he deſir'd of him not to acknowledge to her that he knew any thing of *Amanda*, that he indeed had more Compaſſion for his Niece, ſhe having loſt her Mother lately, and being unfortunately married, and her Husband then abroad, had no Friend of a Relation but himſelf, upon which melancholly Account, he thought it his Duty to be ſo.

In fine, the young *Dizanga* promis'd never to divulge the Secret, which he was too thoughtful to examine into, and courteouſly accepts Duke *Bellfond*'s Offer, but nothing in gay *Cyprus* could amuſe him, or engage the lovely, dejected Youth to ſtay there any Time, who within a Fortnight left that Kingdom, and ſet Sail for *Persia*, where he ſoon arriv'd, and deliver'd the dead *Luvania*'s Letter to his *Persian* Brother and Siſter, who receiv'd him very friendly, and ſeem'd very much concern'd at their unhappꝑ Mother's Fate, the young *Dizanga* had not been long in *Persia*, before the principal *Baſſa* of the then *Sophys*, who was a Suitor to his fair Siſter, grew jealous of him, and fancy'd him his Rival, and to prevent his growing her Favourite, had him ſecretly poiſon-ed, and his Brother who was accus'd as privy to the guilty Amour privately ſtrangled; the News
of

of which Barbarity seiz'd the young Lady with so fatal a Grief that she instantly dy'd, and by her Death disappointed the wicked *Bassa*, who had purpos'd, if she resisted him, to force her to his Embraces of accomplishing his vicious Design.

We are here to inform you, that Duke *Bellfond's* Dutcheß, whose Indisposition grew daily worse, as she was sitting one Evening with *Amira*, who during her Illness was her Favourite Companion, was suddenly taken Speechless, and seiz'd in so violent a Manner, with inward Convulsions, that she dy'd in the Space of half an Hour, to the great Surprise of that Lady, and the Duke her Lord, who enter'd the Chamber the Moment she departed: The Funeral was very pompous and solemn; and that Fair One's unhappy Conduct, more lamented by *Bellfond* than her Death was regreted.

The Duke, who now found himself at Liberty to pursue his own Inclinations, soon inform'd *Amanda* of the grateful Loss, and solemnly protests he'll marry her, as soon as he had settled his Affairs, relating to the late Dutcheß's Joynture; who having no Child by him, Part of her Fortune fell to her Relations; about this Time, That Part of *La-motte's* Estate, which was left him by his Uncle, requiring his Care and Attendance to improve it, oblig'd that Cavalier and his *Amira* to leave *Cyprus*, and reside in a distant Kingdom, where, for many succeeding Years, they liv'd intirely happy; and at their Death

left

left many hopeful Children, who were by their Parents prudent Foresight, all well provided for.

But to return to the Duke, and *Amanda*, *Bellfond* was oblig'd to go a long Journey, to settle this Affair of the Dutches's; and some hasty News from the Prince, requiring his Presence at Court, before it was concluded, enforc'd him, tho' against his Will, to be some Time without seeing *Amanda*, which altho' she heard from him as frequent as was possible, so long an Absence happening just at that Juncture, and that Fair One (who was then very big) looking every Hour to fall in Child-Birth, made herself very uneasy, which *Amelia*, who readily guess'd the Cause of her Melancholly, did her Endeavour to remove; and one Evening, as she was walking with *Amanda* in the Garden, began in a serious Manner to advise her to be more cheerful, adding, that by all she could perceive by *Bellfond*, he certainly design'd to marry her; rejoyning, that she thought she was very much to blame, to make herself uneasy at his Absence, which was doubtless caus'd by some weighty Affair, that made it impossible at that Time for him to see her: ' Ah! my dear *Amelia*, resum'd *Amanda*, you argue well, but I can't help my Fears: I fear my Friend Duke *Bellfond* flights *Amanda*, and now 'tis in his Power to make me happy, thinks on't no more: Oh! 'tis a Compliment that's quickly paid, if it were possible I'd marry you, when him we doat on knows we can't expect it, and

and perhaps when he says it, ne'r intends to wed the unhappy Woman he protests too. Which of us fathoms the deceitful Sex? What will not a Man swear to gain a Woman, who when once enjoy'd perhaps is quite forgot, but I have many and uncommon Fears: Oh! *Amelia* I was the first Aggressor, I laid my self in my Undoer's Way, and should he leave me, have no Room to blame him: You was decoy'd trapann'd into a Guilt, and claim'd deceitful *Beauville's* tenderest Pity; but I have no Excuse for my fond Folly, I lov'd this *Bellfond* to that Height of Passion, I wanted Power to resist my Ruin: There's something in that Dear, Great Man, so generous, 'tis but to hear him to be charm'd with him; he did but ask and gain the lost *Amanda*, and now I fear repents, and late reflects, that this *Amanda* was an easy Conquest: The Sex is jealous, I was unreserv'd, and could not fly the Man's Embrace I lov'd; he perhaps thinks I so may love another: But, oh! my Friend, he wrongs me if he thinks so; there is not a Man on Earth I'd exchange *Bellfond* for, 'tis only he can make *Amanda* happy; there's a perfect Heaven in his Embraces: I know him to be generous, just, and constant, and yet I fear him, fear he'll leave *Amanda*; it may be only my excessive Love, grant Heaven it prove no more, or I'm undone: What shall I say? the Infant hasts to Light, and tells me a sad Truth I dread to think on: Were I but married to the dear *Bellfond* I should be blest indeed; but, oh! 'tis

'tis what I fear will never be, *Amanda* is not meant for *Bellfond's* Wife, witness his fatal Absence, since his *Charlotta's* Death, I've but once seen him; 'tis now six Weeks ago, six tedious Weeks: When hath he thus absconded? Oh! *Amelia*, what shall I do to gain him?

Here Duke *Bellfond* who was just arriv'd at the Villa, and was then with *Beauville* in a back Walk, adjoyning that where the Ladies were, overheard best Part of *Amanda's* Discourse, when observing she was silent, he came forwards and was first seen by *Amelia*, who thus resumed, in a Surprise. 'Good Heavens! *Amanda*, see there's Duke *Bellfond*, he'll better solve your Doubts than *Amelia*, good my Lord, added she, answer this Lady, she's jealous that Duke *Bellfond's* grown inconstant; I have been pleading for you till I'm tir'd, and shall now leave you to finish the Dispute; for 'tis my Opinion that you'll convince her soonest.' The Duke who had listen'd to *Amelia* with Pleasure, stay'd her (who was returning to the Villa) with hasty Kisses, and told her that he was very much oblig'd to her for her good Word, which he'd promise her he'd deserve; when turning to *Amanda*, who trembled with the Surprise, and Joy of seeing him, he smiled, and fondly embracing that Fair One, thus resumed: 'I am sorry Madam you think *Bellfond* false, do I not love thee? Look at me, and tell me; don't all my Words and Actions prove I love thee? Oh! do
not

336 *The Happy-Unfortunate : Or,*

not look thus pale, rejoyn'd the Duke, looking on her tenderly, and observing that she chang'd Colour: I'll marry thee this Hour, my dear Charmer, and own my self to be the Infant's Father; the Priest but waits Command to make us happy: *Beauville* and *Amelia*, you see, are present, they will be Witnesses to the Ceremony: Why silent my *Amanda*? say the Cause; by Heaven I love thee, more than Words can tell: Oh! think not I would slight thee for thy Fondness, for giving all thy self so frankly to me; he were a *Carlo* that could act so basely, a vile, ungenerous unmanly Wretch: By th'All-pleasing GOD of dear Delight, if there's a Charm in Love, 'tis when the Blessing's free, so Nature meant it; I heard thy Talk, and so Beloved, am happy, that Unreserve thou think'st I blame thee for, I am proud Angelic Fair, to be the Cause of, and love thee my *Amanda*, double for it, well conscious thou art *Bellfond's*, only *Bellfond's*: *Amanda's* yet to learn the artful Lover, nor am I to be taught you are sincere; know it was always my Desire to wed thee, and Fate hath been propitious to my Wish: I now am blest, 'tis in my Power to have thee, and make my dear *Amanda Bellfond's* Wife; still you are dumb, I cannot bear these Tears, and must, nay will *Amanda* know their Source: Oh! speak, if you have Love, I beg you will.' During this Talk the Duke embrac'd *Amanda*, and clasp'd her with the Warmth of real Love, when urg'd to speak by his continued Soothing: The fair
Amanda's

Amanda, who with Transport heard him, joyn-
ing her Lips to his, who prest them with a Lo-
vers Extasy; 'oh! pardon me, my Lord, re-
joyn'd the Fair, my Tears are caus'd by Love,
Excess of Love. I own I've wish'd, my Lord,
to be your Wife, for sure my Happiness is cen-
ter'd in you, but never wish'd you mine for
Wealth or Title, Grandeur is Vanity, and Gold
its Pimp; if ever I am wedded to *Bellfond*, let
Love alone make up the solemn Contract, it is
that Doubt, my Lord, makes me uneasy; I
would be *Bellfond's* Wife, but for the Dutchess
would not lose the Lover: You possibly may
think you are engaged by Honour to *Amanda*,
and marry me because you promis'd it, or mov'd
perhaps by my now weak Condition: My Con-
stancy or Fondness make the Offer, because
'twould be ungenerous to deny me, and so would
marry me to make me easy; this is, my Lord,
the Cause of my Disorder, I fear to be unhappy
in my Wish, I cannot bear the modish, Courtly
Man, the very Husband, who when the *Hymen's*
past forgets the Lover, and says I married her,
she'd been my Plague else: First kill *Amanda*
with a Thousand Tortures, nor let me ever see
the much wrong'd Birth. But if you love like
me this Moment wed me, and let us be the
Wonder of gay *Cyprus*, for it is now almost a
Miracle to see a Great Man marry her he loves,
or she that loves him, tho' mutual Love is all
we know of Heaven: But I grow wond'rous ill,
your Hand, my Lord, conduct me, my dear
Bell-

Bellfond, to my Chamber, and tell me quickly whether you dare wed me, for I am wrack'd with Agonizing Pain, and soon shall be no more, or be a Mother.

Enchanting Fair, return'd the surpriz'd Duke, with Wonder I have heard thee and am charm'd; know then, I love as frank as dear *Amanda*, with all that Generosity of Soul, and challenge even thy self to love more tender: Oh! you've my Charmer, given me Angel Transport; this Moment let us celebrate the Marriage, and be the happiest Couple in the East: Each sign'd with rapt'rous Kisses the dear Promise, and were no sooner enter'd *Amanda's* Apartment, than, by *Bellfond's* Order, the Count's Priest joyn'd them, in the Presence of *Beauville* and *Amelia*: The Ceremony had not been long finish'd before *Amanda* prov'd the Mother of a beautiful Girl, which at the Duke's Request, was call'd his *Florio*.

Duke *Bellfond's* Marriage was soon acknowledged and celebrated, with all the Mirth and Splendour so happy an Occasion seem'd to command, to the great Surprise of all *Cyprus*, to whom *Amanda's* Person and Disguise was now no Secret: When in the Midst of the Lovers Joy, News was brought the new Bride that her Darling Brother *Felix* was unhappily drown'd, on the Borders of *Tunis*, where her elder Brother *Sebastian* (who dy'd in Slavery when that Lady was very young) had been for some Years a Captive; which Surprise and Grief gave *Amanda*

a very great Concern, and put a Stop to the publick Rejoycings at the Duke's Villa, sooner than was otherwise propos'd. To add to which Distress the deserving *Amelia*, who had for some Months languish'd of a secret Illness, the ungenerous *Beauville* had given her, soon after *Amanda's* Marriage, Dyed, whose Loss the Fair Page very much lamented, who lov'd her with all the Tenderness of a real Friend, *Amelia* having been her most constant Companion, during the Time that she was oblig'd to live in a Recluse Solitude.

Beauville, who too late reflected on the Manner of his Lady's Death, and his own Barbarity in causing it, grew for some Time very melancholly, which to divert, he made a Tour to *Gallia*, where he rashly drew a Duel on his Hands, and was kill'd on the Spot, whose untimely Death the Duke his Brother lamented, and reveng'd.

Amanda liv'd to bear the Duke a Son, who was call'd at her Desire *Horatio*, which was the Name of generous Duke *Bellfond*, who when *Amelia* dy'd, bought the Villa of Count *Beauville*, Part of which had been *Amanda's* Retirement, which Seat that Lady seem'd to be in a particular Manner fond of, and where in Child-Birth of *Horatio* she dy'd, to the great Grief of the Duke, who did not long survive her; and now *Horatio*, *Bellfond's* only Heir, enjoys his Father's Revenues and Honours, and lives with his Fair Sister, the lovely *Florio*, in a Friendly Manner,

340 *The Happy-Unfortunate: Or,*

Manner, in whose agreeable Conversation, the yet unmarried Youth, tastes all the social Joys of solid Wit, and is, till Cupid wounds him, truly happy; for *Florio* was a young Lady, that in Imitation of her Mother, (whose good Sense she had heard very much celebrated,) from her Infancy, took a Pride to excel, in whatever was taught her, and is now, modestly speaking, Mistress of more Perfections, than most of the politest of her Sex: As for *Horatio* he hath a fine Person also, and an uncommon Share of good Nature, without any Tincture of that haughty Pride that generally attends the Young and Great; he's a good Scholar too, but so very modest, 'tis with a Blush he hears himself applauded: The blooming lovely Pair, are at present the reigning Toasts of *Cyprus*, and are likely to be in Time, as famous for their Virtue and Merit, as they are now for their surprizing Beauty. Let this convince the generous, constant Lover, there is a happy Hour for the Deserving, tho' Fortune, sometimes, slowly turns her Wheel.

*For human Kind is ne'er sincerely blest,
Heaven punishes the Bad, and proves the Best.*

Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel*.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

PAGE the first, for Province read Kingdom. Page 2d, for him, read himself. Page 4. for was, read were. Page 8. for Hazards, read Dangers. P. ditto, for still, read silent. P. 9. for robust, read rough. P. 11. for outstart, read surpass. P. 14. for perceivable, read visible. P. 15. for indifferent regards, read indifference to him. P. 17, for poor in, read deficient in. p. 19, for Crisis, read Sprightliness. p. 22, for firming, read establishing. p. 23, for agreeable, read unlike. p. 25, for warm talk of, read mute Language of the. p. ditto, for know his, read knows his own. p. 26, for inburn'd, read anxious. p. ditto, for Softs, read Affiduities. p. ditto, for suppose, read Supposition. p. ditto. for dare, read daring Spirit. p. ditto, for fend, read guard. p. 28, for new, read newly. p. ditto, for a Smile of Force, read a forc'd Smile. p. 30, for positiv, read resolv'd. p. ditto, for notice her, read take any Notice of her. p. 31, for signalize, read Recompence. p. ditto, for notic'd, read saw. p. 32. for unworded, read inexpressible. p. ditto, for living Death, read rapturous Death. p. ditto, for devoid of, read above. p. 33, for Pardon, read atone for. p. ditto, for drank their Sense, read enchanted Sense. p. 35, for her Good nature, read she had an Inclination. p. 36, for it, read he. p. ditto, for swift as quick winded, read quick as swift-wing'd. p. 38, for was, read were. p. 40, for beneath me, read condescend to. p. 42, for pitiable, read to be pitied. p. ditto, for the, read that, the following Words are left entirely out. p. 43, next the Word Affignation, viz. that made her so urgent to speak to Francisco. p. 44, for penn'd, read writ to. p. ditto, for a Sea, read Innundation. p. ditto, for minutely, read immediately. p. 46, for folding, read folded. p. 48, for Movement, read Motion. p. ditto, for found, read to be discover'd. p. ditto, for soft, read softness. p. ditto, for me, read but.

N. B. the Authorefs being too ill to correct the Press, who hath been very much indispos'd since she begun the Subscription, but more especially during the Time that the first Part of the Book was printing, and the Beginning of the second Part, which will be easily distinguish'd to be the most faulty. These and a Multitude more Errors, (which had otherwise been rectify'd) are humbly desir'd to be excus'd.